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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XVII.

"WHY, but Lyssie, it's our last evening; we don't want to spend it with a lot of gaping people."

"Oh, are n't you ashamed to say such a thing! Miss Susan is so kind to want us."

"Well, we don't want her — I mean we don't want to go to her old party. It would be a great deal kinder to leave us out!" Roger grumbled, and tried to console himself by giving his little sweetheart a kiss; but she repulsed him with firmness.

"You'll crush my dress; keep away, — yes, at least a yard away. There! there's my hand. You may kiss that."

Roger kissed the hand humbly, but, with it in his grasp, took base advantage of her condescension, and caught her in his arms without the slightest consideration for her dress.

"Oh!" cried Lyssie, horrified, and then ran to look in the mirror with great concern; but finding herself quite unruffled, declared that it was time to start. "And please, Roger, be nice," she pleaded; "try to talk to people, and don't look bored. Nobody can be so very nice as you — when you want to." From which it will be seen that Miss Alicia Drayton possessed a weapon used by most intelligent wives in most happy households.

Not even Mrs. Drayton's gentle resignation at being left alone had dimmed Lyssie's young joyousness. As for Roger, he had not noticed her resignation; he

had only said, good naturedly, "I have no doubt you're glad to be rid of us, Mrs. Drayton." But when she was alone, Mrs. Drayton squeezed out a few tears, and sighed, and prayed a little, and enjoyed the sense of being deserted by her child; when suddenly a pang of reality dried her eyes, and made her sit up straight, while her lip trembled in earnest. The thought had come to her of the time when Lyssie would marry Roger, and go away to be happy in a home of her own; and she, Lyssie's mother, who had done everything in the world for her, she would be left alone — alone!

"A girl never thinks of anybody but herself," Mrs. Drayton thought, with angry apprehension; then she really and truly cried, and when Esther came in to make her comfortable for the night she waved her away impatiently. "No; I must begin to learn to take care of myself. I must get used to being uncomfortable. Go away!" she gurgled.

But Esther went calmly about her various duties in the invalid's room, only saying now and then, "There, now, Mrs. Drayton, I would n't."

"I'll never live to bear it," Mrs. Drayton sobbed. "Lyssie will have *that* to think of, — that she just killed her mother. But I don't suppose it will make the slightest difference to her; she'll be happy."

"Turn your head a little, m'm, so I can brush the other side," said Esther.

And Mrs. Drayton turned her head,

still weeping, and saying, "Yes, I had far, far better die, — you're pulling, Esther! — and let her be happy. Ah, Esther Brown, you don't know what it is to have your child prefer some one else, a stranger, to you!"

"No, m'm," Esther agreed calmly; an assurance scarcely necessary from the sedate spinster who had served Mrs. Drayton since Alicia's birth.

"It's a little bitter to think that she's enjoying herself," said the invalid, "while I" —

Yes, Alicia was enjoying herself. For the first time in her young life she was important, and of course that is a great experience; but added to that was the new and exquisite joy of proprietorship. To follow Roger with her happy eyes, as he talked with this or that old friend; to watch him "being nice" to Miss Susan's guests; to listen, radiant and assenting, to the pleasant things which people said to her of him; and to feel that he was *hers*, that he belonged to her, was engaged to her, — ah, it was very wonderful, very uplifting. "He's being appreciated!" she said to herself triumphantly.

So far as guests went, Miss Susan's party was a great success. The library, and the two parlors on the other side of the hall, long, cheerless rooms, rarely used, and smelling of linen furniture covers, were comfortably filled. Mercer was represented, and even Ashurst; for Colonel and Mrs. Drayton, of that sleepy town, had come, in spite of the length of the journey, to make the occasion yet more distinguished. Of course all Old Chester was present. Mr. and Mrs. Dove were there, each uncomfortable for the sake of the other, and Mr. Tommy so plainly unhappy, so unconventionally unhappy, that twice his wife found him standing in front of the clock in the hall, gazing wistfully at the stretch between ten and eleven which must be gotten through before they could go home.

Dr. Lavendar had arrived full of fierce good nature and unflinching kindness.

Cecil had come; very late, to be sure, which made Lyssie anxious for appearance' sake. Mrs. Shore was superb in a gown the color of that green moss that lies deep in wet woods, — moss on which the sunshine, sifting down through the leafy darkness of lacing boughs, strikes faint glints and spangles of light. About her throat was some yellow lace, caught together on her breast by a great square topaz in an old-fashioned setting of pale gold. She did her part nobly. She talked to Mr. Tommy Dove with genuine kindness, and gave the little gentleman, who responded "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to her remarks, the only happy moment he knew that evening. She was elaborately civil to Mrs. Dale; the more so, perhaps, as that excellent woman's disappointment in discovering nothing of which she could disapprove in the younger woman's manner was quite obvious to Mrs. Shore. She stopped and spoke to Dr. Lavendar; a little nervously, oddly enough, for the old man always made her uncomfortable. He did so now, by his intent, half-pitiful look rather than by his words, which did not impress her, being merely, "Well, Cecilia, I hope you are a good wife? Your husband has views about marriage which are no credit to his wife." She was glad to leave him, even though it was to go and sit down by her aunt Maria Drayton. ("I touched my highest level then," she told Roger Carey afterwards, with entire seriousness.) Colonel Drayton, who never shirked the duty of letting people speak to him, gave his niece his hand, and then left her, while he proceeded to make a tour of Miss Susan's rooms.

"You must not mind your uncle's leaving us. He always tries to speak to every one, he is so considerate," murmured Mrs. Drayton.

"He is," Cecil responded gratefully; "so nice to have him go and speak to people."

"Ah well, your uncle never hesitates at any duty," said the other, with that clos-

ing of the lips and nodding of the head which means, "I wish as much might be said for *you*!"

Cecil was humbly silent.

"I heard in Mercer that Joseph Lavendar was very attentive to some Mrs. Pendleton," Mrs. Drayton digressed. "Who is she?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Cecil.

"Which is Mrs. Pendleton? Oh, that little body? Very nice looking, I'm sure. I hope Mr. Lavendar will be happy. She must be introduced to the Colonel; it will please her. Cecil, my dear, how is your husband?"

Cecil's pause to remember was filled by Mrs. Drayton's expression of opinion about Roger Carey, which turned her niece restless, and made her say that reminded her that she must go and speak to Mrs. Pendleton, if her aunt Maria would excuse her?

"It's the Colonel's example, you see," she said indolently; and Mrs. Drayton told her husband, afterwards, that she really believed there was good somewhere in poor Cecil. "I always felt that that child's privilege in living in your house would some time express itself in her life, my dear," said Mrs. Drayton adoringly.

Mrs. Pendleton was plainly nervous at Mrs. Shore's attentions, but, with a view to being interesting, she did her best to say pleasant things; and as it was a peculiarity of this amiable woman that she could never say pleasant things to one person without saying unpleasant things of some other person, her conversation was generally interesting. How pretty Molly was, — how much prettier than any of the Old Chester children! How charming Mrs. Shore's dress looked! What a pity that dear Susan Carr had not a handsome dress! She hoped Mrs. Shore would not mind if she told her how beautifully she walked. "So gracefully, dear Mrs. Shore. I wish our dear Lyssie had your walk. I hope you are not offended at my speaking out?

I never flatter, but I am very impulsive, and speak right from my heart; I shall outgrow it, no doubt." Cecil's involuntary smile and instant gravity made the somewhat mature widow feel uncomfortable, so she made haste, nervously, to speak of other things. She wondered when dear Dr. Lavendar was going to print his book? He had been so long about it! For her part, she thought it was not well to be too long in writing a book; there was danger in polishing it too much; did not Mrs. Shore think so?

"It is apt to make it shorter," said Cecil.

"Exactly!" Mrs. Pendleton agreed eagerly; "that's just it." And then she said, modestly, that she would like to present Mrs. Shore with a copy of her poems. "There's nothing in them that a child may not read," said Mrs. Pendleton. "Ah, I'm not like the authors of to-day, Mrs. Shore. I would never write anything that could not be put into the hands of the youngest child."

"Adults must appreciate that," Cecil told her, so cordially that Mrs. Pendleton was encouraged to patter on about her "works" for the next ten minutes. She confessed that she was about to print another book, which she had named — "so much depends upon the name," she explained — which she had named *Thoughts*.

"But whose?" said Mrs. Shore simply.

"Oh, I shall not sign my name," Mrs. Pendleton answered, not catching, perhaps, the significance of the question; "I sha'n't even put 'Amanda P.,' though that would insure the book attention from all the readers of the poems. I shall just say, *Thoughts*: by a Lady. Don't you think that is a nice, ladylike title?"

"I never heard anything more ladylike," Cecil assured her warmly; and Mrs. Pendleton told several persons, afterwards, that poor dear Cecil had a good heart, she was sure.

As for Cecil, she felt her endurance

at an end. She excused herself on the ground of wishing to speak to some one, and, unfastening one of the long French windows which opened upon the piazza, stepped out into the August night.

"Dear me," she said, "I beg your pardon!"

Alicia and Roger, standing by the balustrade, laughed: Lyssie, with pretty consciousness; Roger, with the embarrassment that is angry at being embarrassed.

"Why, Lys, Lys!" Cecil remonstrated, smiling and coming out into the shadows where the lovers stood, "is this the way you entertain Miss Susan's company? Mr. Carey, you won't endeavor yourself by carrying Lyssie off."

"I ought to go in," Alicia said penitently; and then, with shy authority, "Roger, you must n't — I mean, Ceci, don't say 'Mr. Carey.' Roger, it is n't 'Mrs. Shore;' it's 'Cecil.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Shore thinks me too quarrelsome for such friendliness," Roger returned, frowning.

Cecil simply ignored the suggestion; she said something about the heat and being bored to death. Poor little Alicia looked blankly at them. "Why won't they?" she thought. "Why don't they like each other more?" Lyssie was stumbling very early in her life of love upon that rock of offense, "Why do they not love each other, when I love them and they love me?" But in love two things which are equal to a third are not necessarily equal to each other, and two hands which, from opposite sides, give themselves to one friend fail sometimes to enter into a friendly clasp on their own account. Too often, with vehement futility, the middleman insists that these two hands must and shall clasp each other, and his endeavor results only in pain to all three.

"Roger," the young girl said, too straightforward to know how to keep the disappointment from her voice, and making still another exasperating effort.

"I must go in, but you need n't; stay out here with — It's cooler here. Ceci, entertain him, won't you?"

"It is Mr. Carey who entertains me," Cecil answered, and Roger felt hot. He said to himself that he would much rather go in with Alicia, but of course he must not leave Mrs. Shore alone — confound it!

"Shan't I get you a wrap?" he said stiffly.

"No, thank you."

She sat down on the balustrade, leaning her head back against one of the big wooden columns that supported the porch roof; the light from the house fell on her white throat.

"Did you ever know anything so stupid?" she said.

Roger frowned, and appeared not to understand.

Cecil laughed a little under her breath. "You do it very well, Mr. Carey."

"Do what very well? I'm enjoying myself, if that's what you mean. Miss Carr's kindness in planning pleasure for Lyssie of course makes it pleasant for me."

"Do you think, in contrast to my remark, that your flagrant goodness is quite polite?" she said, and turned her face away and seemed to forget him.

What was the evil thing about her that made him ashamed of his simple and obvious love-making? — for he was tingling with the embarrassment of having been, as it were, discovered. He was angry with her in a brutal way that made him feel that impulse of the very fingers to punish her.

"You don't seem to credit anybody with simple human feeling in such things," he told her, wincing at his own tone. "You may not appreciate Miss Carr's kindness, but I do."

Cecil turned and looked at him with interest. "You speak of virtue as though it were a discovery you had made," she said, in her slow voice; "but, do you know, I too, in my humble way, have

thought that Miss Susan meant to give pleasure? Only that does not prevent me from finding the occasion stupid."

If she had not been sitting there before him, the lines of her gracious figure seen faintly in the half-light, and her white throat melting into the lace that filled the bosom of her dress to her waist, his anger might have lasted; but he could not be angry as he looked at her, and he could not take his eyes away from her. His admiration began to speak in his voice, — in the warmer tone, the softer words; but he made his fault-finding raillery instead of rudeness. He teased her, and contradicted her, and laughed at her. When she defended herself, he answered with a man's good-humored contempt of a woman's opinion, which, while it made her confused and petulant and half irritated, gave her also that strange pleasure, which only strong women know, of coming, as it were, to heel.

In the midst of it Philip came along the porch, and Cecil called to him to know what time it was.

"Isn't it almost time to go home?" she entreated. "Oh, Philip, what bomb have you been exploding at the rectory? Dr. Lavendar assailed me because of your views about marriage. Really, it does seem hard that I should be held responsible for your opinions!"

"It's nearly ten. You won't go before supper, of course?"

"Ten! I thought it was two. Oh, must we stay for supper? Mr. Carey, you'll have to," she ended maliciously. "for Lys won't want to leave until the last moment. How you will appreciate Old Chester's idea of a salad!"

This time Roger Carey had no protest for the violated hospitality. "I'll try what influence can do. Perhaps we can get away right after supper."

"It is just ready, I believe," Philip said, and would have left them, but Cecil stopped him.

"What is this thing which has agi-

tated Dr. Lavendar? Do tell us. Your ideas are always so amusing."

"If I amuse you, I have not lived in vain. Carey, will you bring Mrs. Shore in?"

"No, no! You must tell us first, Philip. Come! here is Mr. Carey; he's in a most receptive state of mind on the subject of matrimony. Are you going to reform marriage or abolish it?"

"There is room for reform," he said; then, as though impatient at his own evasion, he added, "I was talking about that man Todd and his wife. I told Dr. Lavendar I thought they ought to be separated."

Cecil looked at him in genuine astonishment. "Why, really, Philip, I did n't suppose — why, but that's quite sensible!" She was so much in earnest that she had an instant's surprise at Roger's involuntary laugh. "Why, but it *is* sensible," she insisted. "I should have supposed you would say just the other thing, Philip. Of course Dr. Lavendar was dreadfully shocked?"

"Yes, he did n't approve of me," Philip answered, pulling a red carnation down into his buttonhole.

"I suppose he thought you were advocating free love," Cecil said lightly. "Fancy Dr. Lavendar's dismay! I have what might be called a respectful dislike for Dr. Lavendar, but I'm sorry for the poor old gentleman's distress. It was too bad in you, Philip."

"Upon my word, the Shore family needs a missionary!" Roger declared. "Do you remember the night you told me you thought the little Todd woman ought to leave her husband, Mrs. Shore? I did n't know that Philip shared your perverted views."

Philip looked at his wife quickly. "You think so, too?"

"Why, certainly I do. I'm sorry to shock you, Mr. Carey, but I believe the world would be much better off if divorce were easier. In fact, I think it's a pity people have to wait until they

actually come to blows before they can separate."

"There are blows and blows," Roger said, in that tone which meant, "You are charming, but you are not to be taken seriously." "Some people's fists would be luxury compared to other people's tongues."

"Ah well," Cecil commented, "the great thing is to be able to be articulate in one's woes. We are too polite, even when we use our tongues. The husbands and wives who throw dishes at each other are the really happy people. They are articulate; they have all the relief of expression."

"Might n't you call it action?" Roger suggested.

"You and Lyssie will never throw dishes at each other," Cecil went on gayly, "and you'll suffer ever so much more on account of your repression. Philip (I never saw anybody so anxious for his supper!), don't you think it's a pity that people have to come to blows before they can separate?"

"Yes, I think it's a pity," Philip said dryly.

But a certain reality in his voice touched Roger's meaningless gayety, and made him suddenly interested. "Why, Shore, do you think divorce should be easier?"

"Yes; I think it would conduce to a higher morality."

"Well, I suppose I'm rather an extremist, but I don't believe in divorce at all."

"Ah, but you've never been married," Mrs. Shore reminded him drolly.

He had turned his shoulder towards her, and did not notice her remark, even to snub her; he was launched into discussion, and he cared more for discussion than for a pretty woman. "Mind you, I think separation is desirable occasionally, but never divorce. I mean, of course, divorce a *vinculo matrimonii*, and the right to marry again."

"Oh, divorce is concession to human

nature, I admit," said Philip; "deplorable, but necessary."

"Never!" Roger declared, with the joyous dogmatism of the man whose argument has no personal bias. "It's hard on the innocent, sometimes. If the law frees a woman from a wretch, it's a pity that she can't marry some good fellow and be happy; but the individual has got to be subservient to the race. Divorce seems to me like suicide, not inherently or specifically wrong, but socially vicious; both lower just a little the moral tone of society. Besides, our progress is in direct proportion to our idea of the sacredness of marriage; and even the innocent must n't tamper with that ideal sacredness. They've got to suffer, — that's all. It's a pity, but they've got to suffer."

Philip shook his head. "The idealism of the individual is what has made progress, and that may imply a theory of marriage which necessitates divorce."

"Ah, but," cried Roger, "that's just where you make your mistake: *divorce can't be considered from the individual's standpoint*. It's a social question, a race question. If no man lives to himself or dies to himself, still less does he marry to himself; and besides, abstract idealism must always be subjugated to the needs of living."

"I don't agree with you, I don't agree with you," Philip said restlessly.

"Why, but Shore," the other persisted, "just see where your theory leads you. See what a poor, cheap sort of thing it makes of marriage, — a thing dependent on mood."

"It is dependent on love," said Philip Shore.

"But is n't duty to be considered? Is n't there to be any effort to hold love?" Roger protested.

Philip and Cecil both began to speak, and each stopped for the other, both with a certain astonishment in their faces that they thought alike.

"Love has nothing to do with effort," said Philip.

"It is absurd to talk about the duty of loving," Cecil declared; and then there was the look at each other, and Cecil laughed. "Love is as unmoral as art; you can't talk about the duty of loving."

"Love may have nothing to do with morality," Philip broke in, "but it has everything to do with spirituality. When love has ceased, marriage has ceased, and separation should be permitted."

"It would certainly be more agreeable," Cecil said. "But do you think a man and woman, even in our class, should part if they are tired of each other?"

Roger Carey made some flippant remark about "theories." He was exceedingly uncomfortable, without quite knowing why.

Philip's face, in the dim light on the porch, looked drawn and pale. "I don't know what you mean by a husband and wife being 'tired of each other.'"

"Excellent Philip! I mean bored to death. Were you never bored? Being bored takes the place of having dishes thrown at you in that state of life where it has pleased God to call us. Well, do you think such people ought to part? Heavens! society would tremble to its base; it would be a sort of puss-in-the-corner, would n't it? Everybody would run in every direction. Is that what you think, Philip, really?"

"I think a man and woman have no moral right to remain together when they no longer love each other."

"Well, I believe I agree with you," Cecil said thoughtfully, — "if only for the interest which it would impart to one's immediate circle." Then she took Roger's arm, while he, conscious and uncomfortable, declared, in a tone artificial even to his own ears, that they were both wrong.

"Absolutely wrong! Come in and have something to eat. Come down to earth, Shore, and teach your wife better sociology. By Jove, though, would n't the lawyers thrive if your views became general!"

XVIII.

"When you get home, Cecil, I'd like to speak to you, if you'll be so good. I won't detain you very long."

Philip said this as he helped his wife into the carriage, at the close of Miss Carr's festivity.

"Very well," she said crossly. Her tolerance of his scrupulous politeness failed her for a moment. In that talk upon the porch, she had had, under her careless gayety of argument, a sudden passionate realization of the dreariness of her life. How tired she was of Philip, but how impossible — for she never dreamed of applying the theories she advanced for Eliza to herself — how impossible was any escape from such dreariness! She had a bleak vision of the years before her: the years of hearing him talk to Molly; the years of seeing his face every day at the opposite end of the table; the years of dull, necessary household questions, — shall this horse be bought? shall that servant be discharged? — long, level, horrible years! She had a swift, angry remembrance of his "ways," — those harmless, unconscious habits of the body which go so far towards making the individual, and which love finds half touching and wholly dear. She recalled his way of cutting open the pages of his stupid quarterlies and reviews; of absently twisting his mustache while he read; of pressing his lips together as though to taste his wine, while putting down his wineglass: all the little mannerisms of the Human suddenly filled her with disgust. Oh, how tired she was of him! Yes, plates as missiles would be far more bearable than this expanse of arid virtue, this monotonous faultlessness. His very courtesy at the carriage door gave her a feeling of irritation.

"Get in!" she said impatiently.

But he shook his head. "I'm going to walk. I'll be at home almost as soon

as you are. Will you wait for me in the library, please?"

Then he shut the door, and turned on his heel into the darkness. An hour before, the difficulty of telling a woman (for Philip, before he was an idealist, was a gentleman) what he thought of their relation — or, to put it crudely, the difficulty of telling his wife that he did not wish to live with her any longer — had appeared to him almost insurmountable. But as he listened to her there on the porch, a sudden determination came to him. Perhaps it was because her carelessness and superficiality seemed absolutely unendurable; or perhaps it was because she chanced to say, "I agree with you." Of course he knew that her agreement with his proposition went no deeper than the effect, and never touched the cause. It indicated no conviction of hers, but it made it easier for him to express a conviction of his own. He went home through the darkness, too absorbed to notice the soft, fine rain that pressed against his face in a steady mist. He carried his stick behind him, gripping it with both hands; his head was bent, and his lips were hardened into a stern line; his whole body stooped forward, as though his will and haste out-ran his hurried stride.

"*Will she consent to a separation?*"

Over and over he asked himself the question. Not that he expected to put his fate to the touch that night; he only meant to see how deep this flimsy and obviously selfish opinion of hers might be. Would it be strong enough to break down the bars of convention, and give him freedom? He had never a moment's hope that it would have in it the strength of any spiritual desire for freedom for herself. He had long since ceased to hope anything like that for her. No; his only thought was that he might use her unworthy impulse as a means of escape for his own soul.

When Philip Shore opened the door of his library, he found his wife await-

ing him. Her face had cleared in that drive home, — it had been so comfortable among the cushions of her carriage; and after all, life cannot be absolutely dreary when one has plenty of cushions! She had sent upstairs for a box of candy when she came in, and then she went into the library, and sank down upon a lounge, half reclining, half sitting, her strong white fingers clasped behind her head, and her half-shut eyes full of lazy good nature. Yes, things might be worse; and besides, everybody else was in the same trap. It was the old miserable but mighty consolation of unhappy souls: every one else is involved in the same calamity; so bear it, make the best of it, — in fact, be as comfortable as you can.

"And things are pretty comfortable," she said to herself. "Oh, what a soup that was at dinner! Jane must never leave me if she can make such soups. She reconciles me to my lot." Then she heard the door open, and knew that Philip had entered. "Well?" she said, without turning her head.

Philip pushed up a chair, and sat down; he looked at her in silence. Cecil opened her eyes, and took a piece of candy.

"It's about John, I suppose? Is n't it a nuisance to have him leave? Don't give him a character; it's the only way we can retaliate. Have you any one else in mind?"

"I have spoken to him; he will stay," Philip said briefly, and then stopped, and looked down at the floor a moment, and drew in his lips in a hard line. "I want to speak to you of what you said to-night."

"Of what I said?" Cecil frowned, and tried to remember. "Why, what did I say? Oh, you mean about divorce? Oh, Philip, now don't be argumentative at this hour!"

She rubbed her foot softly against the lounge, and one slipper dropped with a clatter to the floor; then she yawned, and stretched herself lazily, and un-

fastened the square topaz upon her bosom, loosening the yellow lace a little, so that she might feel the cool air upon her throat. Her *abandon*, her comfort, her look of enjoying her body, strangely disgusted him. He wanted to say to her, "Sit up; remember you are not alone!" He pushed his chair back, and frowned, with lowered eyes.

"Your—dress?" he said, with a gesture.

"No, I never take cold," she answered. "Yes, Philip, I supposed for once we agreed; but don't, for Heaven's sake, try to prove anything to me now." She laughed a little, and rubbed her eyes. "I'm nearly dead with sleep," she declared.

"We do agree," he returned quickly. "Only, it seems to me more than a pity that a man and woman must wait until they come to blows, before they can separate. It seems to me a sin."

"Oh well, that's as you look at it," said Cecil, with a yawn. "When one says it's unpleasant, one says the whole thing. If that is all you wanted to tell me, Philip, I'm going to bed. I wish there was anything very good to eat in this house,—anything interesting, like mushrooms and aspic, perhaps. I think I'll wake Jane and tell her to find something for me; I'll take bread and cheese, if there's nothing else."

She sat up, and moved her foot in its thin silk stocking about upon the floor to find her slipper; then a sparkle of laughter flew into her eyes. "Put it on for me, Philip," she commanded, and thrust out a charming foot; and as he, his very fingers shrinking, touched the warm, lithe ankle and put the slipper on, she gave him a little poke with the green satin toe. "You goose!" she said drolly; but there was contempt as well as amusement in her voice.

He understood it, but he replied, quietly enough, "There is something more than unpleasantness in a marriage where the husband and wife don't love each

other;" and then he gave her a look that made the color sweep into her face. But she was too sleepy to lose her temper.

"If you knew how perfectly ridiculous that sounds! Love! What do you mean by love? Exchanging locks of hair and vows of eternal constancy?"

"Hardly."

"Well," she answered slowly, "I don't believe in love,—except in maternal love. The other kind is nothing but selfishness."

"It need not be."

"But it is—while it lasts," she said, sighing, and rose, and stood silent a moment, looking down at the floor; then she said abruptly, "You wanted to say something, Philip? I don't know how we got off on to this subject; it's disagreeable enough! What was it?"

"It was of this I wanted to speak," he answered, rising also; then he took a turn about the room, his hands in his pockets, and came back to her. "It has been in my mind a very long time."

"What has been in your mind? Marriage or love?"

"Marriage without love."

"At least that is more respectable than love without marriage," she said lazily. "Well, what about it?"

"I doubt if it is more respectable."

"Good heavens, Philip," she remonstrated, with good-natured amusement, "what on earth have you got hold of now! Is it some plan for abolishing marriage? You love to reform things, don't you? But do undertake something a little more reputable. Now I must go to bed; I can't keep my eyes open a minute longer. Do you want some money, to print pamphlets about reforming marriage? or do you want to start a fund for free divorce, for the unhappily married? Take it, take it,—only let me go to bed!" She turned away, her hand on the door-knob. "Good-night," she said.

But he stopped her. "We've begun to speak of this, let us go on. I might as well say now—I ought to have said

it long ago — that this is a very real and terrible question to me.”

“Oh, Philip, must you be ecstatic? Consider the hour.”

“For God’s sake, drop your flippancy!” he said, with such sudden passion that she looked at him apprehensively. Was he going to have an attack of soul on the question of marriage? “I think the time has come when we must talk this out. You and I have failed as husband and wife. Of course we both know that perfectly well. Where the greater blame lies does n’t matter now. The fact is the important thing.”

“Failed?” Cecil repeated, with that surprise which is uncertain whether or not to be anger, — “failed? Do you mean we don’t love each other? Why, Philip, you are letting truthfulness get the better of politeness. Well, I don’t know; you may not love me, but I — I don’t mind you, Philip.” Then it occurred to her that he wanted her love; was this what he had been leading up to? She felt the color come into her face; she was very much amused. But his next words enlightened her.

“You and I can’t talk of love. Forgiveness is all I can ask you for. But there’s the fact, — we’ve failed; the question is whether our failure involves any duty.”

She was standing with her hands behind her, leaning back against the table; the light from the lamp beside her gilded the long line of her moss-green gown from her shoulder to her heel; the topaz caught it, and gleamed suddenly, like a watchful eye. Her face was full of delicate color, and her neck and bosom were as white as down; about her forehead, warm still from the cushions of the sofa, her hair broke into shining rings. She caught a shadowy glimpse of herself in the long mirror between the windows, and she thought, with whimsical contempt, that Philip would have been just as indifferent to the beauty imaged there had it belonged to some other woman in-

stead of to his wife, — his wife, to whom he was so rude as to comment upon an obvious enough fact: that he and she did not love each other.

“Well,” she said scornfully, “you are perfectly absurd about some things, Philip. So long as you seem to be saying disagreeable things, I might as well tell you that you are perfectly absurd. We get along as well as most people. I don’t know what you mean by a duty that may be involved. The only duty I know anything about is to have good manners, even though you bore me to death. And you do, you know, Philip, — I’m sorry to seem rude, but you have introduced truth, — you do bore me very much, sometimes. What do you want me to do? Try and take up love’s young dream? Why can’t you reconcile yourself to the fact that every marriage is a failure, in the sense you mean?”

“Other people’s marriages are not our affair,” he answered harshly; “and it is n’t true, anyhow. But because we are miserable we need not blaspheme.”

There was something in his voice that made her turn and face him. For a moment there was silence; then she said, in a very low voice, “Are you — are you — making this question of divorce *personal*?”

“How can it be anything but personal, when you and I talk of the immorality of a marriage without love?”

Cecil made no reply.

“You said, — I don’t know how deeply you meant it, — but you said that you thought that when a husband and wife did not love each other they ought to part.”

Cecil, her head bent upon her breast, watched him closely, but did not speak.

“I, also, think they ought to part; because a marriage without love is legalized baseness, or else it is a lie.”

Cecil, looking up at him, said distinctly, “Who is the woman, Philip?”

He looked at her, with a broken word of disgust, and turned away.

A flame leaped in Cecil's eyes; she stood upright, and struck the table violently with her clenched hand. "You come to me," she cried, her voice tingling with passion, "to *me*, to prate about the sanctity of marriage and the duty of separation! You want to be free, for reasons of your own, — illegal baseness, perhaps? But no! You? You have n't blood enough in your veins for that. I know you! Good heavens, you are not a man! But there is some reason under this fine talk, some ulterior motive. What is it?"

"You know better," he said, between his teeth.

She laughed loudly. "I know there's no woman, because you have n't it in you! But when you come here and whimper about morality, I know there's some cold-blooded reason behind it all. I'm not a fool, Philip Shore. You put off our marriage on the ground of duty, — you wanted to go to Paris to study. You gave up your art because of duty, — you wanted to dabble, in your dilettante way, in politics. Now you come and talk of the duty of divorce! *What do you want?*"

It was terrible to see flash out through the refinement of tradition and training this loud vulgarity of soul.

"Well, answer, answer! Can't you? Of course we don't love each other; how could I love you? But I don't see what you want. I don't see how we can be any more separated than we are. You are perfectly free; you can go to Paris and study again, if you wish!"

Philip looked at her, and looked away for very shame of what he saw; under his breath he said, with sudden passionate pity, "Oh, you poor soul!" For an instant the tears stood in his eyes. "But I can't talk to her," he thought desperately. Yet when she said again, furiously, something of this separation which had existed in fact for three years, he tried to tell her, curtly, with averted eyes, that such a condition was a lie.

"We pretend to be married," he said, — "we are separated; we both know it, but no one else knows it."

"And you want it known?" she cried, — "you want to take the world into your confidence?" She was so amazed that she forgot her anger.

"You and I are living a lie" — he began; but she interrupted him.

"Be explicit, be explicit," she said sternly; "don't rhapsodize. You offer me an insult. At least state it plainly."

"I think we ought to separate, openly."

"Do you mean be divorced?"

"There is no such thing as divorce in anything but a legal sense. I admit its propriety, its necessity, even, for some people. But I don't think we need concern ourselves with that. Our business is, whether we shall continue to profane a sacrament."

He seemed to her so absolutely preposterous that her anger broke into a laugh.

"Sit down; there's no use standing here as though we were on the stage. You use fine words, Philip; I don't, though I know the jargon. I prefer the stupid truth: we're tired of each other. But there is one thing you overlook:

we are so unfortunate as to have been born in a class where a prejudice exists against publicity. We don't talk of our diseases or our infelicities; yet we have our doctors, and though we don't 'separate,' we 'travel,' — like my dear papa."

It was a curious scene: these two, the woman in her lace and jewels, the man with the red carnation in his button-hole, with every suggestion about them of the reserves, and dignities, and conventions of living, standing there face to face, speaking passionately the primitive realities of life! Cecil sat down opposite her husband at the library table; a shaded lamp burned between them; except for its soft glow, the room, with its book-covered walls, was full of shadowy dusk. One window was open, a black oblong of rainy night, and through it the smell of wet leaves wandered in

from the garden, and sometimes a faint, cool breath of air, although there was no wind; there was no sound, either, except for Philip's voice and Cecil's playing with a paper cutter, — lifting it and letting it drop between her fingers, and then lifting it and dropping it again. She was perfectly calm; she rested her chin in one hand, and watched him closely; only, when he came to speak of Molly, her eyes blazed. He told her that the existence of the child made their duty greater in this matter. And then he said that, under circumstances such as theirs, neither father nor mother could claim the right to the child, and therefore, if they should decide to separate, the only thing to do was to divide Molly's time; they should each have her for half the year.

When he said this, his wife flung her head back and laughed silently. He saw it; he sat there speaking from the depths of his soul, speaking with terrible restraint, speaking as a man speaks for his life; he saw the laugh, and knew what it meant. The hopelessness of the situation took him by the throat. What was the use? He had no words; he and she spoke a different language.

Cecil tapped her lip with her paper cutter thoughtfully. "I can take Molly abroad to school, I suppose, though she's rather young for that." She did not even notice his concession; then she looked over at him, and laughed angrily. "You hypocrite! you have n't told me the truth yet."

He looked at her with a kind of terror. "My God! she *can't* understand!" he said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, you need n't doubt my intelligence. I merely want to know the object of all this. What is at the root of this passion for duty? You know, Philip, I have seen it in you before. I tell you that I am willing to travel, — so drop that; now tell me the meaning of it all."

"Cecil," he said, with great gentle-

ness, "you know that I have never lied to you, and" —

"Never!" she agreed dryly; "you would have been so much more attractive if you had."

— "so believe me, even if you can't understand me: your proposal of a secret separation has no bearing on the purpose in my mind."

"It is, however, the only ground on which I will consent to your suggestion," Cecil answered calmly. "I am quite willing to travel. In fact, if it were not impolite, I should say that I would be glad to travel. Oh, and about Molly. Of course that is perfectly absurd. I should n't think of giving her up, — I should n't think of such a thing!"

The blood rushed into Philip's face. "What! do you think I will allow you to have her?"

The threat in his eyes made her shrink back, as though he were going to strike her.

"I am responsible for Molly's soul!" he said; and then into the moment of tingling silence between them came the sudden banging of the front door, and Roger Carey's step in the hall.

"Hello, Eric, old man! Don't knock me down!" they heard him say. "Shore! Philip! what are you burning the midnight oil for?" He whistled, and shoved the library door open, and came in and saw them, the husband and wife: Philip, ghastly pale; Cecil, crimson and panting, her lips parted for some furious word. But in a flash the vision was gone. He heard, in his embarrassed dismay, his hostess murmuring something about Lyssie and the rain, and the voice of his host declaring that Eric ought to have been locked up in the barn. For his own part, he was able to observe, sleepily, that it was funny how late twelve seemed in the country; and then he said good-night with careful unconcern, and went out and left them, saying under his breath, "Good Lord!"

They heard his door close; they heard

the clock in the hall begin to strike twelve. Cecil suddenly drew the lace together across her throat; her breath caught in a sob; she leaned both hands upon the table and bent over towards her husband; the light shone up upon her trembling lip, upon the fierce tears in her eyes, upon the anger and terror in her face.

"Oh, Philip Shore, Philip Shore!" she said in a whisper, "can you never think of anything but yourself? Yes, we'll separate. I agree, I agree!"

XIX.

Roger was to go away the next day, but he did not have to start until late in the afternoon, so he and Lyssie had planned to take a long walk in the morning. They were to go over to the hills on the other side of the river. There was a road there that Lyssie knew, — a road where the grass grew tall between the wheel ruts, and the wayside bushes pressed close upon the passer-by, and the trees dropped pleasant shadows all along the grassy track; a road where two might walk very close together, and know that no eye more curious than a squirrel's would be apt to pry upon them; the very road for a long talk, the very place for endless variations upon three noble words, "*I love you!*"

The thought of having Lyssie all to himself for a whole, still, sunshiny morning enchanted Roger Carey, and he was, not unnaturally, annoyed to have her come downstairs and say that her mother was so fatigued by the party that she had a bad headache. "And of course," Alicia ended, "I must sit with her; so I can't go out to walk. I'm so sorry!"

"Why, but Lyssie!" said Roger blankly. "Why, this is our last chance for a month. Your mother fatigued by the party? How can she be fatigued by the party? She did n't go. It's just a headache, and" —

"Yes, that's all; my going excited her, you know."

"Can't Esther take care of her? You seem to forget that I'm going away this afternoon!"

"Esther? Esther can't take my place. Or perhaps you think anybody can take my place, sir!"

To contradict this gave Roger some pleasure; and when Lyssie, with glowing face, slipped out of his arms, he supposed he had gained his point. But she shook her head, and sighed. "Oh, Roger, don't encourage me to be selfish. I'd like to go; that shows you how selfish I am. Selfishness is my besetting sin," she informed him sadly; "you ought to help me to be good."

"You selfish?" Roger cried. "You are an angel!"

"I? I am not good at all — if you only knew! Why, Roger, I can't imagine what you ever saw in me to love."

"Bless your little heart! It was your goodness that made me love you. For me, I'm like a crow beside you."

Thus and thus the regal humility of love! What a pity it is that so often, when marriage has given two perfect beings each other, admiration should be exchanged for criticism.

"You know, Lyssie" (confession is delightful when one's sweetheart is the priest, and her absolving, unbelieving, happy eyes look up and smile denial of the fault confessed), "I don't pretend to any great goodness, and I have a nasty temper; but there is one good thing about me, — I am reasonable; I don't insist on having my own way, unless, as a pure matter of reason, I know I'm right."

"Of course," Alicia agreed eagerly. "But then you always are right, Roger."

Roger whistled. "Lys, the king can do no wrong. But is it prudent to let him know you think so?"

"Yes!" said the girl proudly. "I'm not afraid to tell you all I think of you. I think nothing but what is true. And

I see all your faults. No one is more critical of you than I."

"Well, you shall tell me all about them," Roger assured her. "We'll talk of my faults all the morning; it will take all the morning. Now go and get your hat; it will be too hot soon to climb the hill."

"But Roger — mother?" Alicia's smile vanished.

Roger looked annoyed. "Well, I'm sure she would n't want you to stay at home on her account?"

"I know she would n't; but it's my duty, don't you see?"

"No. I think you have some duty to me; though that does n't seem to strike you."

"Oh, Roger!" said poor little Lyssie, her eyes full of reproach. "Mother is ill, and you know that is very different from just a mere walk."

"Well, of course, — just a mere walk with me," he began crossly. "You don't care about it as I do, that's plain enough."

"Roger!"

"Then come. Don't be foolish, Lyssie." But he was beginning to lose his interest; insistence, after a certain point, does lose its interest.

"Please don't urge me!"

He drew back stiffly. "Oh, certainly not. I suppose I may come in after dinner and say good-by?"

She looked at him, and her lip shook.

"Oh, *please!*" she said despairingly.

But Roger turned on his heel, with a concise though unuttered epithet in his own mind, coupled with the name of Mrs. Drayton.

"All right; I've nothing more to say. I think you are wrong; but never mind. I'll come in this afternoon and say good-by before the stage starts. I suppose you can leave your mother long enough for that? There! I'm a brute, Lyssie, I'm ashamed of myself; but you are all wrong, darling."

Then, still irritated in spite of being ashamed of himself, he left her, and

Lyssie, after she had swallowed some tears, went up and spent the morning in the darkened bedroom, where the air was heavy with the sickly scent of cologne, and where she listened to feeble sobbings of reproach that she had stayed downstairs so long. In the afternoon it all came right, of course. Roger was repentant and Lyssie forgiving, but somehow the parting was less perfect than it should have been. A bewildered dismay still lingered in Alicia's eyes, and Roger was dully unhappy, with a self-reproach which took no definite form; he only knew it had nothing to do with his unreasonable temper in the morning.

Now, the stings of conscience are bad enough, as everybody knows, when they are definite; but when the still, small voice only mutters, when the stings are wandering pains which refuse to localize themselves and be treated, remorse is a little more unbearable by the addition of an irritated bewilderment.

Roger's self-reproach was connected with his manner of spending the morning after he left Alicia. Yet he could not say why he was dissatisfied with himself. When he tried to analyze his conduct, he found nothing definite; only a vague uneasiness, an intangible disapproval. Smarting at Lyssie's slight, — for so he chose to consider it, — he had gone back to the Shores', meaning to make his host entertain him. Philip had not appeared at breakfast, which Roger had taken early, so that he might be at Alicia's door by nine; and now he was shut up in his library, — "very much engaged," John said.

Roger wondered, moodily, if he had not better have taken the morning stage.

"I've stayed one day too long in this place," he reflected. He wished Mrs. Shore would appear; he wanted to talk to her of Lyssie's foolish self-sacrifice; not that he meant to complain of Alicia, but it would be a relief to say how, for Mrs. Drayton's own sake, he wished Lyssie were wiser in her devotion to her

mother. It is strange how rarely we recognize in ourselves the meaning of this impulse to find fault with those we love to a third person. We call it sincerity, sometimes, — sometimes, duty: we are mightily serious in our task of justifying to ourselves our disloyalty.

Mrs. Shore did not appear, however. The day seemed to Roger to stretch interminably before him. He had really nothing to do but think how badly he had been treated; he even said savagely, "Very likely I've been a fool to think she cares for me at all. I don't know why she should, of course." This with that angry humility which is so amusing to the persons who do not feel it.

A little later he went out into the garden, for want of something better to do, and walked down to the stone seat by the pool. It was very still here. There was a sleepy blur of sunshine on the meadow opposite, where the grass was scorched into fading yellow and bronze by the August droughts; here and there, a patch of intense, vivid, almost wet green held its own under the shadow of an apple-tree or along the edge of the water. There was the drone of bees in a little border of sweet alyssum, whose faint, clean perfume came to him in hot, wandering breaths; the shimmering haze on the water was laced by the noiseless zigzag of dragonflies; sometimes a yellow leaf floated slowly down through the still air, to make a silent anchorage on the silent water. The warmth and the play of shadows from the faintly moving leaves above him soothed him, so that, in spite of his injured feelings, Roger would no doubt have taken a nap, if Eric, with Molly pulling at his collar, had not walked majestically down the path, and, catching sight of his friend, poked a cold nose under his relaxed hand; at which Roger was instantly awake and good natured. "You rascal," he said affectionately, taking the great, anxious, friendly face in his two hands, "you scoundrel, how dare you wake me up?"

"He would do it," Molly explained. "I was coming to fish for crayfish, an' he came. He lets me hang 'em on his ears by their pincers. He does n't mind."

"Do you suppose the crayfish mind?" Roger asked. But that did not interest Molly. Instead of discussing the feelings of the crayfish, she climbed up on the seat beside him.

"Tell me a story."

"Don't know any," said Roger, beginning to get sleepy again.

"Everybody's so unobliging," Molly assured him: "mamma's awfully cross, and father won't let me talk at all. It is n't very pleasant for me," she ended sadly.

"Well, perhaps you'd better go and make it pleasant for the crayfish," Roger suggested, yawning. Then he looked at his watch, and discovered that it was only ten minutes past eleven. "Found it!" he said. "Molly, where is your father? In the library still?"

"I don't know. Maybe he is. Father was out of doors all last night, walking and walking around in the rain. Rosa told me so. John told her. And I told mamma, and she said" —

"Never mind!" Roger broke in hastily.

And Molly, with great cheerfulness, changed the subject. "I'll show you something. Mr. Carey, — something I've got in a box in my pocket. Want to see it?"

"Oh, very much," said poor Roger; but did n't Molly think she'd like to catch some crayfish? And then, with an eye to the interrupted nap, he made several suggestions for her diversion: Rosa? The nursery and her paper dolls? "That would be delightful," he said, with insidious enthusiasm. "Just think! playing with those nice dolls in the nursery. Dear me! how pleasant that would be!"

"It's pleasanter with you," Molly informed him, hugging him with much affection; and Roger sighed, and said,

"Well," and submitted to many caresses, and showed his watch and Lyssie's picture, and yawned a good deal.

"What's in the mysterious box?" he asked.

And Molly, her little face very serious and eager, took a small ring-box from her pocket and shook it close against his ear. "Guess!"

"A rocking-chair?" said Roger.

"Why, there could n't be a rocking-chair in this little box, Mr. Carey. Guess again."

"Can't imagine. Show us."

Molly, twinkling with excitement and the pleasure of giving pleasure, opened the box a very little way. "Look! it's my tooth. Rosa pulled it yesterday."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

"I thought I'd keep it for the Resurrection," Molly explained shyly.

"Oh, you'll have nice false teeth by that time, Molly," Roger told her gravely.

"Well, but God will know where this is, if I keep it in my pocket," the child said simply, and grew red and resentful when Roger laughed long and loud. He was so wide awake now that he suggested they should hunt somebody up.

"Come and see if your mother is downstairs yet. Have you told her about the Resurrection?"

Molly replied coldly, "No; father knows." But her little anger burned out in a moment, and she was eager and confidential again. "Let's go up to the porch. I guess mamma's on the porch by this time. Mamma said maybe she'd take me to Europe in a ship; but father is n't coming. Father is going to stay at home."

"By Jove!" Roger thought, with real concern, "has their squabble gone as far as that?" He found himself thinking what Cecil must be in a passion; and his eyes brightened a little and his jaw set.

When he and Molly reached the house, and found Mrs. Shore on the porch, he was full of interest in her. It is very

subtle, but it is very real, that interest which a man feels in a woman who is quarreling with her husband. Perhaps it is because, when a woman marries, she shuts the door of her possibilities; but when she quarrels with her husband, she opens it a little, and archly peers out again into men's faces, if only for a moment.

Cecil hardly looked at Roger when he came up the steps, Molly dragging at his hand, and Eric close to his heels. She was sitting in a big reclining-chair which was full of yellow cushions; the old bamboo, smooth as golden lacquer, yielded to every movement, and was as absolutely comfortable as even Cecil could desire. Generally, when she sat thus on the porch, with, very likely, some deeply fragrant flowers at her elbow, she had an air of absolute, delicious comfort, the luxurious satisfaction one sees in an animal basking in the sunshine. But to-day she was unconscious of her comfort, apparently; a dull anger was smouldering in her eyes, and there was a heavy look about them as of fierce, unshed tears. Now, in a weak woman a man finds the hint of tears repulsive; but in a strong woman they rouse only a consciousness of his own strength, or a leaping impulse of tenderness. Her sullenness bites into his thought like some teasing, stimulating, exquisite pain. He would like at once to comfort and to hurt her.

Roger, sitting down beside her, had no longer any inclination to resent Alicia's slight. In Cecil's presence it seemed too small, too silly. He half smiled at himself for having felt it. Alicia, with her droll little obstinacy, was only a child, after all, so ignorant, so foolish, and so sweet! He felt that he loved her very much, and might therefore say to Mrs. Shore this and that of her sister's fantastic idea of duty.

Yes, yes, it was a great pity that Mrs. Drayton should have had a headache that morning!

Cecil made but little response. Roger, disappointed, but desiring sympathy, found himself inviting it by a hint of his conviction that "*votre belle mère*" — this with a hesitating look at Molly — was very — he supposed it was the result of illness, but she was not what one might call unselfish?

"Scarcely," said Mrs. Shore.

Roger felt, resentfully, that he had been encouraged to express an unworthy sentiment, and now his instigator stepped from under, as it were, and declined responsibility. "At least, you have given me that impression," he added.

"The woman tempted you?" Cecil commented.

"It's a way she has had from the beginning," Roger declared more good naturedly, and added frankly, "It was shabby in me to say that; the fact is, I suppose, I am out of temper because I lost my walk."

Cecil showed no interest in his penitence. She looked sullenly straight in front of her; she answered shortly, "yes" or "no," when he went on talking; she seemed to shrink a little when he brought his chair to her side, as though she were half afraid of him. But after a while, quite suddenly, and with a curious fierceness, she turned, and began to talk with a recklessness which Roger had never before seen in her; it was as though she had slipped some leash which had been holding her back. She said she was sorry he was going away; that Lyssie had been very foolish not to walk with him; that Mrs. Drayton was really "impossible." In fact, she consoled with him so warmly upon his prospective mother-in-law that he grew uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Drayton has a talent for tears," she said, "and Lyssie believes in them. Is n't it funny?"

"Well, weakness is a great bully without knowing it," Roger defended Alicia's mother, "and she's in wretched health, you know."

Molly, lounging on Roger's knee, announced that mamma said that grandmamma was as well — oh, as anybody, if she just would n't pretend to be sick. At which Cecil laughed, but Roger said abruptly, "You ought n't to let that child know how you feel!" and Cecil, sobering, winced at his tone.

"I suppose I ought n't," she acknowledged. "Molly, never say anything about grandmamma that mamma has said. Will you remember? I'm very fond of her."

"You're making fun," Molly said.

"You naughty little girl!" cried Cecil, much amused. "Of course I love grandmamma, and so must you; remember you've only one grandmother, so you must make the most of her, and love her very much."

"Oh, she's only a step," said Molly, with contempt. "Step-grandmothers don't count."

"What shall I do with her?" said Cecil, in despair.

"Your sin has found you out!" Roger commented significantly.

But his reproof annoyed her, and she dropped the subject of Mrs. Drayton.

"Is n't it funny how they understand the things we don't say?" she remarked. "Really, we ought to converse in another language after children are five years old."

"Would n't it be just as well to let the Young Person have a reforming effect upon our conversation?" he suggested.

"It would be a little dull."

"Perhaps so," he admitted, and added that then, probably, slander and impropriety would become extinct.

"That *would* be dull!" Cecil said.

Roger looked at her thoughtfully. "Why do you say things like that? You don't mean them. And" —

"Well?"

"Well, I think they are rather silly," he explained cheerfully. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Mrs. Shore?"

Again, as a dozen times during these last six weeks, his indifference touched her like some fine and stinging lash. She colored, and defended herself gayly, but with an undertone of eagerness. She was full of that spirited docility which is so flattering to a man; she wanted to know his opinion on a dozen topics, and yet she had her own opinions, and held them with a charming and feminine insistence, which, however, was always based upon intelligence, and which put her companion on his mettle. He grew keen and interested. He overlooked his grievances. He did not have to forgive Lyssie; he forgot her. Perhaps the spiritual as well as the material world has its spring and autumn, its summer and winter, its seasons of alert life, its time when virtue hibernates. It would seem so when one watches the hardening of a sensitive honor, the wavering lassitude of a hitherto robust conscience.

But to the vigorous soul the approach of such torpidity is attended with more or less discomfort. Roger, thinking this talk over afterwards, was vaguely uncomfortable; he could not put his finger on any one thing that he wished he had not done, unless indeed it were his first impatient speech about Mrs. Drayton. But he had apologized for that, and defended her; he had overcome, yes, even forgotten, his resentment at Alicia. To be sure, he had seen with a fierce appreciation the whiteness of Cecil Shore's

throat, the color of her lip; he would have been a fool, or blind, not to have seen them; and they certainly had not prevented him from giving her a piece of his mind, once or twice, in good, hard words. She had looked tired and unhappy, and he had been sorry; it would have been brutal not to be sorry. Lyssie would have been the first to wish him to be sympathetic. No, he had not a thing with which to reproach himself; yet he felt dull and irritable; he was inclined to blame everybody about him, which is a state of mind characteristic of an uneasy conscience. He looked back, in his thoughts, to the disappointment of the morning, and wished that Alicia had just a little less of that feminine obstinacy in the matter of duty which is so aggravating to the masculine mind, — unless indeed the feminine idea of duty and the masculine idea of comfort chance to be synonymous. He said to himself that he hoped she was not going to be like her mother. Now, this is a most significant wish in an engaged man, and one which, if he is wise, will turn him to examining the quality of his love.

When he went, later in the day, to say good-by to Lyssie, Roger was very penitent for his crossness of the morning, and confessed it humbly enough; for even the reasonableness of his position did not excuse crossness, he said. But his penitence did not lighten his conscience of an uncommitted fault.

Margaret Deland.

A SUMMER IN THE SCILLIES.

It is notoriously unsafe to lay out one's summer holiday on the recommendations of friends, however intimate or similar in tastes. The personal equation which enters into all the problems of life is here predominant. Unfortunately, and for the same reason, one's most

respected authorities are equally unsafe as guides for summer travel, whatever they may have proved themselves in the domain of art, or literature, or morals. Perhaps, with Pleasure at the prow, Folly is at the helm oftener than we know or would be willing to acknowledge. At

any rate, and as a matter of fact, I have often found the best finger-posts for days of leisure in works of fiction.

While Miss Edwards's *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* has led us into a village with accommodations for fifty, and a tourist population of five hundred, and Miss Muloch's *An Unknown Country* has taken us into regions with no accommodations at all, we owe to Thomas Hardy a never-to-be-forgotten summer in Dorset, Baring-Gould has helped us to see and appreciate the Cornish coast, Kingsley has added a new charm to Clovelly and Bideford, and Blackmore has given to Devon and the Doone Valley a living interest that equals their natural attractions. The Scottish Highlands, the Lakes, the Derbyshire Peak, even Kenilworth, owe as much to Scott as to history; Rochester without *Pickwick* and *Edwin Drood* would be melancholy; and even Ainsworth has succeeded in putting a keener edge on the pleasure of a first visit to the Tower of London.

That there may be exceptions to the rule the recent differences of opinion between the Pennells and William Black would seem to show, but the last word has not yet been said in that controversy. Without risking further generalization, however, Mr. Walter Besant is responsible for our visit to the Isles of Scilly; and if, after having spent a summer there, I were asked to recommend the best guidebook, I should name *Armored of Lyonesse*. The opening chapters of that story made it clear that, to any one fond of the sea; of sailing and bathing and fishing; of seeing new faces, but not too many of them; of escaping temporarily from the accustomed routine of talk and thought and work; in a word, of changing one's whole atmosphere, physical, social, and intellectual, these islands offered at least a possible opportunity.

They sound remote, but if, for any reason, the transatlantic trip has been made, they will be found as accessible

as St. Augustine or Bar Harbor from New York or Philadelphia. A nine-o'clock evening train from Paddington, with excellent sleeping-carriages (if I had the courage of my convictions, I should say that they are far preferable, in privacy, ventilation, and genuine comfort, to our Pullmans), reaches the most westerly town in England, Penzance, at eight o'clock the next morning. Four days in the week a commodious steamer leaves for the Scillies on the arrival of the train, and lands its passengers in the harbor of Hugh Town, on St. Mary's Island, before noon. If Penzance is not reached on a steamer day, it may be said, *en passant*, that there are worse places in which to spend twenty-four hours. The tradition which locates the scene of the Arthurian legends in the district between the Land's End and the Scillies, *Lyonesse*, divided by the old chroniclers into one hundred and forty mythical parishes, and now submerged, lends a tinge of romance to the short voyage, and acquires an air of probability when the granite cliffs of Menawethen are sighted, and their geological identity with the rocky spines of Devon and Cornwall becomes apparent.

The harbor of Hugh Town is, in appearance, almost an open roadstead, but is sheltered by so many low islets in so many directions that it is really landlocked. It has only the beauty which belongs to the meeting of sea and shore and sky wherever it occurs, and which gives a charm even to the sands of our New Jersey coast. The picturesque quality of such bays as those of Acapulco, Rio Janeiro, Naples, and Stockholm is lacking here, as it is, indeed, in most of the harbors of Great Britain; and it may be said at once that the first impressions of the Scillies will be disappointing, as will perhaps the later ones for travelers who follow the guidebook routine and visit only the places and points therein recommended.

To begin with, while the entrance to

Hugh Town from the quay, through an old gray stone gateway into a narrow corner between the end of a crooked street and a high sea-wall, has a certain mediæval quaintness, the town itself will be found to consist of two rambling streets of small stone or stucco houses, old enough and stained and weather-worn enough to have lost the charm which, for example, perfect order and spick-and-span neatness and cleanliness give to some otherwise uninteresting Holland villages like Broek, and yet without the artistic flavor that comes with genuine antiquity and decay. It can, however, scarcely be described as a modern town, as it is said that it "began to be of importance" during the reign of Elizabeth.

To live here comfortably for any time (and a short visit will be found unprofitable), it is well to have one's own house, and to be final arbiter as to meal hours, provisions, wines, and general supplies. In this way only, here or elsewhere, can what should be regarded as a fundamental principle of restful holidays be complied with, the maximum remoteness from ordinary civilization with the minimum deprivation of its comforts.

Such a house, with three bedrooms, a servant's room, a drawing-room, a dining-room, and two kitchens, was obtained at the price of three pounds per week. This included the services of the worthy proprietress, her grown-up daughter, and a small handmaid. Only a narrow road, protected by a low stone embankment, separated us from the sea, which at high water was almost on a level with our front hall, — doorstep we had none, — and not more than twenty feet distant. Back of us were a low hill, a modern but pretty gray stone church, and then, not very far off, the sea again.

One essential of life here must be mentioned. A boat and boatman are as necessary as a gondola and gondolier in Venice, and much more care should be exercised in their selection. It is truly the land of tides and currents and ed-

dies; of "races" and whirlpools and breakers without end; of shoals and bars and ugly jagged sunken rocks; of mysterious "draughts" of wind, sudden gales sweeping in from over the western ocean, or, more dangerous still, stealthy fogs creeping up, and in a moment blotting out everything in the universe beyond the tiller or the bowsprit. It is no place for amateurs or strangers to practice navigation on any scale. Fortunately, there is no lack of competent boatmen, and we secured an ex-pilot and fisherman, the descendant of unnumbered generations of Scillonians, who, notwithstanding his seventy years, was still as competent and as vigorous as in the days of his youth, and who, despite a praiseworthy tendency to taciturnity, was an easily tapped fund of local information. The countless rocks and shoals and ledges, the intricate channels, the twists and turns of tides and currents, were to him as Piccadilly or Broadway at noon-day to us; and all this knowledge, together with a large, roomy sailboat and a comfortable punt, was put at our service for two pounds a week.

Thus equipped, sight-seeing becomes a matter merely of individual fancy; dependent upon wind and tide, to be sure, but far less so than in ordinary seaside localities. Calms are rare in Scilly, which is more often storm-swept than any other part of this meteorological district, the average being twenty-two gales yearly. But in summer storms are uncommon, and there is much advantage to the seeker for health or pleasure in the fact that every breeze is a sea breeze, and every wind a fair wind. No matter from what quarter it may blow, there are to be found to leeward fishing of some sort, new islands to visit, rocks to climb, caves to explore, and coves to bathe in.

The ordinary guidebook attractions of the islands, while far inferior to those that are scarcely mentioned, are by no means to be despised. On St. Mary's, the coast scenery at Peninis Head,

Giant's Castle, Clapper Rocks, Normanly Gap, and elsewhere is extremely fine, and all these points can be reached in a half-day's walk.

The rocks are granite, and resemble those of the Cornish coast, with which they are probably continuous. The lines of decomposition in this granite follow certain minute "joints," which as a rule run either horizontally or perpendicularly. Where these are about equal in numbers, the rocks are broken up into immense irregular cubical masses, rounded at the edges and angles; if the perpendicular joints predominate slightly, the granite is left, in the course of ages, in enormous columns resembling basaltic pillars; while if the horizontal joints are almost entirely absent, the rocks still stand as great slabs, almost upright, and often mistaken for Druidical remains, with genuine examples of which the islands abound.

As a result of these factors, the headlands and rocky coasts of Scilly have a charm peculiarly their own, due to the chaotic confusion, fantastic forms, and never ending variety of their gigantic boulders. What they lack in height and coloring is compensated for by boldness of outline, by the endless surge of the breakers at their feet, by the miles of sea and sky that form their background. They have, on a smaller scale, the great advantage possessed by the mountains which encircle the Norwegian fjords or skirt the shores of the Strait of Magellan. They are seen at a glance in their entirety, from base to summit. It is this that often makes heights of three thousand feet in Norway or Patagonia more impressive than mountains of quadruple that altitude in Switzerland or the Tyrol. As Besant says, though Nature "raised no Alpine peak in Scilly, she provided great abundance and any variety of bold coast-line, with rugged cliffs, lofty cairns, and headlands piled with rocks. And her success as an artist in this *genre* has been undoubtedly wonderful."

It is astonishing what a multitude of devious and intricate ways may be discovered in and between the boulders of these granite headlands by any one fond of rock-climbing. On Peninis Head, for example, only one hundred and nine feet in height, there is a maze of rocky passages, all far beneath the surface, through which, by squeezing and crawling, sliding and jumping, now ascending, now descending, one may clamber for hours without once appearing above the level of the ground; while at one place, by going many yards down a perpendicular shaft or chimney, just large enough to admit the hips and shoulders, a cavern is reached, where no ray of light penetrates, and which extends inland a considerable distance. This spot, which rejoices in the euphonious name of Issicumpucker, was once the resort of smugglers and wreckers, and can even now be found only after their "marks" on the summit of the Head have been pointed out.

On St. Mary's, a short walk leads to the "Garrison," a fortified inclosure above Hugh Town, surmounted by a picturesque old building, Star Castle, which was erected by the first governor of the islands, Sir Francis Godolphin, in 1593, during the reign of Elizabeth. It is still in good repair, and is inhabited. From the weather-beaten ramparts, about sunset, a wonderful panorama is spread out in every direction. To the westward and southward, Mincarlo, Great Minalto, Annet, Crebawethen, and dozens of other islets in the track of the sun glow in an orange and crimson haze; while to the north and east, Samson, Bryher, Tresco, St. Martin's, and Great Ganilly stand out in bold silhouette, first purple and then black against the sky. As the sun disappears, the lanterns in the lighthouses, which stand guard on every hand over this land of shipwrecks, begin their nightly duty, and on a clear night the lights from St. Agnes, Round Island, the Bishop, the Wolf, and Longships can all be seen. They are certainly needed.

To call Scilly a land of shipwrecks is no mere form of words. The place is replete with their traditions, their history, and their relics. At every turn one is met with reminders of them. The bells that ring in the churches once struck the time on a man-of-war or a merchantman; the churchyards are filled with monuments to the drowned; the gateposts are often parts of old prows or bits of timber; the fences are pieced out with ships' beams or planking; the shores are strewn with wreckage; and an island on which one or more ships and many lives have not been lost is scarcely to be found. After a time one comes to have a strange sort of familiarity with some of these dead-and-gone people. We felt, for example, as if we had more than a passing knowledge of Sir Cloudesley Shovel when we recalled the elaborate but hideous monument in Westminster Abbey which marks his present resting-place, visited the spot on the shore of Porth Hellick where his body was washed ashore (and on which no grass has grown from that day to this!), and sailed around the solitary southernmost rock of the Scillies, the Gilstone, on which his ship, the *Association*, was lost in 1707. It was rather reversing the usual order of acquaintanceship, but it undoubtedly awakened an interest in this unfortunate gentleman, whose obstinacy in refusing advice from one of his seamen was, according to tradition, the cause of the loss not only of his own ship and life, but of three other large ships and nearly two thousand men.

In more modern times, the wreck, in 1875, of the steamship *Schiller*, a German mail boat bound from New York to Hamburg *via* Plymouth, on the Retarrier Ledges, not more than a mile from the Gilstone, is perhaps the most noteworthy. Three hundred lives were lost, and for weeks dead bodies were found floating in the channels between the islands, stranded on the beaches, or caught in the rocks on the shores. One

hundred of them lie in the churchyard at St. Mary's.

A mere list of the intervening shipwrecks would be tiresome, but a certain ghastly interest attached itself to each new island as we sailed up to it, and learned from our skipper and our guide-book of the fatalities associated with it. The whole world seems to have contributed. On Rosevear was wrecked, in 1784, the *Nancy*, an East Indian, with Mrs. Ann Cargil, a successful actress returning from India with her accumulated fortune. She lies in St. Mary's churchyard, and her fortune fathoms deep off the Western Islands. On the Rags, a French schooner was lost in 1685; on Meledgan, a Dutch vessel in 1760; on the Ponds, a Portuguese steamer in 1869; on White Island, in 1875, a Russian steamship, the *Aksia*: and this remarkable mortuary record might be continued almost indefinitely. It is evident that during the centuries Scilly has been no respecter of either nationalities or persons; and although it is said that she is behind the Goodwin Sands in the actual number of shipwrecks, she has certainly, by virtue of her jagged reefs which impaled some, and of her irregular, deeply indented shores which held others in their clutches, preserved and kept in evidence more relics of marine disaster than any other part of the world I know of.

Visits to some of the lighthouses should not be omitted. The most accessible, but the least interesting in its surroundings, is that on St. Agnes, which is one of the oldest in Great Britain. It was first lighted in 1680, and in the gardens of Tresco Abbey may still be seen the antiquated coal-burner which then, and for a century afterwards, held the flickering flame that at the best could scarcely be seen at St. Mary's, two miles away, and at the worst, it is strongly suspected on the authority of Heath, was allowed to go out at times when it was most needed by storm-driven vessels.

Round Island, to the northward, a bold

mass of rock crowned with its lighthouse, has an approach which, in the picturesqueness of the surroundings, recalls Gibraltar. A rope leading from the summit across a narrow, deep chasm to the shore of a neighboring islet answers for the mooring of visiting craft, and as a cable by which supplies are hoisted when stormy weather renders landing impossible. A staircase cut in the solid rock, and leading in zigzags up the face of the precipitous cliff, conducts to the base of the lighthouse, which has the duty of protecting the northern approaches to the Scillies. From its lantern, perhaps, the best general view of the northern and eastern islands is obtainable, though here each succeeding view-point seems better than its predecessors.

The visit to the Bishop, however, is an experience not to be classed with anything else. The lighthouse rises from a rock far out to the westward, four miles from any inhabited land, and stands guard over the so-called "Western Isles," probably the most fatal in their past history, and the most menacing in their possibilities, of any of the group. Besant, in *Armored*, has picturesquely described their dangers: the hidden rocks, the long ridges of teeth that tear and grind to powder any boat caught in their devouring jaws, the currents which run swiftly and unexpectedly to dash the boat upon the rocks, the strong gusts which sweep round the headlands and blow through the narrow sounds. For these reasons, but chiefly because otherwise a landing could not be effected, an exceptionally calm day must be selected for the visit. Only on approaching the Bishop closely can its remarkably exposed, solitary, and perilous position be fully realized. The rock on which it is built is just sufficient to give support to its base. There is literally and absolutely nothing beyond it. A penny held at arm's length from the lantern and dropped falls into the sea. On the very quietest day the waves wash up to, and

often over, the summit of the rock. In rough weather they beat against the brass door, sixty feet above the sea, which closes the lowest opening in the side of the tower; in severe storms they wash clear over the lantern, at a height of one hundred and forty-three feet. Not many years ago, a fog-bell, strongly fastened one hundred feet above the sea, and weighing five hundredweight, was broken off and carried away by the waves, as were a ladder and flagstaff, twenty feet higher. Men who have served their time at the Eddystone, the Wolf, the Longships, and other outlying lighthouses say that at the Bishop both the wind and the sea are fiercer than at any other station. The process of landing, although probably unattended by any real risk, is not without some elements of excitement. A portion of the party disembark from the larger boat into a punt. This is rowed as near the base of the rock as the sea will permit. In very quiet weather, a rope cast from a little platform at the foot of the lighthouse permits the cautious approach of the boat to the slippery steps cut in the side of the rock, green with algæ, and either dripping with the foam of a receding wave, or many feet under the crest of an incoming roller. With the help of the rope and by careful watching for an opportunity, a quick jump while on the summit of a wave may land the visitor where he can scramble up out of the reach of the next breaker, but on most days this would be altogether impossible. The only method of landing safely the few ladies or children who venture to pay such a visit (and all persons in moderately rough weather) is by casting to the boat a loop of stout line leading over a pulley near the summit of the lighthouse and down again, to be rolled over an iron windlass fastened to a little stone ledge, or set-off, thirty-two feet from the sea. One person at a time is tied in or sits within this loop, to which a second line is made fast, the other end

being held in the boat, so as to keep the visitor clear of the rocks and the sides of the lighthouse during the process of hoisting. The windlass is manned, and the occupant of the rope seat is swung into the air, inwards across the foam and boil of the breakers (a space varying from three to thirty yards, according to the weather), and then upwards, until the stone ledge is reached and a secure footing is obtained. The sensation during the transit is novel, as is the view of the surf over which one swings. In the history of the lighthouse no accident has ever occurred; but, after all, there have not been many opportunities for accident. We had the curiosity to count over the names in the Visitors' Book, opened in 1864, five years after the completion of the building. In the three decades which have elapsed, two hundred and twenty persons had visited the lighthouse, or less than eight persons annually.

After reaching the ledge, a giddy perch only a couple of feet in width, a brass ladder, with steps about two inches wide, each step riveted into the stonework, must be climbed for another thirty feet before access to the building is gained, and then an inside spiral staircase leads upwards through the storeroom, the kitchen, the bedroom, and the service-room into the lantern. Four men are on duty at a time, and are relieved every three weeks; but it is not uncommon, in heavy weather, for the relief to be delayed from a month to six weeks, owing to the impossibility of landing. The men at this station are said to become neurasthenic after about a year's service; and it is not difficult to divine the cause, if one but recalls the twenty-two annual gales that they weather, and pictures the loneliness and isolation of their lives during these periods, when the waves of three thousand miles of Atlantic are dashing themselves against the lighthouse, or flying over it in sheets of foam, and making even the seven feet of masonry at its base tremble and vibrate.

If one seeks a respite from the almost uninterruptedly marine occupations of the islands, a visit to the gardens of Tresco Abbey cannot fail to give pleasure. They are unique in Europe, if not in the world. I have never seen an open-air garden to compare with them, unless perhaps the Botanic Gardens of Rio Janeiro, and I do not recall even there so remarkable a variety of vegetation as that which flourishes here in the mild and equable temperature produced by the Gulf Stream. Side by side with the firs and pines and evergreens of northern Europe are found the palms and aloes and cacti of the tropics, the Cape fig of South Africa, the *Puya Chilensis* (said to be the only plant of its kind that has flowered in the open air in Great Britain), ferns from New Zealand, azaleas from India, cedars from Lebanon, rhododendrons from the Himalayas, magnificent eucalypti, and fuchsias, hydrangeas, magnolias, and myrtles growing to the height of trees, and filling the whole place with color and fragrance. The present lord proprietor, a very courteous and hospitable gentleman, universally respected in the islands, which he practically governs, has given great pleasure to hundreds of visitors by the free access to these gardens which he permits under proper restrictions. A fresh-water lake, fringed with silver-plumed pampas grass, at the foot of a lawn stocked with Egyptian geese, American ostriches, white ducks, and other fowls, adds to the attractiveness of the picture. The ostriches were very small as compared with those I had seen on Patagonian plains, but it may be that they were young ones.

The special and characteristic Scillonian tinge is given to the gardens by a collection of grotesque figureheads from wrecked vessels; a capstan surmounted by a Mexican eagle; an ancient anchor, the iron of which has been not merely covered, but actually replaced, by silicates and lime salts during the ages which have passed since it saw the vessel which had borne it go into splinters on the

rocks. Even a garden, in Scilly, must savor of the sea and of shipwrecks.

A picture quite as striking in its way, and little less beautiful, may be obtained on any quiet day by watching the panorama of the sea-bottom, while drifting slowly in a boat over places where the depth does not exceed two or three fathoms. I have never seen, except in the West Indies and off the Brazilian and Chilian shores, such extraordinary luxuriance in submarine vegetation, such brilliant coloring, and such abundance of animal life. There is no end to the variations in the browns and greens and yellows of the seaweeds, and in their sizes and shapes: some as delicate and feathery as maidenhair fern, swaying to and fro with every ripple of the water; others with stalks as thick as one's arm, and great spreading branches, like subaqueous trees, but with an unpleasant way of surrounding, and clutching, and even of drowning the swimmer who gets in their midst. The zoöphytes are no less numerous and variegated, while beautiful flower-like anemones, purple and green and white sea urchins, yellow starfish, and brown sea cucumbers can be seen by thousands. Frequently a graceful jelly fish, or possibly a half dozen, will float across the field of view, with fringe outspread and undulating; or a scorpion crab or sea spider or enormous lobster will sidle across the bottom; or the water will suddenly be absolutely filled with pilchards, darting hither and thither, or swimming quietly, with their noses all turned in one way, in obedience to some imperceptible current.

The fishing is, on the whole, excellent, and is varied enough to keep up the interest of the most unenthusiastic angler. The pollock fishing, a sort of slow trolling; the chadding, with the boat anchored in a tideway; the pilchard fishing, with nets after dark; and the fishing for plaice and bream and gurnard and sole and cod, are worthy of description by some one more learned

than I am in piscatorial ways and methods.

But there is yet other fishing to be had here, which deserves more than passing mention. About three miles south-west of the Bishop there is a shoal, several acres in extent, rocky, sandy, or weedy in patches, and known as "the Pol." Here the depth of the ocean decreases to from sixteen to twenty fathoms at low water. This shoal, the top of a submerged islet, is now, as it apparently has been for centuries, the favorite feeding-ground of some extraordinary marine animals, notably the great conger eel, from four to six feet in length, in girth the size of one's thigh, and from forty to one hundred pounds in weight, living among the rocks and weeds, and fearing, according to Besant, "nothing that swims except the calamary." Here, too, is the ling, a snakelike fish, often outweighing the conger; and the skate, even larger and more hideous, favoring the sandy spots, and when hooked coming up on the end of the line as a dead, inert mass of ugliness. Sharks are constantly found there at all depths, doubtless attracted by the abundance of animal life in the vicinity. For hundreds of years this place has been known to the Scillonian fishermen. Our boatman told us that his great-grandfather could not remember having heard of a time when it was not resorted to, under proper circumstances, and some of the oldest books on Scilly allude to it. Then, as now, however, those circumstances occurred with comparative rarity. The conditions absolutely necessary for a successful visit to the Pol are many. It must be on a neap tide, and at the slackest part of it, or there will be too much current on the shoal for anchorage. This at once strikes out of every fortnight all but three or four days. The sea must not be very rough, or again anchorage becomes impossible. If the wind is too strong, the same result follows; while if there is a dead calm, it is dif-

ficult to reach the ground. Finally, "thick" weather or a fog, by obscuring the "marks," — that is, the cross-bearings, the alignment of certain far-distant rocks and islands, — renders it impossible to find the shoal at all.

When all the favorable conditions are present, however, the visitor to the Scillies, who is not subject to seasickness and is of fair bodily vigor, should by no means miss a trip to the Pol. Freedom from seasickness is desirable, as on the very quietest day there is sure to be a great ocean swell coming lazily in from the westward, and imparting considerable motion to the boat; bodily strength is necessary, since to haul in from fifty to sixty fathoms of stout line, a lead weighing from five to ten pounds, and a fish that will turn the scales anywhere from forty to one hundred and fifty pounds will severely test the angler's muscles and endurance, especially as it must probably be done in a rolling and pitching boat, swinging around with wind and tide, and slippery with fish slime. The same care should be exercised in the selection of the boat and men as was advised in the matter of pleasure-boat-ing. The choice will in all likelihood fall on a Hicks, or a Jenkins, or a Legg of St. Agnes, who will call for you at an unearthly hour, and convey you in a roomy but not overclean lugger to the fishing-ground.

On arrival in the supposed vicinity of the Pol there is sure to be an animated consultation of the boatmen anent the "marks" which are to determine the exact position to be selected; the top of this shoal, from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet beneath the surface, being mapped out into separate districts with as much precision as if it had been done by a New England town surveyor. To the landsman, at this time, the landscape consists of the sky, the sea, and the Bishop, whose top may sometimes be seen when the lugger rises on the summit of a wave. Far off to the eastward,

an occasional dull, cloudlike spot showing above the huge Atlantic rollers suggests land. That is all that the most persistent, eye-straining gaze will reveal, and it gives an almost ludicrous tone to the excited discussion about the relations of unseen points of land on invisible islands. The peculiarities of the Scillonian dialect and grammar are marked enough to add still further to the interest of the occasion.

When it is finally determined that "the Crebinacks are on a line with the northern Cuckoo, and Pednathias with the Rags," and that neither Maiden Bower nor Biggal, islands which for a time had seemed unaccountably dislocated, has left its moorings, it is agreed to drop the anchor and begin to "fishee." As a matter of fact, if the lantern of the Bishop had not now and then shown itself over the tops of the intervening surges, we might have supposed ourselves anchored in the middle of the broad Atlantic. But it is not long before the result justifies our boatmen's procedure. On our last visit to the Pol the tide permitted about four hours' fishing. In that time three lines brought up over two thousand pounds of fish of the kinds already mentioned. This included eleven sharks, the largest of which was between eight and nine feet in length, nearly three feet in girth, and weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds. It was an interesting sight to watch the shark bait, which consisted of a large fish-head, and was kept at a depth of about three fathoms. It was never long without a visitor, and the exceeding clearness of the water permitted a careful inspection of his every movement. Usually, a smell or two, or perhaps even a touch with the rounded snout, a quick whisk of the powerful tail sending him off like an arrow, and a slower return, with a few graceful curves around the centre of attraction, would constitute the performance. Then the really beautiful lilac and blue of his shining back would dis-

appear, and the dirty-white belly turn uppermost, while the bait vanished as though drawn into a cavern. After that, the haul to the surface, the struggle at the gunwale, while the water was in a lather about the boat from his lashing and writhing, the gaffing, and the lifting him inboard made a few moments of intense and very pleasurable excitement.

But, after all, I have left the very best of Scilly to the last. The great charm of the place, the supreme attraction, is in the visits to the outlying islands; the long days spent idling on their shores, or clambering over their rocky summits, or bathing in their bewitching bays, each one seemingly more secluded and picturesque and fascinating than the others.

Annet, the few acres of its soil undermined by the puffins, so that at each unwary step one sinks to one's knees; strewn with the eggs and the fledgelings of gulls and cormorants, guillemots and gannets, shags and hern, oyster-catchers, kittiwakes, and shearwaters; with no signs of human life, past or present, except those afforded by an excavation traditionally referred to a Phœnician tin mine perhaps one thousand years before Christ, and some immense ship's timbers left high up above the rocks when the vessel went to pieces, years ago; with no trace or record of having been in touch with humanity during the intervening centuries, — Annet is unlike anything else I have seen in this hemisphere. In geologic chronology, its underlying granite makes the volcanic tops of the Galapagos Archipelago in the Pacific (an equally strange and unusual place) seem modern in comparison. The soil of Elizabeth Island, near the Atlantic end of the Strait of Magellan, is similarly undermined (by penguins instead of puffins); but its traditions begin — and end — with Drake and Hawkins, and its history, in comparison, seems only of yesterday.

Menawahr, with its rugged head cleft

by two chasms running far below the sea level, is among the more imposing and gloomy and solitary of the Scillies. The view from the very edge of one of these chasms, when, pushed by wind and tide, the waves are boiling through it like the rapids below Niagara, is little short of sublime. About halfway to the difficult summit, a profound vertical gap extending down to the ocean is partly roofed in by some enormous boulders, which have fallen so that their apices meet, and make a rude, irregular arch. As one peers into the crevices between them, nothing is revealed but inky and impenetrable blackness, filled with the roar and grinding of the surf far below. A fall here would be as hopeless as if it were into a crevasse of the Matterhorn.

Rosevear, with gulls and cormorants so tame that they sit almost within arm's length, and watch with curious eyes the proceedings of the unaccustomed visitors; with seals almost as tame, who sun themselves on the rocks near by, or follow the boat with doglike patience and pertinacity, has also a fascination of its own. A pathway over huge rocks leads to a cove, the wall of which is penetrable at one point, where the masses of stone have worn away so as to leave an arch that can be entered quadrupedally. On assuming the erect posture, one finds one's self in a place which brings back stories of shipwreck and adventure from Robinson Crusoe to Treasure Island. Indeed, from the merely scenic standpoint, I found the genuine Selkirk's cave in Juan Fernandez less impressive than this nook in Rosevear. We visited it more than once, and always with the feeling that it was about as out-of-the-world a spot as could be reached anywhere. At low water it is a romantic and picturesque cleft in the rocks. During a flood tide it becomes an amphitheatre, with granite ledges for tiers of seats, looking down upon the seething foam and the never ending rush and

roar of the combat between the waves of a thousand leagues of ocean and the walls of this rocky outpost of Great Britain.

In a westerly storm, the north end of Bryher, separated from the great mass of Shipman Head by a chasm only ten or twelve feet in width, but impassable by all ordinary methods, presents a scene not to be forgotten. Hell Bay, to the westward, always a spot deserving of its name, becomes a veritable caldron, as the tremendous breakers are shattered on the tops of the dozens of sunken reefs and spurs of rock; while farther out the waves come up in great green mountains, rush up the steep sides of the Head, and shiver into spray and foam which rise far above the topmost peaks, and then descend in long graceful sheets, recalling the Staubbach or the Syve Söstern.

As for the remainder of the islands that mark the outer limits of the archipelago, on which even now it is rare for human foot to tread, which are alone with wind and ocean, seals and sea-birds, from one year's end to another, they offer an infinite variety of scenes of the same description. Besant again is the best guide: "Some of them are close together, some are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm; at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth; the swell of the Atlantic on the calmest days rises and falls, and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Among these rocks they rowed: round Maiden Bower, with its cluster of granite forts defying the whole strength of the Atlantic, which will want another hundred thousand years to grind them down; about and among the Black Rocks and the Seal Rocks, dark and threatening; they landed on Ilyswillig, with his peak of fifty feet, a strange, wild island; they stood on the ledge of Castle Bryher, and looked up at the tower of granite which rises out of the

water like the round keep of a Norman castle; they hoisted sail and stood out to Scilly himself, where his twin rocks command the entrance to the islands. He consists of two great mountains rising from the water, sheer, precipitous, and threatening: each about eighty feet high, but with the air of eight hundred; each black and square and terrible of aspect; they are separated by a narrow channel . . . through which the water raced and rushed, boiling into whirlpools, foaming and tearing at the sides."

The history of the islands, traced traditionally from idyllic periods by the remnants of hedges and stone walls, and even of houses, which according to Troutbeck and other old chroniclers are to be seen far down on the sea-bottom on calm days; through the Phœnician period by the gaps and excavations said to have been made for the mining of tin; through the early British and Danish centuries by the barrows and tumuli, the kistvaens and Druidical altars and cromlechs; through the wars of England by the picturesque ruins of Cromwell Castle at Treco, and the pointed peak of Hangman's Island, said to have served the Protector as a place of execution, — all this must be passed over.

So, too, with the industries of the islands, from the times when the men were pilots or smugglers or wreckers, or all three; then, successively, kelp-makers, ship-builders, potato-growers; until now, when, all the other occupations having failed, they are enjoying a period of comparative prosperity as flower-farmers, and annually supply the markets of Great Britain with tons of the narcissus and the daffodil.

The people themselves are kindly, pleasant folk, with a certain sturdy independence that commands respect, but polite and courteous withal. They are strong and vigorous, and are exceptionally healthy and long-lived. They would be more so had not long-continued intermarriage intensified the tendency to

tuberculosis among them. In times past it has been the source of a heavy mortality; and even at the present day it much increases the labors and anxieties of the very competent medical man, who has under his sole care these eighteen hundred people, living in several communities, separated by miles of water, often rough, and sometimes impassable.

This same custom of intermarriage has resulted in the persistent predominance of a few family names for hundreds of years. In the old books and documents which have come under my notice, the names of the islanders of the beginning and middle of the last century are practically those of to-day. Besant says of Dorcas, Armorel's old servant, that she was a St. Agnes girl. "That's the reason why her name was Hicks; if she'd come from Bryher, she'd have been a Traverse; if from Tresco, she'd have been a Jenkins." Those families, with the Thomases and Penders, the Mumfords and Woodcocks, the Tregarthens and Leggs, and a few others, were conducting the affairs of the islands (in a very humble and subordinate capacity) during the times of the earliest Godolphins, and many of them are doing so to-day.

That I may not by any chance mislead some possible reader, let me repeat that a holiday in the Scillies is essentially a marine holiday. For full enjoyment there, one should love to hear the rippling of waves on a beach, or in stormy weather the thunder of surf

against rocky shores, as the last sound at night, the earliest in the morning. It should be agreeable, on drawing the bedroom curtains, to see Tresco and Bryher and Samson and Hangman's Island looking you in the face across miles of blue water; or, in another part of the town, to find that a trim yacht, a clumsy collier, or a broad-beamed fishing-boat has anchored during the night almost within touch from the back garden. It must be regarded as a pleasant experience to land, after a day's fishing or sailing, at the rear of one's own house, and step from the boat directly into the premises, almost as if in Venice. An occasional "ancient and fishlike smell" must not be regarded as offensive, neither must the presence of seaweed as the chief constituent of the dust of the streets, instead of the less salubrious forms of organic matter to which most of us are accustomed. That the few street loungers should always wear jerseys and sea-boots, and smell of tar and of fish; that perhaps the most conspicuous object in the town should be an indicator of barometrical change, thirty feet in height; and that the smallest children should be able to put one to the blush in matters of tides and currents, and shoals and ledges, and wind and weather, can scarcely be thought objectionable by any one. If all this be fully understood and accepted, it is safe to say that though there may be better places than the Scillies for a summer holiday, there cannot be many of them.

J. William White.

THE GRAVEDIGGER.

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
 And well his work is done.
 With an equal grave for lord and knave,
 He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore,—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made, they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago;
And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled;
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And willful she must have been,
That she could bide at his gruesome side
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home;
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
 To handle the tallest mast;
 From the royal barque to the slaver dark,
 He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
 He makes for the nearest shore;
 And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
 Will send him a thousand more;
 But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
 And shoulder them in to shore, —
 Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
 Shoulder them in to shore.

Bliss Carman.

THE END OF TORTONI'S.

TORTONI'S has closed, — on the last June day of 1893, — before the century's end.

The spirit which drove the glass of Paris fashion and the mould of literary form to this central point of the Grand Boulevard, there to admire themselves at the green hour over their absinthe, has grown weak and failed before its hundred years are over. It had its strength from an atmosphere alternately cleared and troubled by the winds of the Revolution; and it has become powerless only with the dead calm into which have subsided the Republican children of the Second Empire. Fashion, literature and art, and the green, devil continue to exist; but they are not as they were, and the putting up of the shutters at Tortoni's is the sign of an age that has passed.

I.

Tortoni was not the founder of the café-glacier so long known by his name; he was but the Amerigo Vespucci of Velloni, who was the real Columbus.

It was in the first years of the nineteenth century, when all Europe was finding it necessary to use for its own purposes of respiration the air which

had already served for Napoleon's deep breathing. Velloni, a maker and vender of ices, from Naples, was led, by the spirit which was breaking down the barriers of race and nation, to transport his little trade to Paris, the city of the First Consul. Parisians had now been shocked many times over out of the grooves of their old provincial routine. Some of them would be ready to appreciate his Italian ways and ices.

He found a convenient house for his purpose on the Boulevard de Gand; it was the name given to a part of the *contre-allée* occupying the former fosse of the ramparts, on the site of which the Boulevard had originally been made. It was to the present Boulevard des Italiens what the Rue Basse du Rempart — that puzzle of the tourist — still is to the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The place was near enough to the houses which the city was already beginning to push out in this direction; and it was not too far from the part of the Boulevard leading east toward where the Bastille had been, which was still bordered by what were the palaces of nobles and princes before the upheaval of the Revolution. A few steps away was the Pavillon de Hanovre,

the house of the terrible Maréchal de Richelieu, into whose aged veins Cagliostro infused his elixir of youth. Alexandre Dumas the elder has recounted the fact and its event; and any one may still see for himself the round corner salon, with its Renaissance ornament, now serving to show off the goldsmith work of the Maison Cristofle. In the Chaussée d'Antin, just above, Mirabeau had died a few years before. Straight across the Boulevard was the Salle Favart, built for the Opéra Comique, and burned down in our own day with fearful catastrophe. The Théâtre des Variétés was further down the street; and behind, the road climbed up to the villages which clustered round the mills of Montmartre, with their harvest feasts to attract the blasé Parisian. The situation could not be better. It was on the border of city amusement and country pleasure.

Prosperity soon came. Napoleon's marshals, with scarred faces and breasts slashed with gold, rode out for a stirrup cup of the Neapolitan's aqua vitæ before galloping off across Alps and Pyrenees, or beyond the Rhine to Russia. Fine ladies and the few cavaliers left in Paris came, on warm afternoons, to sit at the little tables, with their black marble tops heavily rimmed with brass, on the terrace raised a few feet above the shaded roadway.

Velloni's ideas grew with success. The Emperor was of Italian blood, — a Bonaparte, — and he had become the master of France. Why should not a Neapolitan reign imperially over the cafés of Paris the capital? He had already shown how much better things there were than Procope's, once the scene of Voltaire's gibing, and now the type of all that was dull and old-fashioned in French cafés. His ices and sherbets, made from the juices of choice and varied fruits, gave a subtle flavor to life in a generation so keenly alive to novelties and delicate distinctions. In truth, the fashion he set soon crossed land and sea.

A score of years later, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the bard of the ancient Tammany Hall with its barrel of porter, hailed the advent of Parisian daintiness amid the primitive aristocracy of New York, whose traditional heavy wines and cherry bounce were giving way to these sherbets, "Sublimed (see Lord Byron) with snow."

Accordingly, Velloni opened, in different parts of the city, a score of new glaciers. But there were not enough Parisians who cared for his ices and liqueurs, which were a distinction for the fine flower of life, and not for the commercial *bourgeois*. The one place by the aristocratic promenade was quite sufficient; and Velloni was soon forced, by stress of business weather, to put his original venture under the name of his head waiter and fellow-countryman, Tortoni. Things went on from bad to worse, and in 1809 he hanged himself in his cellar.

Then Tortoni began a twenty years' career of wise and liberal progress. On his first floor he opened a billiard-room, where he installed Spolar, who had left the profession of law in provincial Rennes to become the champion player of the capital. The game was a presentiment of the fascinating *poule* of later days, and betting ran high. Talleyrand became one of the most assiduous frequenters of the place, and the little blue salon *au premier* kept his name for many years. He reposed a mind weary of the game of diplomacy by fixing his twinkling eyes on the *carambolage* of Spolar's play. Grave members of the Academy did not disdain the relaxations of the place, — Jouy, who wrote *The Hermit* of the Chaussée d'Antin, and Lacretelle, who said to an idling young *élégant*, "Give me your twenty years, if you have nothing to do with them."

Napoleon passed, and Tortoni remained. With the Bourbon Restoration his place came into greater vogue than ever. The returned *émigrés* and the king's officers were ashamed not to be up to date with all that was latest in Paris,

and they crowded Tortoni's smoking-room, — for society had abandoned the snuff of the old régime. But the men who had conquered half Europe under Napoleon would not give up their favorite resort so easily; and over the billiards and the pipes many a quarrel broke forth, to end in a bloody duel. It was easy to ride out to the secluded Mare d'Auteuil (whose peaceful waters are now a part of a far different resort of fashion, the steeplechase course in the Bois de Boulogne). There they could kill each other picturesquely, and according to the full requirements of the code of honor.

This supreme point of finished elegance, this fine, exquisite flower of the *flânerie* of the Boulevard gods, has marked Tortoni's to the end. If it is all over and past, it must be because the gods are dead, or else have fled before a democracy that brings all down to a dull, earthly level. But for three quarters of a century the place remained the rendezvous of the serene upper ten, — first, of the *gratin* of elegance, adding afterwards the fortunate in literature and art. It was but gradually that the military spirit ceased to lead, subsiding before the ideals of a generation that had not drunk gunpowder with its milk in the days of the Terror.

Meanwhile the city grew out to the Boulevard, and pushed beyond. Little by little the Boulevard itself was lined, behind its rows of trees, by tall houses, having shops with shining windows below. Then the street of the old fosse was leveled up with the Boulevard of the ramparts, and with it the terrace of Tortoni disappeared, — all but in name. For the space reserved for the little tables on the level pavement in front of all cafés has kept the title. "Voyez, terrasse!" will long startle the heedless waiter to attend to the customers on the sidewalk. It was this first age of Tortoni's which gave the word to the Parisian language, whence it has spread to the provinces. To the end, the house

itself remained a last relic of the old Boulevard de Gand, which, with it, has now vanished utterly.

To the ices and billiard pools and tobacco of the new order of things, with its leveling of society and of streets, another element was added. This was the newspaper, shaping politics and diplomacy; and it found due place on the little tables at Tortoni's. Its triumph was coming when Tortoni died, about the time when Charles X., the last king of France, with the haughty grace of the old school, was retiring before his pear-headed cousin of Orleans, Louis Philippe, whose commercial spirit fitted him to be "the king of the French," then the newest formula of government.

But the clicking of swords was still heard in the distance. Chocquart — the Chocquart of Dumas — was one of the faithful to the little table and the daily *Constitutionnel*. Tall, hatchet-faced, with long mustaches waxed straight out at right angles to his nose, he was the link between the old courtliness and the new revival of intellect. One day he sat down, as usual, and demanded his paper of the *garçon*.

"Monsieur, it is in hands."

A quiet gentleman in the corner sat reading the only copy impassively.

Five minutes passed silently by. Then Chocquart spoke again: "Garçon, I have asked for the *Constitutionnel*."

"Monsieur, it is still in hands."

With his most terrible air Chocquart arose, marched straight on the quiet gentleman, and snatched the paper from him. The next day there was a duel, which sent a sword full into the breast of Chocquart, and kept him in bed for a month. No sooner was he up than he came back to Tortoni's. The quiet gentleman was there again, reading the newspaper as before.

"Garçon," cried Chocquart, "the *Constitutionnel*!"

"Monsieur, it is in hands."

Again five minutes of silence, and

Choequart planted his full height before the gentleman.

"Ah, then, do you wish for another lesson?"

II.

With the change in the spirit of the times, the Anglomania which had preceded the Revolution appeared once more. Then it had been said that the head of the house of Orleans, lately back from England, and rising high in his stirrups as he rode English fashion, boded no good to the French state. Under the Orleans king, the English themselves appeared notably — men like Thackeray's Lord Steyne — on the terrace at Tortoni's. But chiefly it was the English spirit which was being copied, — Chesterfield by the French "dandies," and Byron by the fashionable poets.

The word "dandy," transplanted spelling and all, has from the beginning had a meaning in French quite different from its English sense. It came just in time to label a thing new-born of the ages, — the Frenchman who replaces in modern society the courtier of the old régime. Like the dwellers on Olympus, sung by Lucretius, he has all the indifference of the gods for his neighbors of level earth. So great is his indifference that he does not even scorn the ordinary mortal; and his self-satisfaction amounts to satiety. These dandies form a select inner circle, until this day, amid the widening eddies of what were then called *les fashionables*, and are now the Parisian *élégants*.

In those years, the Comte de Mont rond was the recognized king of the dandies, and he held his court at Tortoni's. His successor, the Comte d'Orsay, who was even more absolute in his sway over the male world of fashion, followed his example. Each morning he drove in his tilbury to the terrace, and alighted amid the chosen few who dared to admire and aspired to imitate. It was for the public ceremony of his midday lunch; for lunches, delicious *déjeuners*, had now

been added to the ices and liqueurs, to the billiards and smoking, and to the attractions of the daily newspaper.

The young Thiers, whose large ambitions, political and social, were already piercing through his small body, had long been content to gallop up on horseback for an ice. He was attired irreproachably, with soft leather boots and *culotte mastic*, the putty-colored material then used for a professional rider's breeches. His adoption of what was latest in dress did not prevent his saying with decision, when he saw the first railways in operation in England, "That may do for you English, but it will succeed in France — never!" However, the dandy of the Restoration came to have a more accurate conception of the real world in which he lived. It was he who chiefly helped to shape the Third Republic, in whose practical atmosphere the ideal life of Tortoni's has expired finally.

At the start, when these dandies were still too Olympian to be human, their patronage — like Anglomania to France — boded no good to Tortoni's. Perhaps the Neapolitan's successor, Provost, was not a good business manager. In any case, during the six years of his rule the café-glacier went so near the top of the social pyramid that it threatened going off the apex. Still, the poets of the day wrote in their songs, which were sung by the favorite tenor, that of the glacier of Tortoni and the glaciers of the Alps, Tortoni's was more admirable by far.

Of the spirit of these days the memoirs which illustrious Frenchmen delight in writing are full, and for some years the time for publishing them has been upon us. The Englishman in Paris has rescued many of their anecdotes, big with verisimilitude; but it is Alfred de Musset's prose — his Confessions of a Child of the Century — that gives, by incidental lapses from its general vain sensualism, the most veracious impression of the Parisian intellect which now began thrusting itself into the company of birth and rank.

Of these men of letters, Byron was, for some years, the model and the muse. They were at the same time men of would-be fashion; there was as yet no room on the aristocratic terrace for Bohemians like Henri Mürger or for the new lights of Romanticism. At most, Balzac, and a few like him, — aristocrats by birth and at heart, and Bohemians only through their general impecuniosity, — appeared there on the occasion of some unusual windfall of author's or artist's luck. Alfred de Musset was the finished type of this middleman between fashion and letters. As a boy he had been nicknamed "mademoiselle" by his school-mates, and he became a dainty and intensely morbid sensualist when a grown man. He alternately made love to and quarreled with that other lawless genius, George Sand, and cried melodiously between whiles over the hopelessness of his present earthly life and his despair of any heavenly life to come. A divinely gifted trifler and sot, he disdained the common herd, and vainly tried to look with Voltaire's cynical glance through the weak and watery eyes of Rousseau. His brother Paul, who was of more wholesome make, remained faithful to the old rendezvous at Tortoni's until his death, toward the close of the Second Empire.

This lack of seriousness in life, this engulfment of existence in elegant pleasures, must always be a mark of the highest fashion, which is by nature both selfish and sensual. But not all who passed by Tortoni's aimed at a permanent residence on these Olympian heights. Moreover, at this very time a reaction in the sense of Christian faith was springing up against Rousseauism. It was led by Lacordaire and Ravignan from the pulpit; by Berryer, Ozanam, Montalembert, and others high placed in the world of social rank and letters. It was a movement of thoroughly distinguished men. It was also far too much in earnest to give sign of life among the triflers of the Boulevard.

With the next change in the management of Tortoni's, room was made for a new class of celebrities, who might be neither "lions" nor dandies. Whether it was the result of the breaded cutlets of the *déjeuners*, which had now become a choice feature of the place, or of some hidden process of evolution, it is certain that men little known to fashion, yet always distinguished for something which separated them from the material crowd, now became familiar with Tortoni's.

Véron — the doctor who was at once Directeur of the Opéra and of the Constitutionnel, the patron of the new music of Rossini and Auber and of constitutional government, which was quite as new in France — must have been responsible in part for this change. He was the soul of hospitality, and would have his friends with him from all the different worlds in which he figured so long and bustlingly. He lived in the quarter, and was an *habitué* of Tortoni's corner as well as of the new Maison Dorée, a door away, at the corner of what was then the Rue d'Artois. This short street, running up to the new Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, — from whose easy neighborhood the *lorettes* came into French literature, — was already taking on itself that individual air which it has never yet lost. The great banker Laffitte had his house in it, and it soon took his name. Then the Rothschilds' house was planted there, where the bank still remains, though the great gardens are now empty of the courtiers of money who flocked thither when this was a palatial residence.

Here Beugniet, who has died since Tortoni's was closed, began that picture-dealing for which the Rue Laffitte is still famous. He has willed to the National Museum his own peculiar collection of fifty years, — the palettes of one hundred and sixteen noteworthy French painters who had dealt with him, each with its special mingling of colors as the artist left it. In those early days, Delacroix and Ingres and the luckier brethren, hav-

ing "touched" their money after some sale in the Rue Laffitte, let it slip freely from their fingers' ends in a moment's glory over their cups at Tortoni's.

By some chance, Louis Blanc, by this time at work on his social philosophy, and then publishing the five volumes of his *Histoire de Dix Ans* (1830-40), had his home in the upper regions of the house toward 1842. The first morning cup of coffee was for him. It was his brother Charles who afterwards became a notable historian of art. Already, as has been said, when a book had been successful or a painting sold, and money for a day was flush, the occasion was commonly fêted by a friendly meeting at Tortoni's. Sometimes this was done when there was money without success, in order to strike envy into the breasts of less fortunate rivals. Until the end, all who desired to pose as men of distinction ascended to Tortoni's glacier.

III.

Days golden with the glint of coin had already begun when Girardin, the second French proprietor of the place, fearful that they might not last, sold out to the Percheron brothers, in 1847, for what was considered the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. It is the younger of these two brothers who has now put an end to the place, regretfully, because of the *débâcle* of a society then only blossoming into full life.

"Then I gained one hundred thousand francs a year; now I have only the glory for my work. I am sixty years old, and for forty years I have been at the trade. I am *le doyen de la limonade*, but I am not willing to end my career by a fall." And he added, with a sigh, that he had not slept for a week through thinking of the change. "It is such an event in my existence."

It is also the closing of a page in the existence of Paris and modern France.

Long before this the Boulevard had become the crowded and cosmopolitan

promenade unique in the world's history. Until the next great change in French society, after the break-up of the Second Empire, Tortoni's welcomed to its tables every celebrity, royal or not, that came to taste, *incognito*, the intoxication of Parisian life. King Leopold I. of Belgium, and Victor Emmanuel, who was to be king of an Italy not yet born, and many another one, equally royal, left behind them golden memories of princely *pourboires* for the waiters in the *cabinets particuliers* where they had supped sumptuously. Louis Napoleon, before he made himself Emperor, was seen there, and there were at all times such men as the Comte Walewski and English noblemen, drinking and spending like lords, from Lord Seymour, in the early days, down to Lord George Hamilton, who broke his neck while tumbling out of the *Maison Dorée*.

Under the new régime — Percheron at Tortoni's, Napoleon III. at the Tuileries — things grew with successive splendors. The morning was now almost given over to *boursiers*, money-kings lunching lavishly, and, with their bottomless purses, leaving only the eventide of absinthe and ices to the more limited means of dandies and men of letters. Late in the night carriages came rolling up to the side entrance on the Rue Taitbout. Ladies of the *grand monde* descended, and mounted the stairs, with their escorts, for a *consommé* and sandwich, a cup of chocolate and a picking of cold meat, and for the inevitable ices and liqueurs which nowhere could be found as at Tortoni's. They were just from the Opéra, two streets below, or perhaps from a garden party in the Rue Laffitte, patronized by the Empress Eugénie. Their costumes, which were the envy of a whole civilization infatuated with the philosophy of clothes, expanded into wonderful crinolines, and became daily uglier, and more essentially vulgar and ridiculous, and more costly.

It was not, however, the mere costli-

ness of Tortoni's wares that made the place a favorite rendezvous for those to whom the ostentation of lavish expenditure had well-nigh become a substitute for all distinction. Tortoni's was the only night resort where the fine ladies of a world still wishing to be "correct" might enter without danger of meeting the finer ladies of a *demi-monde* caring only to live pleasantly.

It was impossible that a simple corner like Tortoni's, with the dozen tables of its terrace and café below, and its few private salons above, should suffice to the refreshment of the most exclusive, even, from these two worlds of fashion and of letters. A torrent of luxury and ostentation, such as the world had not seen since the brilliant decline of the Roman Empire, rolled in waves down the Boulevard, in these flush times of another empire, whose highest brilliancy was also mingled with decay. Besides, in those days Paris had not become the vast agglomeration which it now is, where life eddies and pours in a hundred distinct whirls and channels. The court alone, by centralizing the ambitions and the expenditure of wealth, turned the tide in well-defined courses. Sooner or later, it flowed noisily and without stagnation between the banks of the Boulevard.

Across the Boulevard from Tortoni's and the Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais now sprang into notoriety. It was just round the corner from the Rue de Grammont, where the Jockey Club then had its seat. It soon became one of the most undoubted glories of imperial Paris. Turgénieff knew the Paris of the end of the Empire at least as well as anything else, except the Russian life from which he drew his wonderful tales. Until his death, the Café Anglais represented to him the acme of Western civilization, with its brilliancy and its essential defects. The proprietor of the new resort laid down a principle from the beginning: "A man must be very rich to say that he is a daily customer of my house."

It was essentially an eating-place in the style of Heliogabalus. There was no long bill of fare, there were no *plats du jour*. It was for the guest to know what he wanted; it was the proprietor's business to supply him with it. What should be paid afterwards was of slight consequence.

The life which developed here was not as correct as that across the way, but it was far more dazzling in the splendor of its sensations. The café was for men mainly, as may be supposed; and in spite of the expense and the twenty cabinets at its disposition, it was often necessary to engage places days in advance for a seven-o'clock dinner — that was the hour in those days — or an after-midnight supper. Prince Demidoff, who had married the Princess Mathilde, the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson's successor, remained a devotee of Tortoni's. But his Tartar magnificence could not neglect the new life, and more than once he telegraphed from St. Petersburg the date of his arrival at the Café Anglais. Cabinet No. 16, in the bevel-angle overlooking the Boulevard, was the most famous of the supper-rooms. It was here that another Russian welcomed his friends at five hundred francs a head. The tradition of heavy drinking of champagne began here, through love of lavishness rather than of the wine. It has died out of French ideas of good living, to which it was always essentially foreign. It remains, perhaps, only in American fashions ill copied from the high living of Paris under the Empire.

The great ladies of the day were emancipated enough to be curious of this new side of life, and the cabinet of the *femmes du monde* is still shown. Perhaps they were satisfied when they heard from No. 16, with its forty guests, the voice of La Belle Alsacienne calling imperatively through the corridor, "Taniel!" It was only M. Daniel Wilson who was wanted, the son-in-law of the austere

and reforming politician Grévy, whose presidency of the Republic, after the Empire's fall, he was destined to illustrate dubiously. Sometimes quarrels arose here between jealous cavaliers. One night, after a ball at the Tuileries, a prince fought at sword's point with a rival in the corridor. Ernest, the omnipresent *maître d'hôtel*, was, luckily, a model of discretion; and his lips never breathed a word of what might have provoked scandal in dozens of families of note.

Meilhac and Halévy have tried to catch, in the lilting strains of their *Vie Parisienne*, the spirit of this spasmodic and too often factitious revelry. In the main, the librettist's verses are accurate in their description of a place which supplemented, rather than supplanted, Tortoni's, in those heavily gilded days.

"Rires éclatants, fracas de champagne,
On cartonne ici. L'on danse là-bas,
Et le piano qui grince accompagne
Sur des airs connus d'étranges ébats.

"Ils s'en vont enfin, la mine blafarde,
Ivres de champagne et de faux amour,
Et le balayeur s'arrête, regarde,
Et leur crie : 'Ohé ! les heureux du jour !' "

Men of letters and art could not lag behind in this movement of boulevardiers. Even with them there were secessions, at least where there was question of uniting letters with solid food and drink. In 1857, Henri Mürger was repudiating his earlier Bohemian life in company of a few choice spirits : Baudelaire of pessimistic verse, and the artistic Goncourt brothers, and Mario Uchard, who has just died, and who was then in the midst of his matrimonial trouble with the actress Madeleine Brohan. These, with several others, found an independent rendezvous at the *Café Riche* (unromantic juxtaposition), in the New York Life Insurance building. But even these continued to gather at the green hour before Tortoni's; and there, too, all that was newest and most Parisian sought a first sanction.

A new Parisian literature was just beginning, belonging essentially to the newspaper and the passing world of high life. This was the *chronique*, imagined by Villemessant for his weekly *Figaro*. He and his little circle of writers formed, perhaps, the first of the many literary coteries which have been fond of displaying themselves at Tortoni's. It comprised, among other Parisian notorieties of the late fifties, Manet, the apostle of impressionist art; Charles Monselet, who sang melodiously of the place; Henri Rochefort, a young count, but already revolutionary enough to give foretastes of that *intransigence* which has driven him into his London exile; Albert Wolff, the nephew of Offenbach, and, like him and Heine, a German Israelite who had become more Parisian than the Parisians; and Aurélien Scholl, now the last of the boulevardiers, and faithful to the old trysting-place until the end.

Their Parisianism was destined to modify deeply the form and spirit of modern French journalism. Albert Wolff was its best representative. He was a veritable Athenian, always on the lookout for something new, — new, that is, to Paris. Living at the club, in places of public amusement, on the street, he was an observer of life rather than of society, — of the life whose stream flows back and forth through the Boulevard. He scented, as it were, the coming of its least changes; and his knowledge of art, which allowed of his reforming the old long-winded criticism of the Salon into sparkling instantaneous views, helped him to look on life as a united and never ending vaudeville. "The truths of his criticism," said Ernest Renan, "are the flashes from a revolving beacon-light." He gave full utterance to that "Parisian Opinion" which he proclaimed queen of the world, in its cynical refusal to attend to aught else than the passing moment, in the yet more cynical common sense with which it criticises all that comes to pass. It was a new de-

velopment of Olympian loftiness as sung in the Greek Anthology: —

"All is but dust, and all is but laughter, and all is but nothing."

The chronique, day by day, which was the most perfect embodiment of this opinion, has all but disappeared from the columns of the Paris press. Like Tortoni's, it has given way to a bourgeois development which is more serious only in its worship of money, and is not a whit less sensual, while it is far less serene. Among the waning number of Renan's disciples, who are already a generation that is passing away, these smiling and sublimely indifferent Olympians may still be found. Albert Bataille, in his law-learned but most unlegal *Gazette des Tribunaux* of the daily *Figaro*, and Anatole France, in his weekly reviews of literature, still show the kindly irony of men who stand aside to watch the comedy of human life. But there is no longer before Tortoni's that heroic session, from five to seven in the evening, of those who dreamed that men of art are essentially distinct from the money-making bourgeois, and who sat there expressly to be envied of them.

"Art for the sake of art" has definitely yielded to "art for the sake of life," however commonplace. Even the daintiest symbolist, one of the original set which took its *thé chez Miranda* round Tortoni's little tables, could not now imagine the bourgeois crossing himself, as he passes with wife and daughter along the Boulevard, in superstitious terror of the orgies of these men of the higher art. Yet this was the refrain of Monselet's sprightly wit, when he addressed the Parisians of thirty years ago: —

"Quand deux plats et quatre bougies
Composent tout notre dîner,
Les bons bourgeois rêvent orgies,
Femme nue et luxe effréné.
On voit les pères de famille,
Passant, après le jour fini,
En se signant, dire à leur fille:
'La Maison d'Or . . . et Tortoni!'"

IV.

Tortoni's under the Third Republic has had but a long story of failing fortune, of the old spirit growing weak and expiring before the breath of the new. "With the tastes of the new public," says M. Percheron, who has full experience of both Empire and Republic, "I prefer simply to withdraw rather than keep up a business that ends in a yearly loss."

The story has none the less meaning because, from its material side, it has to tell of vulgar details, — of the reduction of Parisian expenditure in eating to a democratic dead level, and of the steady advance of cheap exotic drinks. There are less important events in history than the victories of the English bar and German brewery in Paris, — the triumphal march of American mixed drinks and Bavarian beer. They connote something else than the cosmopolitan and democratic air which has come to pervade the French capital. They correspond with vital changes in the ideals of social life.

The gods who sat at drink on Tortoni's terrace had until now been feared and respected. Their divinity was chiefly critical, not to say cynical. They had themselves succeeded; they knew what was correct, and what was fit only for laughter. Would-be dandies and artists and men of letters sighed as they passed, and longed, if only for a day, to take their place among these *heureux du jour*.

But now, with the abolition of the court, society suddenly turned bourgeois, or retreated into haunts exclusive of the new Republican noblesse. Practical politicians were not likely to have time for an evening rendezvous of superfine wit and elegance. Worst of all, literature and art itself became a matter of commerce, and the buyers were the successful bourgeois. It was the age of shopkeepers with the money to pay for their likings, and with a strong dislike for all the fastidious Olympian ways. They would have what they liked in the pleasures of the mind, —

and their virgin minds were full of all curiosity. They would also have what their healthy animal appetites demanded in food and drink. Both desires were fatal to Tortoni's. Perish elegance, and *vive le comfortable anglais!*

All this was quite apart from the really serious life of the nation, whose deeper currents never flowed through the Boulevard: not with Lamennais and Guizot under the kings; not with Thiers become a grave statesman, and Lamartine turned politician; not with the three Jûles, Favre and Simon and Ferry, in their opposition to the Empire. The little circle at Tortoni's — there were scarce a dozen tables in all — was never anything but that *haute gomme* which reflected the sunlight of a life running in a narrow groove. With the break-up of the Empire, life dashed into a hundred new channels; and the triumphant bourgeois only laughed at the idea of a controlling circle of wits. It is his money which must pay for the absinthe of the men of letters; and he gives his money for his own pleasure, and not at the dictation of Olympians who stand apart. The chronicle of fashionable life died from the Boulevard press. Its place was taken by the *reportage* of the scandals of Tout-Paris, and by the literature of decadence, erotic, blasphemous, aping by turns the dandies and Bohemians of other days, and abject in its worship of the *chic*.

Guy de Maupassant is a bright instance of the qualifications for success under this new régime, joining with his superb talent an unerring scent of all that makes popularity and brings a material reward. Yet it was Flaubert, of the older school, who wrote loftily: "The chief thing in this world is to keep one's soul on the heights, far from the bourgeois and democratic mire." He lived to see the literary supply carefully adapting itself to the bourgeois demand, in quantity as well as in quality. The Olympian days are over. Muses that are but

nine may sit apart in a narrow circle round some spring of Helicon; but a whole army of ballet dancers must needs dabble its feet from banks spacious as those of the river Lethe.

The bourgeois, because he has become the chief patron of art and letters, does not on that account mingle the ideal with his food and drink. The *gramolata* and the *sorbet à l'orangeade* peculiar to Tortoni's entice him but moderately. The dainty ices do not agree with his ruder build; and he cannot but feel the supercilious glances with which he is visited by the select few still lingering round the little tables. He has developed a liking for beer, which is cheap and cold, and given out on little tables, equally fine and far more numerous, in front of the great *brasseries*. The world, too, is heartier there and less critical, acknowledging the advent of democracy.

In Napoleon's time, a countrified beer was known under the pompous name of *bière de Mars*. It was sold in bottles, and had a vapid sparkle when tossed off hastily. It was looked on askance at Tortoni's; and the bocks, as they grew in favor, had to be drunk at humbler and more Bohemian cafés. After the débâcle, when the Prussian cannonades had ceased, the Parisian suddenly became cosmopolitan in his thirst, receiving aid and comfort from the strangers who now flocked again to his City of Light. Bavarian beer is now sold all along the Boulevard, and the *tavernes* and *brasseries* have been decked out with a gaudy magnificence that appeals to the bourgeois mind. The wooden ceilings are carved and gilded, and the walls are paneled in shining tiles. Everywhere clusters of the electric light hypnotize the sight; and the beer is pumped up, foaming, from the ice. Tortoni's, gray and narrow and thinly correct, in the presence of all this was but an antiquity of pale rococo splendor.

One by one, its compeers of the olden time fell away. Imoda's, which was

started several régimes back to run competition with Tortoni's uniqueness, disappeared; and in its place an English bar was seen, with a boy, in the red coat and chin-strapped tilted cap of Britannia's men-at-arms, hovering round the open door. Another frankly converted itself into a brasserie, where the *demis* and *quarts* of beer took the place of the *sorbets* and *granits* introduced by Veloni. In the last days, even Tortoni's showed some faint irresolution. On the printed leaflet of its ices there appeared, painfully written in by hand, with a spelling that protested, the "cherry gobler" and the "coketel." There was also the *bière de Pilsen*, and even a *bock comète*; and then, in fine disdain of all this commonalty, there was a new triumph of the old elegant art in the *bock champagne*.

All was of no avail. The world for which Tortoni's had existed was ceasing to be. Its *déjeuners* and its after-theatre suppers were still unrivaled; but the multitudinous clubs and elegant *cercles* furnished their members with an attractive substitute, cheaper and better served, — such is the power of organization. The catering to fine society in the town also met with serious competition; and moreover, the Paris season of these later years lasts scarcely from January to June. The *névrose* of the Wandering Jew has seized on the rich of to-day; the sea in summer, the hunt and vintage through the autumn, and the search for sunshine all the winter long are not favorable to the methods of the First Empire.

As to the bourgeois, they frankly preferred worse fare for less money. Now and then, some rich American, mindful of the legend of other days, treated himself to the sensation of dining by night at Tortoni's. But his lavishness in champagne too often befuddled his intellect noisily, to the damage of all reputation for elegance and literature. The absinthe of the habitués, mellow

with the aroma of the same barrel refilled for forty years, was not for this, but to clear and animate the mind to an ideal state.

Even the occasional and ceremonious conviviality of men of letters no longer found any proper centre. For a time it lingered round the salons of Papa Brébant, the *restaurateur des lettres*. He was the founder of those *bouillons Parisiens* in which the minute cheapness of the establishments of Duval the butcher is joined with a more æsthetic *cuisine* and environment. In his chief house, farther down the Boulevard than the tide of fashion flows regularly, he welcomed for many years the masters of learning and literary style. Renan often presided; Taine, the "executioner of work," was persuaded to be present; and the young Melchior de Vogüé sat beside, believing in war and earnestness, and already beginning that "Neo-Christian" movement which would fain withdraw the French youth altogether from the intellectual cynicism and physical degeneracy of the idling Boulevard. The Goncourt brothers came hither, also, fresh from the gossip of Tortoni's, and went away to recount ruthlessly, in their terrible Journal, all the inappropriate talk they had heard.

But the higher letters have been unable to keep a common rallying point in this new Paris. Paul Bourget travels abroad, Maurice Barrès goes in for politics, and so on with the rest of the younger men. And then all the world and his wife have taken to the brasseries. Sarcey is seen at Montmartre. Catulle Mendès, — poet, playwright, story-teller, and idol of the bourgeois Boulevard, — although faithful to the end to Tortoni's green hour, with its assembly of decadent wits of Rambouillet, is a no less faithful sharer in the night refreshment of the Taverne Pousset. It is there, on the full Boulevard des Italiens, when the cafés have already put up their shutters, that the cabs stand three deep in the street,

while the long rows of little tables still swarm with all sorts and conditions of men—and women. The male world of distinction can no longer centralize itself. As well look for a Grub Street of poets in London as for another Tortoni's in Paris. Its glacier, which once shone like the Alps, has been leveled down and out of existence by the melting sunlight of democracy.

The clique of new wits and old chroniqueurs which, in these last days, has continued to give its final distinction to Tortoni's would have been ranked as provincial in a smaller city. In Paris it was narrowly Parisian. There were painters, like Gervex and Alfred Stevens and the *fin-de-siècle* Béraud, who translates the Christ of the Gospels into the customs and costumes of the workingmen of Montmartre; Forain, who designs the contemporary Comédie-Parisienne more frankly and pitilessly than Gavarni in the thirties; Charpentier, who has published half the Parisian thought of the last decades; poets, like Octave Pradels and Mendès, who speak of the unmentionable (which is also proper to Paris); the representatives of the newest Boulevard literature, like Abel Hermant and Courteline of the Théâtre-libre; Paul Arène, the *feuilletoniste*, who dates back to Sainte-Beuve; and others more or less known to the ever dwindling Boulevard world of music and art and letters.

"Venit summadies et ineluctabile tempus!" It was seven o'clock, and the talk languished before the final separation. Aurélien Scholl, last of the classic boulevardiers, in violet cravat, sat gloomily amid the circle, throned like a patriarch in irreproachable correctness.

"Where shall we find Scholl, for arbitration and counsel, before the six-o'clock duels?" said one; for he made the art of the duel his own, in the days of elegant honor.

"And where shall we get the news

after the encounters? Where will Mendès make his entrance with his following, when he has an affair again?"

Nowhere. Olympus has dropped out of the universe.

"Adieu!" Scholl cried, arising. "We shall see each other no more!"

"All is over!" groaned Stevens.

"As well throw one's self into the water!" answered the veteran sadly; then, standing, "Come, one cup more,—the last!"

As he walked away, Stevens whispered, "To-morrow you'll see Scholl seated here at a little table, alone, before the closed door."

He has done better; in a column of unwonted earnestness he has written his farewell to the place.

He has a deserved compliment for the last proprietor, who has yielded only to the *Zeitgeist*: "He yields blamelessly. He has defended butter against margarine, the consommé of beef against Liebig's extract, early vegetables against the canned, wine against beer, *eau de vie* against rectified spirits. But the struggle became impossible. *Apéritifs* the most preposterous vie with each other for the favor of a blasé public."

Such is all life to-day. "Everything is passing away. The great restaurants, with prices inaccessible to the fastidious bourgeoisie, are vanishing one by one. In their stead are opened the bouillon and the brasserie.

"And you will see, it will be the same for the theatres. Fifteen years from now all the theatres will be replaced by cafés-concerts. Ah! the public will not be difficult either for the prose or for the verse. A school of poets has already substituted assonance for rhyme. The times draw near!"

To Aurélien Scholl the proprietor presented one of the three black-marble-topped tables remaining from the time of the First Empire. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Stoddard Dewey.

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

III.

A BRAURONIAN HOLIDAY.

It is Christmas morning when we leave Athens for our next Midland ramble, and ten o'clock finds us at Markopoulo. It is a large village in the plain, seven miles below Liopesi, with vineyards stretching to the south, and a fine environment of hills in the near distance on all sides save one. We stop here, because it is the best starting-point for Brauron and Porto Raphti; but first inquiries for guide or beasts are fruitless. At last a village publican offers himself and his cart — two wheels and one horse — at twelve drachmæ for the day, and while he is harnessing we look about the place. Its most striking feature, as one notes in passing after the harvest, is the vast area devoted to threshing-floors; after that the winepress, for Markopoulo sends to Athens at every vintage some twelve hundred barrels of must. The town fattens on its own corn and wine, and has altogether a comfortable air.

For antiquity it takes little thought, though the first court we enter offers one good and significant inscription on a tombstone, namely, *Telesinos son of Telesinos of Agnous*. That the deme of that name was in this vicinity is pretty well attested, and this is one of its credentials. The first Agnousian in history or legend was probably the herald Leos, who betrayed his Midland folk, with their king Pallas, to Theseus, up yonder at Pallene (Charvati), and so inaugurated an era of bad feeling between Pallene and Agnous, which for aught we know may continue to this day.

The rain overnight has given an exceptionally bright atmosphere even for

Attica, but the roads are none the better. The currish-looking pony is off like the wind before we are fairly settled in the cart, and the mud flies about our ears; but once in the open, we would not exchange cart or track for a royal carriage on the Athenian boulevards. "To Brauron!" is the word, and that means a straight-away three miles to north, half the time over unfenced wheatfields; for highway or furrow is all one to our cart-er, and he has a perfect understanding with the brute. A jovial soul is this cart-er, and sings all the way, when not expatiating on the local sights and stories. In no time to speak of, he lands us on the slope of a round knoll green with young wheat, and topped off with a Frankish tower. This is built partly of ancient temple blocks, and still stands at its full height (sixty feet) and little the worse for wear, except that the stairway is gone, and the two upper stories are thus out of our reach. The spot offers an enchanting prospect in contrast with the average Attic brownness, for it is a prospect of abounding verdure. Fir-clad knolls and green slopes of wheat diversify the nearer scene, while farther off the Attic ranges lift their heads, and below you catch the merest glimpse of sea where it breaks through the rugged coast-line at Livadhi. Round the base of the knoll we stand on, an old flume carries pure, sweet water from the Erasinos to a large basin where two barefooted washerwomen are at work, whence it descends to turn a mill, a quarter mile below. There we find the miller, singing as he grinds. Above, in the firs, is a tiny chapel, and across the stream a farmstead, but village there is none in sight. There may be sweeter rural solitudes in Attica or in Arcadia, but I have never found one.

Such is and should be Brauron, where once rose the famous shrine of Artemis, and Iphigeneia ministered at the altar. After the perils of Aulis and the savage Tauric land with its savage sacrificial rites, Agamemnon's daughter could have found no serener peace than Athena promised her in this lovely vale : —

"But thou, Iphigeneia, where
Climbs the Brauronian sacred stair,
The goddess henceforth makes it thine
To be the keeper of her shrine.
There, too, at death shall be thy grave
All decked about with garments brave,
For woven raiment shall they bring
Of women dead in travailing."

Ages before Euripides produced this most faultless of his plays, Iphigeneia among the Taurians, the cult of the archer goddess had been kept on these Brauronian terraces, the sylvan slopes that rise so picturesquely from the winding stream. And as in the play Athena speeds the little company escaping from the Tauric shore, so we may fancy Artemis welcoming them hither. Where the glint of blue sea breaks through the hills, yonder, their bark is beached, and forth comes Iphigeneia, radiant with heavenly peace. Orestes follows, bearing the ancient *xoanon*, pledge of atonement at last accomplished ; then Pylades, pattern of all faithful souls ; and last of all, — if Thoas has kept his word and sent them after, — the choir of captive maidens rejoicing to "tread once more with merry feet the dancing lawns of Hellas." So the stage is set for an Iphigeneia in Brauron, which Sophocles should have written ; a softened, serener, heavenlier Œdipus at Colonus. May the poet yet come, or painter, worthy the subject and the scene, — the Vale of Brauron and the Return of the Pelopidæ. Every element of pastoral loveliness and heroic association is ready to his hand, but he must be a great artist indeed who shall equal the theme.

When Pisistratus flourished here, — for his native seat, Philaidai, seems to have included the Brauronian territory, — the

local cult and the Homeric associations were still in full vigor. And so we do not wonder that it was the Tyrant and his sons who inaugurated at Athens the epic revival which at least stimulated the collection, and went far to assure the transmission, of the great poems. The Tyrant's younger son, Hipparchus, doubtless owed his literary-archæological turn to the Brauronian atmosphere in which his youth was nurtured. It was he, Plato tells us, who first brought Homer's poems to Athens, and compelled the rhapsodists to recite them in an orderly way at the Panathenaic festivals ; and that, as we know, in the Brauronian precinct on the Acropolis, where still lies the inscribed pedestal that once supported the Wooden Horse as it was wrought in bronze by Strongylion. Nor did the young Brauronian stop with Homer : he sent a penteteconter all the way to Teos to bring Anacreon to Athens, and Simonides of Keos he had long time with him, holding him with large pay and gifts. While doing so much for the town, he remembered the country folk as well, and for their edification he set up Hermæ on all the roads, midway between Athens and the demes ; and on these he had chiseled wise saws of his own and others, "that so the people might not prefer the Delphic γνῶθι σαυρόν and μηδὲν ἄγαν to the oracles of Hipparchus, but, passing up and down, and reading and enjoying a feast of his wisdom," they might go home and profit by it. Some of these roadside texts have come down to us in the pages of Plato and Plutarch, and in particular we are quite able to restore and set up again the middle milestone on the Steirian Way, some part of which we are traveling to-day. It read on the left and right respectively : —

Halfway from the city to Steiria.

Memorial this of Hipparchus : don't deceive a friend.

Had the young man's practice been up to his precept, the family might have had a longer lease of power, and Har-

modius and Aristogeiton found no place in history.

One would fain linger here and follow the winding streamlet to the sea. But delay now would be to miss Porto Raphti and our Athenian train, — perhaps to find Brauronian hospitality as coy as did an old traveler some ninety years ago. Dodwell relates that on his approach, with an escort of Turks, the Brauronians shut up all their fowls, and protested that there was not a pullet in the place. Even the Hegoumenos — there was a monastery here then — solemnly assured him that not a fowl was to be found in a circuit of many miles. “He had hardly finished his assertion when a treacherous cock within the sacred walls betrayed the holy ecclesiastic by crowing aloud, and was immediately answered by all the cocks in the village,” — whereupon, by paying double price, Dodwell got a supply of poultry. During our visit not a cockerow has broken the Sabbath stillness, and about the only inhabited place we have seen is the old mill.

The carter urges, and we are off on a bee-line for old Prasieæ. At first there is a fair road through the fragrant pines, and then we emerge on a most desolate, stony tract, untilled, and untenanted save by a single shepherd with a lot of savage dogs and a flock in which black sheep abound. This sterile stretch was well named Steiria, and it could never have done much in corn and wine; but barren it was not when it came to breeding men. At any rate, it bred, if not a race of tyrants, as did Brauron, a master hand at turning tyrants out. What schoolboy has not followed Thrasybulos the Steirian from Thebes to Phyle, from Phyle to Munychia, from Munychia to the Acropolis, and thrown up his hat at every well-aimed blow till the Thirty were down,

and the people on top again! Recalling the fight on Munychia, and how the *pe-troboloi*, joining him on the spot, found their ammunition at their feet, one notes here on his native heath that Thrasybulos came honestly by his tactics. Steiria is still an exhaustless arsenal of stones (*χερμάδια*), so that even the shepherds' dogs have little terror for the passer-by.

Beyond this waste lie some vinelands, sparse and thirsty, and then we reach the sea, where heads one of the finest harbors in Greece. The rocks are sprinkled with myriads of bright anemones, red, white, blue, and purple, whereas in all the verdure of Brauron we had seen not one, — only daisies and dandelions. It is the warm sun rising early over the smiling sea that woos them out of these rocks, and gives our eyes this rare Christmas treat. We jolt around the harbor head, where the fishermen are preparing their nets for the night's work, and pull up at the petty hamlet of Porto Raphti, which stands on a little cape, and looks northward across the harbor on the noble bulk of Mount Peratia. The cape runs far out and divides the harbor in two; while still farther out, like a harbor bar, rises an island rock supporting a colossal figure which the rustic fancy has taken for a tailor at his bench, and so imposed the vulgar name of Tailor's Haven (Porto Raphti) on a place which deserves better things.

For this was old Prasieæ, a deme that boasted a temple of Apollo and the tomb of Erisychthon. He was the son of Cecrops, and, so says Pausanias, died on the return voyage after conducting a sacred mission to Delos, and was here entombed. So the colossus on the harbor bar might well be his monument.¹ Apollo's temple here at Prasieæ was the last station on the long way by which the

¹ The rock is very difficult of access even on a calm day, and we could get no boatman to row us out. The monument has been variously taken for a Roman emperor (Leake), an Apollo, and a female divinity. Ross examined

it closely (1841), and was sure it was a female figure, “possibly personifying the sacred Theôry which the Athenians used to send from this port to Delos” (Inselreisen, ii. 9 ff.).

Hyperboreans forwarded their firstfruits to the god's great Delian festival. Here the Athenians received them, and carried them across to the Holy Isle; and so out of this fine harbor, in early times, their own splendid *theôries* set forth, "singing as they sailed to Delos."

The sacred legations sail no more, but there is yet commerce between Prasiæ and Athens. The fisherman's cart standing by the café, where we lunch and talk with the fisher folk, — this well-built covered cart, with two lamps, — loads every midnight with the day's catch, and before daybreak is delivering fresh fish in Athens. It is a six hours' drive over the Steirian Way, whereon Hipparchus' finger-post ought to be set up again to break the journey and inculcate honest dealing; for the fluctuations of the Athenian fish market are past finding out under any economic laws.

A Christmas bath in the divine sea, and we are off again straight across country through the old deme of Myrrhinous, which has given the overhanging mountain the name of Merenta. On our way we rest at a little hilltop convent, untenanted to-day, but with a well-kept flower garden attesting the taste and fidelity of its solitary keeper. May the blessedness of Iphigeneia abide upon her! Strawberry-blooms on an exposed hilltop at Christmas, — that is the story of Attica.

At Markopoulo the telephone is talking to Athens, and a Greek drummer is showing off American sewing-machines to a lot of Albanian women. Two hours more, and we are dining by electric light under the Acropolis.

IV.

A SABBATH STROLL IN SPHETTOS.

On the 19th of February — a perfect Attic winter day — we again seek the Midland. Leaving our train at Koropi, midway between Liopesi and Marko-

poulo, we follow a party of villagers, in bright apparel, to the town, which lies under a rocky spur of Hymettus, a short half-mile southward from the station. It is a very considerable place, substantially built, decently kept, and boasts a population of three thousand souls.

The first old tombstone that turns up here, in the litter of a stable-yard, is that of Nikias son of Mnesiphilos of Lamptra.

A company of decent Albanians listen with great interest as we expound the writing, and then respond with *resinato*, which the early hour compels us to decline. They tell us of other old stones and letters at the schoolhouse, and show the way to the demarch's, where the key is kept. That dignitary's residence is a pretty New England sort of cottage, with the inevitable high-walled court, garnished with ovens and outbuildings. The demarch was not at home, but his wife met us with a hearty welcome. Beside the door stood some fine old gravestones, in particular an urn of beautiful Pentelie, with the usual parting scene in good relief: Glaukias, seated, clasps the hand of Archagora (husband and wife, no doubt), while Nikomache and Diotimos stand in sympathetic attention. Every figure is perfect, and the names are written above them. I have seen few better examples of the monumental urn, one of the most pleasing developments of the art which made the old Greek street of tombs so different from our doleful burying-grounds. Several other *stelæ*, with and without reliefs, were ranged about the demarch's door, all of them as early as the fourth century.

After spelling out the inscriptions we follow the demarch's wife into her tidy little parlor; not bare, as usual, but prettily furnished, and relieved by some excellent photographs of Queen Olga and other persons of quality. There is also a striking portrait of our hostess herself in all the splendor of Albanian attire. The demarch is a native of the place, and a physician, like so many of the provin-

cial mayors, but his wife is proud of being a *xene* from Leonideion. With all her politeness, she offers no refreshments, — an omission that could hardly be paralleled in the poorest cottage of Andros, our hospitable island retreat.

On our way to the schoolhouse we meet the demarch, surrounded by a crowd of his constituents. He looks the rustic in "store clothes;" without the wife's civility, yet good natured enough, and with none of the insolence of office. In his company is the scholarch, a superior young man, who opens the little museum under his schoolroom with an air, and displays to us (so far as display is possible, in the dim light and under accumulated dust) the archaic treasures of Koropi: a number of funeral reliefs, one excellent in grouping and expression; divers inscriptions, including what seems to be a demotic register, probably of the *ephebi*, or "first voters," as we should call them, though the heading of the stone, which should give the deme name, is quite rubbed out. Still, some good names remain legible, — Aristophanes, Antiphilus, and Lysimachus, for example. We note also several epitaphs of the early Christian centuries.

There was both lack of light and excess of people, — for all the town seemed to have followed us in, — so bidding adieu to the scholarch and the crowd, with a Koropian guide we set out countryward. To the east, we know, stands a chapel, with an inscription worth seeing, though no one can tell us just where. Our guide, zealous to show us a "great stone with letters," leads us to the brand-new cemetery, with a brand-new chapel of modern polygonal masonry, very beautiful, though unfinished. Behind this, sure enough, stands the ancient slab, with the genuine Parthenon tint of a myriad sunsets; but lo! it is inscribed with the name of a youth dead only three years. However, a closer scrutiny reveals at the very top the lower half of the ancient letters spelling the word *θυγάτηρ*

(daughter), — all above broken off. Well, the Romans used to chisel out the old Hellenic names, heroic or divine, and chisel in their own, thus turning Hellenic gods and heroes into monuments of Roman vanity: why then may not an Albanian shepherd purloin an old Greek tombstone for his son?

A charming spot, this new cemetery, with its environment of mountain and plain, and its setting of olive woods, blossoming almonds, and scattered oaks. Right in its midst, behind the chapel, stands a tree of noble girth and spreading top, and at its root a tomb with an epitaph worthy of the Anthology, though dated 1888: *Here lies Georgios, — after living seventy-five years, — buried under his own wondrous oak.*

Farther on and up, a series of mediæval chapels, four of them in the view at once. The nearest, quite deserted, stands on ancient foundations. The second, about a stone's throw beyond, is the Church of the Transfiguration, better kept. About it lies a litter of old marbles; the floor is composed in part of ancient tombstones, and the roof is supported by ancient Ionic columns. The bright new painting of the Transfiguration relieves the gloom within, and without the rocks have burst into a very bloom of anemones, — a riot of color in contrast with the quiet beauty of the daisies, pansies, betonies, and speedwells which have carpeted our pathway hither. A stiff climb above this, and then a hilltop chapel overlooking all the Midland. Again the same riot of brilliant anemones, as if seeking these holy solitudes to waste their sweetness on. Still no inscription. We descend again, and the fourth chapel rewards our search. Over the rude doorway is a marble lintel, itself but a sliver of some great marble slab, and, as usual, upside down. But the precious letters that remain are as clear as when chiseled on it five hundred years or more before our era. *For thou wast faithful.*¹

¹ Corpus Insc. Atticarum, No. 483.

That is all. Names have perished. Who slept beneath that stone, whether humble or great, we know not. But the three words have outlasted all the centuries with all their catastrophes, — typifying the permanence of character against the evanescence of fame. Above all forces, fidelity! Paganism could write no nobler epitaph, and Christianity could hardly choose fitter words to set above its humble portal. Choice there was none, however; the marble splinter lay near, and answered for a lintel all the better when turned upside down. The Midland rustics of the early Christian centuries, to say nothing of their successors of the Middle Ages, could hardly read the archaic Greek of Solon's time, if they could read at all.

On this east side of Koropi all the chapels date far back; on the west, toward Hymettus, is another chain of them, and in these Ross found numerous Christian inscriptions dating from the third to the fifth century, some of which we have recognized to-day at the schoolhouse; and he concludes that this region was one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Attica. In these rural solitudes behind the mountain walls the followers of the new faith would find security long before it was safe to show their colors openly in the strongholds of the old gods at Athens.

This impression deepens as we look down from the rocky height above Koropi upon the shut-in valleys stretching southward to the sea, and westward to the mountain. There is hardly a sign or sound of living thing; a true Sabbath stillness, broken only by the tinkle of sheep-bells, our only neighbor on the rocks the barefooted shepherdess tending her flock. One can almost imagine those early confessors back again, and the ruined shrines reopened. But we know less of the Christian centuries here than of the pagan; and it is much easier to gather up the classical associations of the place.

The first monument to meet our eyes in Koropi was that of a Lamptrian. And

on this rocky perch we must be near the meeting-point of three demes: one of little note, Kikynna; two of great importance, Lamptra and Sphetos. Sphetos has the elder and greater fame, for it was one of the free towns of Attica before Athens had a name, — one of the twelve cantons welded by Theseus into the larger Attic commonwealth. But it had to be conquered first, for Pallas did not propose to surrender his fourth of the kingdom — “rugged breeder of giants” that it was — to the young man from Trezen without a struggle. So he marched up the Sphetian Way you see winding northward under the mountain, but through the treachery of his Agnousian herald — townsman of our Christmas carter — suffered a fatal defeat at Pallene.

As a deme Sphetos produced its crop of great names, — still to be found sprinkled through the pages of the orators and historians, — but only one appeals to us on the spot. That is Chærephon, the familiar of Socrates, and the butt of Aristophanic wit. “You know Chærephon,” says Socrates to his judges. “He was my comrade from youth up, and he was your comrade in democracy, and shared your exile [under the Thirty, two or three years before], and returned with you. And you know what manner of man he was, what an enthusiast in everything he put his hand to. And so once on a time he even ventured to go to Delphi, and asked this question of the oracle, — now don't you be making a racket when I say this, gentlemen, — he asked if any one was wiser than I. And so the Pythia said there was no one wiser.”

That was the beginning of the wise man's trouble, for it turned him into a universal quiz, and Chærephon of Sphetos was at the bottom of it all. The master loved him, patronizingly; and Plato gives him a good rôle in the *Gorgias* and *Charmides*, while in the *Haleyon* Socrates and he have the talk all to themselves. In the *Clouds*, he is a sort of usher in his master's thinking-shop: it is he who

has to wrestle with the problem of measuring a flea's leap in terms of the flea's feet, and who in turn propounds the famous dilemma concerning the musical end of the mosquito. Both questions must have been familiar to the Sphettian mind.

It is not a little curious that the clown of the Clouds also hails from this vicinage, — "Pheidon's son Strepsiades of Kikynda." The old rogue affects ignorance of the names of the excellent *merimnophrontistai*, but young Pheidipides knows them well, "the chalk-faced, barefoot vagabonds, with that evil genius Socrates and Chærephon at their head." Strepsiades was doubtless as real a character in all but the name as Chærephon, and they may have been next-door neighbors here in the country, until war drove the one, and philosophy drew the other, into town. If we had the original Clouds, in which Chærephon clearly had a leading rôle, we should no doubt get more light on this local motive.¹

Chærephon was a true democrat, and stood with Thrasybulos against the Thirty. He was an enthusiast in his master's cause, but we miss him in the court and prison. He was already dead, but he had a brother, Chærecrates, present at the trial, and Socrates calls on him to testify to the facts about the Delphi mission. Two other Sphettians appear with Socrates in court, — Lysanias and his son Æschines, who, like Xenophon, afterwards wrote down notes of conversations. But it is Chærephon, impulsive, eccentric, devoted to the master, who stands for old Sphettos in our imagination to-day; and were it not a century too old, one would fain refer to him the legend on the lintel, *For thou wast faithful*.

We had intended to walk under the mountain to Liopesi, but as we went down into the plain the sound of festal music drew us to the village square. On this

carnival Sunday afternoon, it is the old Greek *orchestra* over again and in full swing. Some five hundred villagers are assembled, and there are nearly a hundred women in the inner dancing-ring, all in a splendor of costume reminding one of Easter at Megara. But the dance is very different, and more classical, — not the chain, but the circle, and the largest circle I have seen. Only two European costumes in the ring, — that of the demarch's wife, who of course leads, and that of her gossip, whom we had met with her in the morning; all the rest full Albanian, with breastplates and headdresses of silver coin, — women dancing in their dowries. The brilliant colors and the bright metal lose nothing in the rays of the sinking sun, and we could watch the scene for hours; but between four and five the bell of the great church adjoining begins to ring, the circle breaks up, and the people flock from one service to the other, — just as in the old days, when the orchestra lay before the temple and had an altar for its centre. Only yesterday we had listened to Dr. Dörpfeld at the Dionysiac Theatre in Athens, and here to-day we realize that there is nothing new under this Attic sun. We follow the crowd, and soon the great church is measurably full of worshipers, as absorbed now in their devotions as a moment ago in their dancing. They prostrate themselves, with foreheads touching the cold stone floor, as a priest passes with swinging censer, and other priests intone the litany, while the youngsters clatter up and down the gallery stairs.

But day declines, and in a dash of rain we seek the station, stopping on the way to drink our scholar's health in a drop of resinato, which deserves a better fame than the Sphettian *oxos* of old enjoyed. The station master lights a fire to warm us, prepares delicious coffee for our com-

¹ On other considerations, Milchhofer maps the two demes side by side, and the deme centres close together. This neighborhood is further suggested in one of Lysias' orations (xvii.),

where the speaker claims a lien on two (apparently) neighboring properties, — one in Sphettos, the other in Kikynda.

fort, presses flowers upon us at parting, and utterly refuses a "tip" even for his baby boy. All aboard for Athens, and off we go; and at 7.30 we sit down to our regular Sunday evening *diner-con-*

cert at the Grande Bretagne hotel, in the midst of a brilliant company; reminding one more of Paris than of Koropi, with its orchestra circle, its sky-roofed parterre of rustic Albanian beauties.

J. Irving Manatt.

THE NOONING TREE.

THE giant elm stood in the centre of the squire's fair green meadows, and was known to all the country round about as the "Bean ellum." The other trees had seemingly retired to a respectful distance, as if they were not worthy of closer intimacy; and so it stood alone, king of the meadow, monarch of the village.

It shot from the ground, for a space, straight, strong, and superb, and then burst into nine splendid branches, each a tree in itself, all growing symmetrically from the parent trunk, and casting a grateful shadow under which all the inhabitants of the tiny village might have gathered.

It was not alone its size, its beauty, its symmetry, its density of foliage, that made it the glory of the neighborhood, but the low growth of its branches and the extraordinary breadth of its shade. Passers-by from the adjacent towns were wont to hitch their teams by the wayside, crawl through the stump fence and walk across the fields, for a nearer view of its magnificence. One man, indeed, was known to drive by the tree every day during the summer, and lift his hat to it, respectfully, each time he passed; but he was a poet, and his intellect was not greatly esteemed in the village.

The elm was almost as beautiful in one season as in another. In the spring it rose from moist fields and mellow ploughed ground, its tiny brown leaf buds bursting with pride at the thought of the loveliness coiled up inside. In

summer it stood in the midst of a waying garden of buttercups and whiteweed, a towering mass of verdant leafage, a shelter from the sun and a refuge from the storm; a cool, splendid, hospitable dome, under which the weary farmer might fling himself, and gaze upward as into the heights and depths of an emerald heaven. As for the birds, they made it a fashionable summer resort, the most commodious and attractive in the whole country; with no limit to the accommodations for those of a gregarious turn of mind, liking the advantages of select society combined with country air. In the autumn it held its own; for when the other elms changed their green to duller tints, the nooning tree put on a gown of yellow, and stood out against the far background of sombre pine woods a brilliant mass of gold and brown. In winter, when there was no longer dun of upturned sod, nor waving daisy gardens, nor ruddy autumn grasses, it rose above the dazzling snow crust, lifting its bare, shapely branches in sober elegance and dignity, and seeming to say, "Do not pity me; I have been, and, please God, I shall be!"

Whenever the weather was sufficiently mild, it was used as a nooning tree by all the men at work in the surrounding fields; but it was in haying time that it became the favorite lunching and "bangeing" place for Squire Bean's hands and those of Miss Vilda Cummins, who owned the adjoining farm. The men congregated under the spreading

branches at twelve o' the clock, and spent the noon hour there, eating and "swapping" stories, as they were doing to-day.

Each had a tin pail, and each consumed a quantity of "flour food" that kept the housewives busy at the cook-stove from morning till night. A glance at Pitt Packard's luncheon, for instance, might suffice as an illustration, for, as Jabe Slocum said, "Pitt took after both his parents: one et a good deal, 'n' the other a good while." His pail contained four doughnuts, a quarter section of pie, six buttermilk biscuits, six ginger cookies, a baked cup custard, and a quart of cold coffee. This quantity was a trifle unusual, but every man in the group was lined throughout with pie, cemented with buttermilk bread and riveted with doughnuts.

Jabe Slocum and Brad Gibson lay extended slouchingly, their cowhide boots turned up to the sky; Dave Milliken, Steve Webster, and the others leaned back against the tree-trunk, smoking clay pipes, or hugging their knees and chewing blades of grass reflectively.

One man sat apart from the rest, gloomily puffing rings of smoke into the air. After a while he lay down in the grass, with his head buried in his hat, sleeping to all appearances, while the others talked and laughed; for he had no stories, though he put in an absent-minded word or two when he was directly addressed. This was the man from Tennessee, Matt Henderson, dubbed "Dixie" for short. He was a giant fellow, — a "great gorming cutter," Samantha Ann Milliken called him; but if he had held up his head and straightened his broad shoulders, he would have been thought a man of splendid presence.

He seemed a being from another sphere instead of from another section of the country. It was not alone the olive tint of the skin, the mass of wavy dark hair tossed back from a high forehead, the sombre eyes, and the sad mouth, — a

mouth that had never grown into laughing curves through telling Yankee jokes, — it was not these that gave him what the boys called a "downcasted look." The man from Tennessee had something more than a melancholy temperament; he had, or physiognomy was a lie, a sorrow tugging at his heart.

"I'm goin' to doze a spell," drawled Jabe Slocum, pulling his straw hat over his eyes. "I've got to renew my strength like the eagle's, 'f I'm goin' to walk to the circus this afternoon. Wake me up, boys, when you think I'd ought to sling that scythe some more, for if I hev it on my mind I can't git a wink o' sleep."

This was apparently a witticism; at any rate, it elicited roars of laughter.

"It's one o' Jabe's useless days; he takes 'em from his great-aunt Lyddy," said David Milliken.

"You jest dry up, Dave. Ef it took me so long to git to workin' as it did you to git a wife, I bate this hay would n't git mowed down till crack o' doom. Gorry! ain't this a tree! I tell you, the sun 'n' the airth, the dew 'n' the showers, 'n' the Lord God o' creation jest took holt 'n' worked together on this tree, 'n' no mistake!"

"You're right, Jabe." (This from Steve Webster, who was absently cutting a *D* in the bark. He was always cutting *D*'s these days.) "This ellum can't be beat in the State o' Maine, nor no other State. My brother that lives in California says that the big redwoods, big as they air, don't throw no sech shade, nor ain't so han'some, 'specially in the fall o' the year, as our State o' Maine trees; 'assiduous trees,' he called 'em."

"*Assidyus* trees? Why don't you talk United States while you're about it, 'n' not fire yer long-range words round here? *Assidyus*! What does it mean, anyhow?"

"Can't prove it by me. That's what he called 'em, 'n' I never forgot it."

"*Assidyus* — *assidyus* — it don't sound as if it meant nothin', to me."

"'Assiduous' means 'busy,'" said the man from Tennessee, who had suddenly waked from a brown study, and dropped off into another as soon as he had given the definition.

"Busy, does it? Wall, I guess we ain't no better off now 'n we ever was. One tree 's 'bout 's busy as another, as fur 's I can see."

"Wall, there is a kind of a meanin' in it to me, but it 's turrible far fetched," remarked Jabez Slocum, rather sleepily. "You see, our ellums and maples 'n' all them trees spends part o' the year in buddin' 'n' gittin' out their leaves 'n' hangin' 'em all over the branches; 'n' then, no sooner air they full grown than they hev to begin colorin' of 'em red or yellor or brown, 'n' then shakin' of 'em off; 'n' this is all extry, you might say, to their every-day chores o' growin' 'n' cirkerlatin' sap, 'n' spreadin' 'n' thickenin' 'n' shovin' out limbs, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother; 'n' it stan's to reason that the firs 'n' hemlocks 'n' them California redwoods, that keeps their clo'es on right through the year, can't be so busy as them that keeps a-dressin' 'n' ondressin' all the time."

"I guess you 're 'bout right," allowed Steve, "but I should n't never 'a' thought of it in the world. What yer takin' out o' that bottle, Jabe? I thought you was a temperance man."

"I guess he 's like the feller over to Shadagee schoolhouse, that said he was in favor o' the law, but agin its enforcement!" laughed Pitt Packard.

"I ain't breakin' no law; this is yarb bitters," Jabe answered, with a pull at the bottle.

"It 's to cirkerlate his blood," said Ob Tarbox; "he 's too dog-goned lazy to cirkerlate it himself."

"I 'm takin' it fer what ails me," said Jabe oracularly; "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, 'n' it 's a wise child that knows its own complaints 'thout goin' to a doctor."

"Ain't yer scared fer fear it 'll start

yer growth, Laigs?" asked little Brad Gibson, looking at Jabe's tremendous length of limb and foot. "Say, how do yer git them feet o' yourn uphill? Do yer start one ahead, 'n' side-track the other?"

The tree rang with the laughter evoked by this sally, but the man from Tennessee never smiled.

Jabe Slocum's imperturbable good humor was not shaken in the very least by these personal remarks. "If I thought 't was a good growin' medicine, I 'd recommend it to your folks, Brad," he replied cheerfully. "Your mother says you boys air all so short that when you 're diggin' potatoes, yer can't see her shake the dinner rag 'thout gittin' up 'n' standin' on the potato hills! If I was a sinikitin feller like you, I would n't hector folks that had made out to grow some."

"Speakin' o' growin'," said Steve Webster, "who do you guess I seen in Boston, when I was workin' there? That tall Swatkins girl from the Duck Pond, the one that married Dan Robinson. It was one Sunday, in the Catholic meetin'-house. I 'd allers wanted to go to a Catholic meetin', an' I declare it 's about the solemnest one there is. I mistrusted I was goin' to everlastin'ly giggle, but I tell yer I was the awedest cutter yer ever see. But anyway, the Swatkins girl—or Mis' Robinson—was there as large as life in the next pew to me, jabberin' Latin, pawin' beads, gittin' up 'n' kneelin' down, 'n' crossin' herself north, south, east, 'n' west, with the best of 'em. Poor Dan! 'Grinnin' Dan,' we used to call him. Well, he don't grin nowadays. He never was good for much, but he 's hed more 'n his come-uppance!"

"Why, what 's the matter with him? Can't he git work in Boston?"

"Matter? Why, his wife, that I see makin' believe be so dreadful pious in the Catholic meetin', she 's carried on wuss 'n the Old Driver fer two years, 'n'

now she's up 'n' left him, — gone with a han'somer man."

Down on Steve Webster's hand came Jabe Slocum's immense paw with a grasp that made him cringe.

"What the " — began Steve, when the man from Tennessee took up his scythe and slouched away from the group by the tree.

"Did n't yer know no better 'n that, yer thunderin' fool? Can't yer see a hole in a grindstun 'thout it's hung on yer nose?"

"What hev I done?" asked Steve, as if dumfounded.

"Done? Where 've yer ben, that yer don't know Dixie's wife's left him?"

"Where 've I ben? Hain't I ben workin' in Boston fer a year; 'n' since I come home last week, hain't I ben tendin' sick folks, so 't I could n't git outside the dooryard? I never seen the man in my life till yesterday, in the field, 'n' I thought he was one o' them dark-skinned Frenchies from Guildford that hed come up here fer hayin'."

"Mebbe I spoke too sharp," said Jabe apologetically; "but we've ben scared to talk wives, or even women folks, fer a month o' Sundays, fer fear Dixie'd up 'n' tumble on his scythe, or do somethin' crazy. You see it's this way (I'd rather talk than work; 'n' we ain't workin' by time to-day, anyway, on account of the circus comin'): 'Bout a year 'n' a half ago, this tall, han'-some feller turned up here in Pleasant River. He inhailed from down South somewheres, but he did n't like his work there, 'n' drifted to New York, 'n' then to Boston; 'n' then he remembered his mother was a State o' Maine woman, 'n' he come here to see how he liked. We did n't take no stock in him at first, — we never hed one o' that nigger-tradin', secedin' lot in amongst us, — but he was pleasant spoken 'n' a square, all-round feller, 'n' did n't git off any secesh nonsense, 'n' it ended in our likin' him first-rate. Wall, he got work in the can-

nin' fact'ry over on the Butterfield road, 'n' then he fell in with the Maddoxes. You've hearn tell of 'em; they're relation to Pitt here."

"I would n't own 'em if I met 'em on Judgment Bench!" exclaimed Pitt Packard hotly. "My stepfather's second wife married Mis' Maddox's first husband after he got divorced from her, 'n' that's all there is to it; they ain't no bloody-kin o' mine, 'n' I don't call 'em relation."

"Wall, Pitt's relations or not, they're all wuss 'n the Old Driver, as yer said 'bout Dan Robinson's wife. Dixie went to board there. Mis' Maddox was all out o' husbands jest then, — she'd jest disposed of her fourth, somehow or 'nother; she always hed a plenty 'n' to spare, though there's lots o' likely women folks round here that never hed one chance, let alone four. Her daughter Fidelity was a chip o' the old block. Her father hed named her Fidelity after his mother, when she was nothin' but a two-days-old baby, 'n' he did n't know how she was goin' to turn out; if he'd 'a' waited two months, I believe I could 'a' told him. Infidelity would 'a' ben a mighty sight more 'ppropriate; but either of 'em is too long fer a name, so they got to callin' her Fiddy. Wall, Fiddy did n't waste no time; she was nigh^o onto eighteen years old when Dixie went there to board, 'n' she begun honeyfuglin' him's soon as ever she set eyes on him. Folks warned him, but 't wa'n't no use; he was kind o' bewitched with her from the first. She wa'n't so han'some, neither. Blamed 'f I know how they do it; let 'em alone, 'f yer know when yer're well off, 's my motter. She was red-headed, but her hair become her somehow when she curled 'n' frizzed it over a karosene lamp, 'n' then wound it round 'n' round her head like ropes o' carnelian. She hed n't any particular kind of a nose nor mouth nor eyes, but gorry! when she looked at yer, yer felt kind as if yer was turnin' to putty inside."

"I know what yer mean," said Steve interestedly.

"She hed a figger jest like them fashion-paper pictures you've seen, an' the very day any new styles come to Boston Fiddy Maddox would hev 'em before sundown; the biggest bustles 'n' the highest hats 'n' the tightest skirts 'n' the longest tails to 'em; she'd git 'em somehow, anyhow! Dixie wa'n't out o' money when he come here, an' a spell afterwards there was more 'n a thousand dollars fell to him from his father's folks down South. Well, Fiddy made that fly, I tell you! Dixie bought a top buggy 'n' a sorrel hoss, 'n' they was on the road most o' the time when he wa'n't to work; 'n' when he was, she'd go with Lem Simmons, 'n' Dixie none the wiser. Mis' Maddox was lookin' up a new husband jest then, so 't she did n't interfere" —

"She was the same kind o' goods, anyhow," interpolated Ob Tarbox.

"Yes, she was one of them women folks that air so light-minded you can't anchor 'em down with a sewin'-machine, nor a dishpan, nor a husband 'n' young ones, nor no namable kind of a thing; the least wind blows 'em here 'n' blows 'em there, like dandelion puffs. As time went on, the widder got herself a beau now 'n' then; but as fast as she hooked 'em, Fiddy up 'n' took 'em away from her. You see she'd gethered in most of her husbands afore Fiddy was old enough to hev her finger in the pie; but she cut her eye-teeth early, Fiddy did, 'n' there wa'n't no kind of a feller come to set up with the widder but she'd everlastin'ly grab him, if she hed any use fer him, 'n' then there'd be Hail Columby, I tell yer. But Dixie, he was 's blind 's a bat 'n' deaf 's a post. He could n't see nothin' but Fiddy, 'n' he could n't see her very plain."

"He hed warnin's enough," put in Pitt Packard, though Jabe Slocum never needed any assistance in spinning a yarn.

"Warnin's! I should think he hed. The Seventh Day Baptist minister went

so fur as to preach at him. 'The Apostle Paul gin heed,' was the text. 'Why did he gin heed?' says he. 'Because he heerd. If he hed n't 'a' heerd, he could n't 'a' gin heed, 'n' 't would n't 'a' done him no good to 'a' heerd 'thout he gin heed!' Wall, it helped consid'ble many in the congregation, 'specially them that was in the habit of hearin' 'n' heedin', but it rolled right off Dixie like water off a duck's back. He 'n' Fiddy was seen over to the ballin' alley to Wareham next day, 'n' they did n't come back for a week."

"He gin her his hand,
And he made her his own,"

sang little Brad Gibson.

"He hed gin her his hand, but no minister nor trial jestic nor eighteen-carat ring nor stificate could 'a' made Fiddy Maddox anybody's own 'ceptin' the devil's, an' he would n't 'a' married her; she'd 'a' ben too near kin. We'd never 'spicioned she'd git 's fur 's marryin' anybody, 'n' she only married Dixie 'cause he told her he'd take her to the Wareham House to dinner, 'n' to the County Fair afterwards; if any other feller hed offered to take her to supper, 'n' the theatre on top o' that, she'd 'a' married him instid."

"How'd the old woman take it?" asked Steve.

"She disowned her daughter *punctilio*: in the first place, fer runnin' away 'stid o' hevin' a church weddin'; 'n' second place, fer marryin' a pauper (that was what she called him; 'n' it was true, for they'd spent every cent he hed); 'n' third place, fer alienatin' the 'fections of a travelin' baker man she hed her eye on fer herself. He was a kind of a flour-food peddler, that used to drive a cart round by Hard Scrabble, Moderation, 'n' Scratch Corner way. Mis' Maddox used to buy all her baked victuals of him, 'specially after she found out he was a widower beginnin' to take notice. His cart used to stand at her door so long everybody on the rout would complain

o' stale bread. But bime bye Fiddy begun to set at her winder when he druv up, 'n' bime bye she pinned a blue ribbon in her collar. When she done that, Mis' Maddox allers hed to take a back seat. The boys used to call it a danger signal. It kind o' drawed yer 'tention to p'int's 'bout her chin 'n' mouth 'n' neck, 'n' one thing 'n' nother, in a way that was cal'lated to snarl up the thoughts o' perfessors o' religion 'n' turn 'em earthways. There was a spell I hed to say, '*Remember Rhapseny! Remember Rhapseny!*' over to myself whenever Fiddy put on her blue ribbons. Wall, as I say, Fiddy set at the winder, the baker man seen the blue ribbons, 'n' Mis' Maddox's cake was dough. She put on a red ribbon; but land! her neck looked 's if somebody 'd gone over it with a harrer! Then she stomped round 'n' slat the dish-rag, but 't wa'n't no use. 'Gracious, mother,' says Fiddy, 'I don't do nothin' but set at the winder. The sun shines for all.' 'You're right it does,' says Mis' Maddox, 'n' that's jest what I complain of. I'd like to get a chance to shine on something myself.'

"But the baker man kep' on comin', though when he got to the Maddoxes' doorsteps he could n't make change for a quarter nor tell pie from bread; an' sure 's you're born, the very day Fiddy went away to be married to Dixie, that mornin' she drawed that everlastin' numhead of a flour-food peddler out into the orchard, 'n' cut off a lock o' her hair, 'n' tied it up with a piece o' her blue ribbon, 'n' give it to him; an' old Mis' Bascom says, when he went past her house he was gazin' at it 'n' kissin' of it, 'n' his horse meanderin' one side the road 'n' the other, 'n' the door o' the cart open 'n' slammin' to 'n' fro, 'n' ginger cookies spillin' out all over the lot. He come back to the Maddoxes next mornin' ('t wa'n't his day, but his hoss could n't pull one way when Fiddy's ribbon was pullin' t'other); an' when he found out she'd gone with Dixie, he

cussed 'n' stomped 'n' took on like a loontic; an' when Mis' Maddox hinted she was ready to heal the wovnds Fiddy 'd inflicted, he stomped 'n' cussed wuss 'n' ever, 'n' the neighbors say he called her a hombly old trollop, an' fired the bread loaves all 'over the dooryard, he was so crazy at bein' cheated.

"Wall, to go back to Dixie — I'll be comin' right along, boys." (This to Brad Gibson, who was taking his farewell drink of ginger tea preparatory to beginning work.)

"I pity you, Steve!" exclaimed Brad, between deep swallows. "If you 'd known when you was well off, you 'd 'a' stayed in Boston. If Jabe hed a story started, he 'd talk three days after he was dead."

"Go 'long; leave me be! Wall, as I was sayin', Dixie brought Fiddy home ('Dell,' he called her), an' they 'peared bride 'n' groom at meetin' next Sunday. The last hundred dollars he hed in the world hed gone into the weddin' tower 'n' on to Fiddy's back. He hed a new suit, 'n' he looked like a major. You ain't got no idea what he was, 'cause his eyes is dull now, 'n' he 's bowed all over, 'n' ain't shaved nor combed, hardly; but they was the han'somest couple that ever walked up the broad aisle. She hed on a green silk dress, an' a lace cape that was like a skeeter nettin' over her neck an' showed her bare skin through, an' a hat like an apple orchard in full bloom, hummin'-bird an' all. Dixie kerried himself as proud as Lucifer. He did n't look at the minister 'n' he did n't look at the congregation; his great eyes was glued on Fiddy, as if he could n't hardly keep from eatin' of her up. An' she behaved consid'able well for a few months, as long 's the novelty lasted an' the silk dresses was new. Before Christmas, though, she begun to peter out 'n' git slack-twisted. She allers hated housework as bad as a pig would a penwiper, an' Dixie hed to git his own breakfast afore he went to work, or go off on an empty stomach. Many's the time he 's got her meals for

her 'n' took 'em to her on a waiter. (Them secesh fellers 'll wait on women folks long as they can stan' up.)

"Then bime bye the baby come along; but that made things wuss 'stid o' better. She did n't pay no more 'tention to it than if it hed belonged to the town. She 'd go off to dances, an' leave Dixie to home tendin' cradle; but that wa'n't no hardship to him, for he was 'bout as much wropped up in the child as he was in Fiddy. Wall, sir, 'bout a month ago she up 'n' disappeared off the face o' the airth 'thout sayin' a word or leavin' a letter. She took her clo'es, but she never thought o' takin' the baby; one baby more or less did n't make no odds to her s' long's she hed that skeeter-nettin' cape. Dixie sarched fer her high an' low fer a fortnight, but after that he give it up as a bad job. He found out enough, I guess, to keep him pretty busy thinkin' what he 'd do next. But day before yesterday the same circus that plays here this afternoon was playin' to Wareham. A lot of us went over on the evenin' train, an' we coaxed Dixie into goin', so 's to take his mind off his trouble. But land! he did n't see nothin'. He 'd walk right by the lions 'n' tigers in the menagerie as if they were cats 'n' chickens, an' all the time the clown was singin' he looked like a dumb animile that's hed a bullet put in him. There was lots o' side shows, mermaids 'n' six-legged calves 'n' spotted girls, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother, an' there was one o' them whirligig machines with a mess o' rockin'-hosses goin' round 'n' round, 'n' an organ in the middle playin' like sixty. I wish we 'd 'a' kept clear o' the thing, but, as bad luck would hev it, we stopped to look, an' there, on top o' two high-steppin' white wooden hosses, set Mis' Fiddy an' that dod-gasted light-complected baker man! If ever she was suited to a dot, it was jest then 'n' there. She could 'a' gone prancin' round that there ring forever 'n' forever, with the whoopin' 'n' hollerin' 'n' whizzin' 'n' whirlin' soundin' in her ears, 'n' the

music playin' like mad, 'n' she with nothin' to do but stick on 'n' let some feller foot the bills. Somebody must 'a' ben thinkin' o' Fiddy Maddox when they invented them whirl-a-go-rounds. She was laughin' 'n' carryin' on like the old Scratch; her apple-blossom hat come off, 'n' the baker man put it on, 'n' took consid'able time over it, 'n' pulled her ear 'n' pinched her cheek when he got through; an' that was jest the blamed minute we ketched sight of 'em. I pulled Dixie off, but I was too late. He give a groan I shall remember to my dyin' day, 'n' then he plunged out o' the crowd 'n' through the gate like a streak o' lightning. We follered, but land! we could n't find him; an' true as I set here, I never expected to see him alive agin. But I did; I forgot all about one thing, you see, 'n' that was the baby. If it wa'n't no attraction to its mother, I guess he call'ated it needed a father all the more. Anyhow, he turned up in the field yesterday mornin', ready for work, but lookin' as if he 'd hed his heart cut out 'n' a piece o' lead put in the place of it."

"It don't seem as if she 'd 'a' ben brazen enough to come back so near home," said Steve.

"Wall, I don't s'pose she hed any idea o' Dixie's bein' at a circus over at Wareham jest then; an' ten to one she did n't care if the whole town seen her. She wanted to git rid of him, 'n' she did n't mind how she done it. Dixie ain't one of the shootin' kind, an' anyhow, Fiddy Maddox wa'n't one to look ahead; whatever she wanted to do, that she done, from the time she was knee high to a grasshopper. I've seen her set down by a peck basket of apples, 'n' take a couple o' bites out o' one, 'n' then heave it fur 's she could heave it 'n' start in on another, 'n' then another; 'n' 't wa'n't a good apple year, neither. She 'd everlastin'ly spile 'bout a dozen of 'em 'n' swaller 'bout two mouthfuls. Doxy Morton, now, would eat an apple clean down to the core, 'n' then count the seeds 'n' put 'em on the

window-sill to dry, 'n' get up 'n' put the core in the stove, 'n' wipe her hands on the roller towel, 'n' take up her sewin' agin; 'n' if you 've got to be cuttin' 'n'ials in tree bark an' writin' of 'em in the grass with a stick, like you 've ben doin' for the last half - hour, you 're blamed lucky to be doin' *D*'s, not *F*'s, like Dixie there!"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The men had dropped work and gone to the circus. The hay was pronounced to be in a condition where it could be left without much danger; but, for that matter, no man would have stayed in the field to attend to another man's hay when there was a circus in the neighborhood.

Dixie was mowing on alone, listening as in a dream to that subtle something in the swish of the scythe that makes one seek to know the song it is singing to the grasses.

"Hush, ah, hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep;
Hush, — 't is the lullaby Time is singing, —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
Hush, ah, hush! and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass."

And now, spent with fatigue and watching and care and grief, — heart sick, mind sick, body sick, sick with past suspense and present certainty and future dread, — he sat under the cool shade of the nooning tree, and buried his face in his hands. He was glad to be left alone with his miseries, — glad that the other men, friendly as he felt them to be, had gone to the circus, where he would not see or hear them for hours to come.

How clearly he could conjure up the scene that they were enjoying with such keen relish! Only two days before, he had walked among the same tents, staring at horses and gay trappings and painted Amazons as one who noted

nothing; yet the agony of the thing he saw at last lit up all the rest as with a lightning flash, and burned the scene forever on his brain and heart. It was at Wareham, too, — Wareham, where she had promised to be his wife, where she had married him only a year before. How well he remembered the night! They left the parsonage; they had ten miles to drive in the moonlight before reaching their stopping - place, — ten miles of such joy as only a man could know, he thought, who had had the warm fruit of life hanging within full vision, but just out of reach, — just above his longing lips; and then, in an unlooked-for, gracious moment, his! He could swear she had loved him that night, if never again.

But this picture passed away, and he saw that maddening circle with the caracoling steeds. He heard the discordant music, the monotonous creak of the machinery, the strident laughter of the excited riders. At first the thing was a blur, a kaleidoscope of whirling colors, into which there presently crept form and order. A boy who had cried to get on, and was now crying to get off. Old Rube Hobson and his young wife; Rube looked white and scared, partly by the whizzing motion, and partly by the prospect of paying out ten cents for the doubtful pleasure. Pretty, modest Hetty Dunnell with that young fellow from Portland; she too timid to mount one of the mettlesome chargers, and snuggling close to him in one of the circling seats. Then, good God! Dell! sitting on a prancing white horse, with the man he knew, the man he feared, riding beside her; a man who kept holding on her hat with fingers that trembled, — the very hat she "'peared bride in;" a man who brushed a grasshopper from her shoulder with an air of ownership, and, when she slapped his hand coquettishly, even dared to pinch her pink cheek, — his wife's cheek, — before that crowd of on-lookers! Merry - go - round, indeed!

The horrible thing was well named; and life is just like it, — a whirl of happiness and misery, in which the music cannot play loud enough to drown the creak of the machinery, in which one soul cries out in pain, another in terror, and the rest laugh; but the prancing steeds gallop on, gallop on, and, once mounted, there is no getting off, unless . . .

There were some things it was not possible for a man to bear! The river! the river! He could hear it rippling over the sunny sands, swirling among the logs, dashing and roaring under the bridge, rushing to the sea's embrace. Could it tell whither it was hurrying? No; but it was escaping from its present bonds; it would never have to pass over these same jagged rocks again. "On, on to the unknown!" called the river. "I come! I come!" he roused himself to respond, when a faint, faint, helpless voice broke in upon the mad clatter in his brain, cleaving his torn heart in twain; not a real voice, — the half-forgotten memory of one; a tender wail that had added fresh misery to his night's vigil, — the baby!

But the feeble pipe was borne down by the swirl of the water as it dashed between the rocky banks, still calling to him. If he could only close his ears to it! But it still called — called still — the river! And still the child's voice pierced the rush of sound with its pitiful flute note, until the two resolved themselves into contesting strains, answering each other antiphonally. The river — the baby — the river — the baby; and in and through, and betwixt and between, there spun the whirling merry-go-round, with its curveting wooden horses, its discordant organ, and its creaking machinery.

But gradually the child's voice gained in strength, and as he heard it more plainly the other sounds grew fainter, till at last, thank God! they were hushed. The din, the whirlwind, and the tempest in his brain were lulled into silence, as

under a "Peace, be still!" and, worn out with the contest, the man from Tennessee fell asleep under the grateful shade of the nooning tree. So deep was the slumber that settled over exhausted body and troubled spirit that the gathering clouds, the sudden darkness, the distant muttering of thunder, the frightened twitter of the birds, passed unnoticed. A heavy drop of rain pierced the thick foliage and fell on his face, but the storm within had been too fierce for him to heed the storm without. He slept on.

Almost every man, woman, and child in the vicinity of Pleasant River was on the way to the circus, — Boomer's Grand Six-in-One Universal Consolidated Show; Brilliant Constellations of Fixed Stars shining in the same Vast Firmament; Glittering Galaxies of World-Famous Equestrian Artists; the biggest elephants, the funniest clowns, the pluckiest riders, the stubbornest mules, the most amazing acrobats, the tallest man and the shortest man, the thinnest woman and the thickest woman, "on the habitable globe;" and no connection with any other show on earth, especially Sypher's Two-in-One Show now devastating the same State.

If the advertisements setting forth these attractions were couched in language somewhat rosier than the facts would warrant, there were few persons calm enough to perceive it, when once the glamour of the village parade and the smell of the menagerie had intoxicated the senses.

The circus had been the sole topic of conversation for a fortnight. Jot Bascom could always be relied on for the latest and most authentic news of its triumphant progress from one town to another. Jot was a sort of town crier; and whenever the approach of a caravan was announced, he would go over on the Liberty Road to find out just where it was and what were its immediate plans, for the thrilling pleasure of

calling at every one of the neighbors' on his way home, and delivering his budget of news. He was an attendant at every funeral, and as far as possible at every wedding in the village, at every flag-raising and husking and town and county fair. When more pressing duties did not hinder, he endeavored to meet the two daily trains that passed through Milliken's Mills, a mile or two from Pleasant River. He accompanied the sheriff on all journeys entailing serving of papers and other embarrassing duties common to the law. On one occasion, when the two lawyers of the village held an investigation before Trial Justice Simeon Porter, they waited an hour because Jot Bascom did not come. They knew that something was amiss, but it was only on reflection they remembered that Jot was not indispensable. He went with all paupers to the Poor Farm, and never missed a town meeting. He knew all the conditions attending any swapping of horses that occurred within a radius of twenty miles, — the terms of the trade and the amount paid to boot. He knew who owed the fish man and who owed the meat man, and who could not get trusted by either of them. In fact, so far as the divine attributes of omniscience and omnipresence could be vested in a faulty human creature, they were present in Jot Bascom. That he was quite unable to attend conscientiously to home duties, when overborne by press of public service, was true. When Diadema Bascom wanted kindling wood split, wood brought in, the cows milked, or the pigs fed, she commonly found her spouse serving humanity in bulk.

All the details of the approach of the Grand Six-in-One Show had, therefore, been heralded to those work-sodden and unambitious persons who tied themselves to their own wood-piles or haying fields.

These were the bulletins issued : —

The men were making a circle in the Widow Buzzell's field, in the same place

where the old one had been, — the old one, viewed with awe for five years by all the village small boys.

The forerunners, outriders, proprietors, whatever they might be, had arrived and gone to the tavern.

An elephant was quartered in the tavern shed !

The elephant had stepped through the floor ! !

The advance guard of performers and part of the show itself had come !

And the "Cheriot" ! !

This far-famed vehicle had paused on top of Deacon Chute's hill, to prepare for the street parade. Little Jim Chute had been gloating over the fact that it must pass by his house, and when it stopped short under the elms in the doorway his heart almost broke for joy. He pinched the twenty-five-cent piece in his pocket to assure himself that he was alive and in his right mind. The precious coin had been the result of careful saving, and his hot, excited hands had almost worn it thin. But alas for the vanity of human hopes ! When the magnificent red-and-gold "Cheriot" was uncovered, that its glories might shine upon the waiting world, the door opened, and a huddle of painted Indians tumbled out, ready to lead the procession, or, if so disposed, to scalp the neighborhood. Little Jim gave one panic-stricken look as they leaped over the chariot steps, and then fled to the barn chamber, whence he had to be dragged by his mother, and cuffed into willingness to attend the spectacle that had once so dazzled his imagination.

On the eventful afternoon of the performance the road was gay with teams. David and Samantha Milliken drove by in Miss Cummins' neat carryall, two children on the back seat, a will-o'-the-wisp baby girl held down by a serious boy. Steve Webster was driving Doxy Morton in his mother's buggy. Jabe Slocum, Pitt Packard, Brad Gibson, Cyse Higgins, and scores of others were riding "shank's mare," as they would have said.

It had been a close, warm day, and as the afternoon wore away it grew hotter and closer. There was a dead calm in the air, a threatening blackness in the west that made the farmers think anxiously of their hay. Presently the "thunder heads" ran together into big black clouds, which melted in turn into molten masses of smoky orange, so that the heavens were like burnished brass. Drivers whipped up their horses, and pedestrians hastened their steps. Steve Webster decided not to run even the smallest risk of injuring so precious a commodity as Doxy Morton by a shower of rain, so he drove into a friend's yard, put up his horse, and waited till the storm should pass by. Brad Gibson stooped to drink at a wayside brook, and as he bent over the water he heard a low, murmuring, muttering sound that seemed to make the earth tremble.

Then from hill to hill "leapt the live thunder." Even the distant mountains appeared to have "found a tongue." A zigzag chain of lightning flashed in the lurid sky, and after an appreciable interval another peal, louder than the first, and nearer.

The rain began to fall, the forked flashes of flame darted hither and thither in the clouds, and the boom of heaven's artillery grew heavier and heavier. The blinding sheets of light and the tumultuous roar of sound now followed each other so quickly that they seemed almost simultaneous. Flash — crash — flash — crash — flash — crash; blinding and deafening eye and ear at once. Everybody who could find a shelter of any sort hastened to it. The women at home set their children in the midst of feather beds, and some of them even huddled there themselves, their babies clinging to them in sympathetic fear, as the livid shafts of light illuminated the dark rooms with more than noonday glare.

The air was full of gloom: a nameless terror lurked within it; the elements seemed at war with each other. Horses

whinnied in the stables, and colts dashed about the pastures. The cattle sought sheltered places; the cows ambling clumsily towards some refuge, their full bags dripping milk as they swung heavily to and fro. The birds flew towards the orchards and the deep woods; the swallows swooped restlessly round the barns, and hid themselves under the eaves or in the shadow of deserted nests.

The rain now fell in sheets.

"Hurry up 'n' git under cover, Jabe," said Brad Gibson; "you 're jest the kind of a pole to draw lightnin'!"

"You hain't, then!" retorted Jabe. "There ain't enough o' you fer lightnin' to ketch holt of!"

Suddenly a ghastly streak of light leaped out of a cloud, and then another, till the sky seemed lit up by cataracts of flame. A breath of wind sprang into the still air. Then a deafening crash, clap, crack, roar, peal! and as Jabe Slocum looked out of a protecting shed door, he saw a fiery ball burst from the clouds, shooting brazen arrows as it fell. Within the instant the meeting-house steeple broke into a tongue of flame, and then, looking towards home, he fancied that the fireball dropped to earth in Squire Bean's meadow.

The wind blew more fiercely now. There was a sudden crackling of wood, falling of old timbers, and breaking of glass. The deadly fluid ran in a winding course down a great maple by the shed, leaving a narrow charred channel through the bark to tell how it passed to the earth. A sombre pine stood up, black and burned, its heart gaping through a ghastly wound in the split trunk.

The rain now subsided; there was only an occasional faint rumbling of thunder, as if it were murmuring over the distant sea; the clouds broke away in the west; the sun peeped out, as if to see what had been going on in the world since he hid himself an hour before. A delicate rainbow bridge stretched from the blackened church steeple to the glittering weather-

cock on the squire's barn ; and there, in the centre of the fair green meadows from which it had risen in glorious strength and beauty for a century or more, lay the nooning tree.

The fireball, if ball of fire indeed there were, had struck in the very centre of its splendid dome, and ploughed its way from feather tip to sturdy root, riving the tree in twain, cleaving its great boughs left and right, laying one majestic half level with the earth, and bending the other till the proud head almost touched the grass.

The rainbow was reflected in the million drops glittering upon the bowed branches, turning each into a tear of

liquid opal. The birds hopped on the prone magnificence, and eyed timorously a strange object underneath.

There had been one swift, pitiless, merciful stroke ! The monarch of the meadow would never again feel the magic thrill of the sap in its veins, nor the bursting of brown bud into green leaf.

The birds would build their nests and sing their idyls in other boughs. The "time of pleasure and love" was over with the nooning tree ; over, too, with him who slept beneath ; for under its fallen branches, with the light of a great peace in his upturned face, lay the man from Tennessee.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

INGONISH, BY LAND AND SEA.

UNDER the northern shadow of Cape Smoky there is a double bay, cut in two by a rocky peninsula called Middle Head. Into the half of the bay next to Smoky, and chafing restlessly against the foundations of its richly colored cliffs, runs the Ingonish River, which comes from the almost impenetrable forests and morasses of the interior of northern Cape Breton to pour its clear waters into the ocean. No bridge crosses the stream, and the traveler who descends from the heights of Smoky towards the fishermen's hamlet of Ingonish South Bay, which he sees scattered upon a sandy spit at his feet, finds himself halting upon the edge of deep, swift water, with cove on his left and bay on his right, and never a sign of a way across. If his voice is strong and clear, he may waken the fishermen's dogs on the other shore, and, what is more to the purpose, bring a red-haired, blue-eyed lad to the flatboat on the sand, and to the big sweep which will presently urge it across to the foot of the red cliffs. The people

of Ingonish are in part of Irish parentage and in part of Scotch, but they are almost all members of the Roman communion, and made of different stuff from the blue Presbyterian Highlanders who dwell along the coast between Cape Smoky and the head of St. Anne's Bay. In the best of the houses which stand one beyond another on the South Bay beach lives Mr. Baker, whose hospitality makes a journey beyond Smoky a possibility, and more than that, a pleasure. Here may be laid aside the stoicism needed to sustain life during the journey up the north shore, and here, in the midst of restless ocean, tawny sands, red cliffs, undulating forests, and brooks alive with trout, can be found all that nature can give to stimulate happiness or to lull the troubled mind, and all that the reasonable wanderer can expect to find to make his weary flesh comfortable. In the days which we spent at Mr. Baker's we learned to love Ingonish more and more, as we explored it by land and by sea.

I.

BY LAND.

The breath of fire floated in the air, making it hazy, softening the mountain contours, giving a wicked look to the sea, and filling me, through its perfume, with the same feeling of unrest that the moose and caribou have as they feel the smoke of burning forests tingling in their nostrils. Looking inland, I saw the hills marshaled along the river, rank behind rank, with their relative distances clearly defined by the smoke. The mercury was above 90° Fahrenheit, and mountain climbing was not to be thought of. Middle Head, seen across the waves, suggested cool breezes, and towards its lean, half-grassy, half-rocky finger, pointing ever eastward, we took our way. From Mr. Baker's, half a mile of sandy road runs northward parallel with an ideally beautiful beach. Then the road bends to the left, inland, while the beach curves to the right, seaward, rising soon into sandy banks, which in turn change to sculptured cliffs at whose foot the sea murmurs.

Terns with black-tipped wings skimmed close to the restless waves, and over the fretted sand where the ripples had left the marks of their lips. No one walked upon the road where man had scratched together badly the same sand which nature had made perfect by the tides.

When I looked at Ingonish beach as it was, silent, lonely, serene, and pure, I thought what it might some day be made if fashionable men and women, on pleasure bent, chanced to discover it and to feel the thrill of its sun-tempered tide, which is as mild as that of their favorite but more southern shores. Now, at least, the absence of hotels where such men and women might be fed and put to bed, if by chance the sea or their own feet cast them upon these distant sands, makes it certain that they will not come to banish Eden by their presence.

Between the sand beach and the road there rises a massive wall of rounded stones, varying in size from a goose egg to a human skull. Can waves alone have raised such a dike? The same question came to me as I studied a similar wall running along the seaward side of the bar which well-nigh makes St. Anne's Bay a lake, and Torquil McLean's ferry a superfluity instead of a somewhat malodorous joy. Perhaps the fact that often, in winter, the ice comes stealing across from Newfoundland and the seas that lie beyond it, and packs itself against St. Anne's bar and all the north coast of Cape Breton, may explain these walls. The thrust of the ice could scour the shallows for miles, and bear along loose stones to the first beach whose sloping face would receive them. The density of the arrangement of these stones, and the abruptness of the front which they present to the sea, point to ice action rather than to that of waves alone. The wall is so high that those walking or driving along the road cannot see the beach, while those bathing cannot see the country inland. Shut in between shingle and sea, we walked the length of the sand, and then climbed to the top of the bluffs of Middle Head.

The evening before, while watching meteors from the beach, we had seen the sky above Middle Head suddenly lighted up by a bright fire. It lasted ten or fifteen minutes, then died away so quickly that we felt sure no building could have been destroyed. Now, on the narrow path leading along the edge of the cliffs we met three men. They bowed and touched their caps with the smiling politeness characteristic of most of the natives, Gaelic or Irish. I asked them what and where the fire had been; and in a few words they said that Rory This had bought the right to cut grass on Sandy That's land, but that after the hay was made a dispute arose as to the price; so the hay had been burned to quiet the trouble. I confess I could not reason

out the process by which either Rory who had labored, or Sandy who had owned the grass, could find comfort in putting match to the hay.

Some of the rock which supported Sandy's scorched hayfield, and which formed portions of the cliffs of Middle Head, contrasted strikingly with the prevailing red syenite of the Ingonish region. It was white; not however like newly fallen snow, but like that which this world has somewhat soiled. Gypsum, or "plaster," as Cape Breton calls it, occurs in many places on the Bras d'Or and along the north coast. It suffers much more from the action of water and frost than the harder rocks surrounding it, so that where it appears on the surface there are sure to be odd depressions in the soil, "sink holes," into which earth and trees have settled; or, in cliff faces, deep hollows, coves, or caverns. The path along Middle Head follows closely the trend of the shore, and from it we found ourselves looking down into the most suggestive little cove that smugglers would care to own or story-writers to dream over. Its opening to the sea was narrow, and all its walls were high and steep, yet it had a tiny sand beach where a boat could land easily even if storm waves beat angrily on the stern cliffs outside.

About halfway out on the Head we came upon a spring, — a cup-shaped hollow in the mud, filled with sun-warmed water, — which tempted us to rest near it under the low pines and spruces, where Cape Smoky could be seen across the bay, its richly toned cliffs wonderfully worn by waves, and its lofty head resting in the haze that gives the mountain promontory its name. Its outer point, which cuts in twain waves unchecked from the Grand Banks, is called "the Bill of Smoky." From this point back to the Ingonish light the syenite crags rise supreme above waves or ice. Near the light-house the lines of Smoky grow more gentle. The forest, which above the Bill

is but a narrow line next the sky, slopes downward to the placid water inside the bar, and rolls on westward to join other expanses of spruce and birch, hemlock and maple, which clothe the mountains and fill the river valley with soft foliage. While dreamily watching this fair northern picture, as it quivered in the heat of a half-tropical day, we were startled by a sudden cry which came from the waves far below. Then a man, with a coil of rope on his arm, passed us, and went cautiously to the edge of the precipice, over which he peered and made signals. Thoughts of smugglers, of hidden wines brought by night from St. Pierre, of a discovery by the smugglers that we knew of their landing-place, and finally of the consequences of their discovery, floated through our minds, already saturated with the romantic elements of Ingonish scenery and life. Then more men came, and passed. They too crept to the edge and looked into the dizzy waves beneath. One of them lowered the rope over the cliff, and seemed to be trying to lasso something many feet below. Our curiosity prevailed over our timidity, and we drew near to the edge of the rock. The vision of smuggled champagne faded, and in its place was put the truth: that a sheep had gone over the cliff to a narrow shelf more than halfway down to the sea, and that these men were trying to rescue him alive, while a boy in a boat tossed by waves below shouted advice to them.

Middle Head, and many a mile of coast north of it, is the home of the raven, or "big crow," as the Ingonish people call him. Close to the smuggler's cove a long, ragged point juts out from the cliffs. At its extremity huge masses of broken rock lie in the wash of the tide. As we passed this point, I saw an uncanny shape squatted upon its outer rock. It was a bird, web-footed, gaunt, black, vulture-headed, yet with a sac, a hideous skinny object, fitted like a pelican's pouch beneath its beak. A native passing said it

was a "shag," which meant nothing to me until I found that "shag" and "cormorant" were two equally expressive names for this same nightmarish bird of rock and wave. I crept out upon the point, first skulking behind wild rose bushes and goldenrod, and then coasting down a sandy slope, out of sight of the spectre I was stalking. Gaining the water's edge, I clambered along among huge rocks upon which seaweeds grew and trailed their fingers in the tide, and so came nearer and nearer to the shag. Suddenly I looked up as a huge shadow swept over me, and saw, black and big against the hot sky, a passing bird which watched me with keen eyes. Growing from the rocks which overhung me was a hunchbacked pine, the sport of every mocking wind that harried this rough coast, and in its bent branches sat five ravens. They croaked, but did not fly, satisfied to watch me as I squirmed over the rocks towards the black beast with a throat sac. In coloring and shape they were like crows, yet I knew they were not crows; something in the shape of the head was different; they did not treat me as crows would have done. I felt that they were strangers.

When I reached the last rock which could by any chance shield my body from the cormorant, I raised my head very slowly until my eyes came upon a level with the rock's upper surface. About twenty feet away, clasping with its hideous feet the last rock left naked by the tide, sat the shag. It seemed to me that it might be a bittern which, having offended against the gods, had been condemned to leave its beloved meadows and thickets, whispering rushes and perfumed grasses, in order to pass ages upon the shores of a sobbing ocean in which it should find no peace and no abiding-place. Its garb looked as sackcloth and ashes might well look after a thorough soaking in salt water. When it craned upwards its skinny neck and panted, it reached the climax of its loathsomeness,

for the livid sac pulsed under its distressed breathing. I had watched the horrid fish-eater long enough, so, rising to my full height, I had the satisfaction of seeing the monster shrink into itself with fear, turn its ugly countenance seaward, and then flap away over the hot, sparkling waves until almost out of sight. When half a mile out, it turned and flew slowly along the crest of the waves towards the rocky cliffs of Middle Head, and then dropped suddenly into the water, upon which it remained bobbing like a duck.

Free from this incubus, I looked once more upon the home of the ravens, — the hunchbacked pine, the shattered rocks, and, far above them, the cliffs upon whose inaccessible ledges young ravens first see light. The surroundings were those of a sturdier bird than the crow. There were no gently sighing forests, waving cornfields, or placid lakes here, but instead the stern crags, rude sea, and broken rocks, — makers of deep, angry music, harsh discords, and wild, sorrowful refrains. The crow boasts from the moment his loud voice first comes back to his ears from the echoing hillside, he steals from the time he sees the corn blades start from the furrow, and he shuns danger as often as the tread of man or deer snaps a dry twig in the forest. The raven's croak can wake no echo to match the sea's chorus, his food is not won by theft, and dangers which come from sky and tossing wave are not such as to stimulate craft or to inculcate wariness.

II.

BY SEA.

All day long heat had quivered in the air and sparkled on the sea, but now, at evening, there was coolness creeping in from the ocean, past crag and sand, banishing ennui and tightening strong muscles as they tugged at the oars. The

coolness and the wind seemed to have little to do with each other; for the wind was westerly, and came down river from the forest-clad mountains, while the coolness came in from the east under the deep shadow which the red cliffs of Smoky cast upon the bay. Thump, thump, the oars pounded forward and back upon the tholepins, and the boat moved slowly forward inside the bar towards the gut. The heavy sail did us no service; merely made me more alone in the twilight, as I sat in the bow, with my back to the mast, and watched the waves heave under us.

We were turning our backs to the hills now, and heading straight out through the gut. On the right was the lighthouse with its newly lit red star glowing inside the polished lenses. Above it towered the beginning of Smoky's cliffs, still deep red in the twilight, or green where the forest far above caught the last rays of a fair sunset glow. On the left, the long beach and bar ended in a pier, with fish-houses and boats, men smoking, cod drying on the flakes, lobster pots piled up for the season, and collie dogs watching life go by on the tide, or dreaming as they lay on the dry nets. Dead ahead, a fisherman's boat was coming in close to the pier, its oars splashing in the choppy sea where inner and outer waters wrestled in the narrow pass. Our oars thumped louder, and we shot through the swirl, and out past lighthouse, pier, boats, rocks, and the residue of land and life, towards where the sea, the sky, and Smoky lived in a great dream together. Surely this place was beautiful, and to-night, as I sat in the bow alone, the flapping sail behind me, the rise and fall, the heave, surge, and wash of the sea lent a magic joy to the voyage we were taking out to the Bill of Smoky. I looked far ahead and strained my eyes to see what was beyond; and then I thought, what matters it to look, to strive to see an end, a goal, when there is no end, no goal, to see? This is no mountain, with

ridge after ridge to surmount, and an ultimate peak to conquer, with all its prizes of prostrate earth and nearer clouds to look upon. This is only the sea with its monotonous level, having in its endlessness no incentive to action, no stimulus to struggle. Still I kept gazing out into the distance, and wondering whether some dim sail would not appear in the gloom, or some rock rise from among the billows for our boat to break itself against.

As we glided on our undulating path across the restless water, the dark mass of Cape Smoky attended us on our right like a shadow. The waves splashed incessantly upon the broken rocks at the foot of the cliffs, and sometimes in the hollow of a wave not far from us a jagged mass of rock flashed menacingly for a moment before the water slid over it again and hid its threat from our eyes. The hand of time falls heavily upon the red sandstone, and every year huge pieces of rock drop into the sea and become the sport of the tide. At one point a buttress of rock protruded into the bay, and through it I could see light. The busy waves and frosts had carved an arch in the stone, through which birds could fly and storm-winds blow. Far up the cliff, a brook, which had worked patiently downward from the soil on the summit of the mountain, appeared in a circular opening, and dashed its small spray seaward. Most brooks must fight their way over boulders and fallen trees, through dark ravines, by hot waysides and sleepy meadows, at last to win only a right to merge their lives in the greater life of the river. This brook had gone straight to its mother ocean, unchecked, unturned, and when its clear, cool drops fell towards the sea they were as pure as when they left the sky. The brook seemed symbolic of some lives, which, though living out their appointed time, go back to the source of life without ever having been polluted by society, or lost in its sullen and ill-regulated current.

Thump, thump, thump, the oars worked with their clumsy rhythm, urging us eastward, and out towards the line of rough water beyond the Bill. The swell grew stronger, and now and then the boat rose so high or fell so low that my dream was interrupted by the emphasis of the motion. Far behind us the red eye of the lighthouse glared at the mouth of the harbor, and marked upon each wave's edge the path by which we had come, close under the shelter of the cliffs. A few strokes more and we were abreast of the Bill, that ultimate wedge of rock which Smoky thrusts into the northern sea, piercing the cold waves, and dividing the fierce storm currents beating down from Newfoundland. The wind was fresher in the unprotected sea, and the lighthouse with its nestling lights upon the bar seemed much further away than it had a moment or two before. A sense of loneliness, almost of danger, crept over us, and by common consent the boat was turned backward into the shelter of the great rock, and the homeward voyage begun.

It was now my turn at the oar, and a thrill passed through me as I grasped the great sweep and wrestled over it with the waves. Night had fallen. All color had died on the red cliffs of Smoky. Stars had burned their way into the dark blue sky, and among them stray meteors fell seaward, or glided athwart the constellations. A year before, I had spent the long hours of the night on the peak of Chocorua, watching these wayward waifs of space as they danced behind the cloud curtains of the storm. Now, with all a Viking's zeal, I tugged at my big oar, pounded my tholepin, made deep eddies chase each other in the dark water, and breathed joyously deep breaths of the salt northern air. What contrasts man may make for himself, in his life, if he yields to the spirit of restlessness within him! The Vikings yielded to it, and swept the northern seas, and I felt in my weak arms

something of their strength and wantonness as I urged the boat homewards under Smoky's shadow. Black rocks, placid sea, bright stars, dancing meteors, and breath of the northern ocean, — I had them all, even as the Norsemen had them.

A faint protest came from the other side of the boat. We were not rowing a race; there was no hurry; and if I cut inshore any farther we should go on the rocks. So I eased my frantic stroke, and watched the phosphorescence play in my oars' eddies. In the sky, bright masses ploughed their way through our air, impelled by an unknown force, driven from an unknown distance, and aiming for an unknown fate. In the sea, bright atoms ploughed their way through the water and glowed in soft splendor. The meteors are inorganic, dead mysteries. The phosphorescence is an organic, living mystery. Yet it is no more impossible to imagine the history and future of a body perpetually traveling through endless space than to try to count the numbers of these phosphorescent myriads. Generally I have the feeling that science is bringing us nearer to a perception of what the vast creation is which surrounds us, but at times the greater truth flashes before my eyes, — that what we are really learning is not more than a drop in the limitless ocean of fact.

The row back to the lighthouse seemed shorter than the voyage out, partly because we really went faster, and partly because we had less detail to look at, now that the night had covered the beauties of the many-toned cliffs and the distant mountains. When we shot through the gut from the bay to the inner basin, the air became damper and the darkness more intense. With caution and frequent peering ahead we rowed towards the creek in which we were to land. Here a shoal had to be avoided, there a fisherman's boat passed by.

Now, in the gloom we could discern a

mass of willows in which the kingfishers had been sounding their loud call during the day, and beyond them loomed up the timbers of the old mill whose wreck was to be our pier. Poor old mill, it had been starved to death by tariffs, a grim punishment for its slaughter of many a good king of the forest. We landed, and in the soft stillness made our stumbling way across field and pasture to the cosy Ingonish parlor, where, in strange contrast to rugged coast, and stern mountain, and the general simplicity of the fishermen's houses on the shore, we had found refinement, comfort, and open hospitality.

Beyond the great wall of rounded stones, raised by ice and storm, lay the

beach. The rippling waves played softly upon the firm sand, making dainty lines across it. We could hear the murmur of those waves and the faint rustle of the breeze in the shrubbery. All was peace and gentleness, yet under that kindly music those who knew Ingonish Bay could hear other voices. High in the air the powers of the storm were holding council, and deep in the sea the tides were planning to hurl themselves upon the shore. It is always so by the northern ocean; and when the waves break most lovingly upon Smoky, the old mountain and his children the fishermen are most alert for the tempest which is to follow.

Frank Bolles.

HAMBURG'S NEW SANITARY IMPULSE.

THE experience of 1893 made it seem probable that the cholera could never again prevail in uncontrollable epidemic form in western Europe or America. The kindred sciences of bacteriological medicine and public sanitation have, in the last two years, grappled most brilliantly and effectively with the frightful monster. Berlin, Paris, London, and New York have learned that they can hold the cholera firmly in check. And now the cities that have suffered most in the last ten years, such as Naples and Hamburg, are prepared to meet the scourge on its appearance, and prevent it from becoming widely epidemic or from interfering seriously with business. The unspeakable fright, therefore, which has until now attended the outbreak of cholera in western Europe and America is likely to pass away with the present decade; so that a sporadic case now and then will have no paralyzing effect upon the environing community.

It is clearly fortunate, however, that Europe should have suffered these recent

pangs of awful fear. The cholera is a sensational disease. Other maladies, preventable to a large extent by public hygienic measures, are far more destructive of life than the cholera. But their ravages are more insidious and more commonplace; and the warning cry of sanitary science acts tardily and feebly upon municipal purse-strings. A high average death rate, due to bad sanitary conditions, is not ordinarily seen to disturb the course of trade, or to lessen greatly the life-chances of the burghers who pay the heavy taxes and control the public funds. But a cholera epidemic ruins business, impoverishes the comfortable burghers, and threatens to invade their domiciles and rob them of their first-born. It acts as the effective tenth plague, and the municipal Pharaoh bestirs himself mightily. Naples had long intended, in a languid way, to reform its sanitary arrangements; but not until the cholera epidemic of 1885 supplied the motive force was anything of much importance undertaken. The im-

provements set on foot as a result of that epidemic have revolutionized the city, and will have resulted in the saving of many thousands of lives every year; for the principal effect of efforts to guard against cholera is to abolish, or greatly diminish, mortality from various other causes. That epidemic at Naples led, further, to the enactment of a new sanitary code for the Italian kingdom, and to many excellent improvements in other Italian cities and towns besides Naples.

Far more widespread throughout Europe, however, will have been the improved sanitary arrangements resulting from the cholera invasion of 1892-93. It is in Germany, doubtless, that the most important effects will appear. The German cities have not, until lately, been largely impelled by the sanitary motive, in their municipal activities. They have done wonderful things, and have shown a splendid capacity and business thrift. But while the public health has been the dominant motive in the development of the municipal functions of some of the British cities, good financial results have seemed to be the chief criterion of success in German municipal government. The broad generalization is too sweeping, yet it is upon the whole a safe one. While taking the lead of all nations in the scientific study of the problems of the public health, the Germans have not been the most eager people in the world to spend millions of money in the application of hygienic principles. Fortunately for them, they have the best scientific leadership that any country can afford, and at the same time they have by far the best administrative mechanism. All that had been needed, therefore, was the motive strong enough to open wide the public purse-strings. The cholera appears now to have supplied it. All over Germany the learned doctors and bacteriologists are dictating terms to the awakened municipal authorities.

The most interesting centre of this new sanitary activity is stricken Hamburg. There is very much in its conditions and in its plans and undertakings that ought to interest the intelligent people and the officials of our American cities. Let it be said in preface that Hamburg was most unjustly treated by the major part of our press during the summer and autumn of 1892, and that most Americans have an entirely erroneous impression of it. Until late years it has received comparatively few American visitors; and of course for two seasons it has been shunned. Even the travelers who patronize the fine steamers of the Hamburg-American Company hurry on to Berlin, and learn nothing of this noble old Free Hansa city and magnificent port. In America it is chiefly known as the place from which so many undesirable emigrants take shipping, and has the reputation of being indescribably filthy, overcrowded, ugly, and uninteresting,—a place, in short, to be avoided. No impression could be further from the truth. The emigrants go from Hamburg for the same reason that they land at New York: the one, like the other, is without rival as the greatest port of its continent. Ships go everywhere from Hamburg. Its dock and harbor arrangements excite the enthusiastic admiration of every visitor. There is no such sight elsewhere in the world. The boasted Liverpool arrangements are far inferior. Within a decade there has been expended by the German Empire and the city of Hamburg a sum approaching forty million dollars in the construction of this vast shipping terminal, the modern conveniences of which make everything along the New York docks seem absurdly effete and obsolete.

Hamburg is an infinitely more attractive and picturesque city than Berlin. The dull and somewhat cheap monotony of the huge new imperial capital is almost painful after a few days of Hamburg's variety and charm. The city's

architecture combines the modern with the mediæval in the most delightfully unexpected ways. Many whole streets of the high-gabled, timber-framed, quaint-windowed houses of the old sixteenth and seventeenth century Hanseatic merchants remain in good condition; and yet the city as a whole is distinctly modern in its architecture. Far from being hopelessly congested and void of breathing-spaces, there are a number of tree-lined thoroughfares, much broader than are to be found in leading American cities, and in the very heart of the city there are large water spaces and park areas, with extensive girdling promenades, and every facility for healthful outdoor recreation.

A dignified and splendid city is Hamburg, with its 600,000 inhabitants, its immense commerce with all parts of the world, its unusually intelligent merchant body, its suburbs of handsome villas, its modern growth and enterprise, and its fine traditions and history that bind it to a noble past. And its very life has been the great river Elbe. But the Elbe, which has been its commercial mainstay, has brought death as well as life. The river has always supplied the city with water for drinking and domestic uses, and its unwholesomeness has long been fully confessed. But many things have prevented, until recently, the firm attempt to solve the paramount sanitary problem of the city's drinking-water. Early in the seventies an elaborate investigation resulted in a report advising the filtration of the entire Elbe supply. But opposition arose, the discussion was protracted, and nothing was done. The inclusion of Hamburg in the new German Empire, and its accession at last to the German customs-union, led to the concentration of the municipal energy upon the development of the port facilities. The abandonment of Hamburg's status as an independent port, and its inclusion in the tariff system of Germany, took practical effect in 1888, and the in-

fluence upon the city's traffic and growth was both immediate and very important. Meanwhile, the scientific consideration of the water supply had not been altogether suspended, and the city's enhanced importance furnished a new reason for action.

In 1890, it was actually determined to proceed at once with the construction of an extensive plant for the filtration of a supply of Elbe water equal to the entire demand upon the water system for all purposes. Expert investigations, with reinvestigations and all sorts of cross-examinations, had resulted in a plan that was adopted with confidence. It was pronounced feasible by the municipal engineers to have the filtration plant ready for use in 1894. The cholera emergency led to prodigious efforts, and the new system was put into operation in May, 1893, nearly a year ahead of time.

The last seventy-five miles of the Elbe form an estuary of the North Sea, and the tidal movement up as far as Hamburg is considerable, amounting to several feet on the seaward side of the city. The Elbe flows northward; and the old waterworks were situated on the southern edge of the city, the intention being that the water should be pumped from a point in the stream that lay above the brackish and polluting influences of the flood tide. The "intake" was in the middle of the river, just opposite the large pumping station, high water tower, and adjoining reservoirs which constituted the old waterworks that served the whole city. As a matter of fact, the intake was not far enough upstream to escape serious contamination from the recession, at flood tide, of the polluted water of the harbor and lower stream. One must remember that the Elbe carries off the entire sewage of Hamburg; and that the stupendous aggregation of ships, of wharfs and warehouses, and of manufacturing establishments makes the water of the port about as filthy as possible. The sewer system of Hamburg is

by no means a bad one. The houses are all connected with well-built street mains, which empty into several large *collecteurs*, or sewage canals. These principal conduits in turn converge and join in one huge discharging sewer tunnel, which is carried well out into the channel of the river, and empties at the lower edge of the city. The discharge is dammed in and held back during the hours of inflowing tide, so that the main harbor, and the numerous branching navigable *Fleete*, or canals, that make Hamburg something like Venice, may not be fouled and gradually filled up by subsidence from the immense volume of liquid filth. The sewer gates are opened only when the ebbing of the tide joins with the ordinary flow of the river to give a sweeping current out to sea. This, at least, is a far better arrangement for sewage disposal than certain American cities lying on tidal water possess, which dispense with *collecteurs* entirely, and discharge their sewage at numerous points all along the river frontage.

But it is far from being a perfect system. For although the Elbe estuary is a broad stream, the cities of Hamburg and Altona have become so great that the combined volume of their refuse material is enormous; and the plan of discharging at ebb tide alone cannot wholly prevent the subsequent backflow of pollution from the sewers. Quite apart from any and all local sources of contamination at Hamburg, the Elbe water is by no means pure, for the river drains a populous valley, and has many large towns and villages on its banks. Hamburg ought long ago to have extended its intake far enough upstream to make perfectly sure that its citizens would not receive again through their water-pipes the fouled effluent of their drains. But at the time of the cholera visitation of 1892 the old intake was still in use, and was undoubtedly within the sphere, at flood tide, of harbor refuse and city sewage. An essential fea-

ture of the new water system, therefore, has been the extension of the receiving tunnel up the river to a point some miles above the now abandoned intake. This work involved very large expenditure, since the new tunnel had to be constructed under the bottom of the river.

The filtration system, however, is the interesting feature of the new Hamburg water supply. It is by far the largest and most successful "plant" for the removal of impurities from drinking-water that any city has yet instituted. It happens that Hamburg is so situated that it is practically compelled to draw its water supply from the river. There are no mountain sources accessible. Naples, like Vienna and Munich and Glasgow, has been able to secure abundant water from high and uncontaminated mountain regions. But Hamburg lies in the lowlands, at the mouth of a broad valley. We have a number of cities in the United States that seem to be under the necessity for all time of drawing their water supplies from the much-polluted rivers on the banks of which they are situated. For these cities the question of an effective method of filtration has the very highest consequence. From Minneapolis to New Orleans the cities of the Mississippi Valley are concerned. Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, and many other cities must continue to drink river water. If the Elbe and the Rhine can be completely filtered, there will be no question about American rivers.

A general description of the Hamburg system can easily be given. The city was fortunate in owning two large islands in the Elbe, which have been connected by a narrow embankment, and which extend from a point near the old waterworks upstream for a distance of about two miles. The uppermost of these islands, the Billwärder Insel, is the larger of the two. Somewhat further up the river is the new intake, with its well screened and guarded opening. The re-

ceiving tunnel is perhaps ten feet in diameter. On this upper island have been constructed four large reservoirs, or sedimentary basins, as it might be better to call them, each of which has a capacity approximately equal to the supply of the city for one day. A new pumping plant on the island lifts the water into these basins. The four are used in rotation. It has been found by experiment that the best results are attained by allowing the water to stand undisturbed for about twenty-one hours. Sluices and valves enable the basins to be used separately and successively. Thus, while Basin I is engaged in feeding the filters that supply the city, Basin II is full and closed for a day's deposit of sediment, Basin III is being pumped full from the intake, and Basin IV, which is quite empty, is in process of being scraped and cleansed. When Basin I's supply has been drawn off, it in turn is closed for removal of sediment, Basin II is put into connection with the filters, Basin III is full and closed, and Basin IV, having been cleaned out, is again in receipt of a supply from the river. And so the rotation is complete. Each of these sedimentary basins has a superficial area of perhaps twenty-five acres.

The screens at the intake mouth of course keep out all large extraneous objects. The settling process in the great basins further disposes of fine sand, and of very much of the mud and silt that discolor the water as originally received. But from the hygienic point of view, it is obvious that nothing of very radical importance has been gained by the mere fact of a day's rest in a settling basin. It is in the filtering basins that the revolutionizing results are attained.

The lower island, the *Kalte Hofe*, lying just above the old waterworks on the east bank of the Elbe, at the *Rothenburg* suburb, presents a sight best seen from the top of the waterworks tower, and one quite worth the climb of 365

steps. One looks down upon an island perhaps three fourths of a mile long and one fourth of a mile wide, the greater part of which is covered with even rows of rectangular basins, each of which has a surface of 7500 square metres, or about two acres. There are twenty-two of these open filter basins. To describe their mechanism in detail would be to attempt an engineering article. It will be enough to tell in a general way how they are made and how they work. In principle they are not original. Sand filtration has been in use to some extent for many years. *Altona*, the flourishing manufacturing city of 150,000 inhabitants that lies solidly against Hamburg on the side towards the sea, and is virtually part and parcel of the larger city, has for thirty years used sand filtration to make Elbe water potable. Berlin also filters through sand-lined basins a considerable part of its drinking-water. The London water companies have made successful use of the same system, and other cities have had some experience of this mode of water purification. The Hamburg plant on the *Kalte Hofe* is notable, therefore, not for the introduction of a new principle, but rather for the utilization of an old principle in a far more complete and successful working plant than any other city has yet established.

The filter basins on the *Kalte Hofe*, like the large sedimentary basins on the *Billwärder Insel*, are constructed with the utmost care, being lined very solidly with clay, concrete, hard brick masonry, and cement plaster. Across the floor of each filter basin are many large pipes perforated with countless holes. The basin itself being ready and the punctured pipes being in place, the process of filling begins. First comes a layer of small, well-selected stones, covering the floor to a depth of about eight inches. Then is spread, to a like depth, a layer of gravel; that is, of stones smaller than those forming the bottom stratum, but much coarser than the layer of coarse

sand, also eight inches deep, that is next placed above it. Upon these three foundation layers is deposited the principal material of the filter, namely, a layer of fine sand, one metre (nearly forty inches) deep. When the filter is in use, the water stands exactly one metre deep on the metre of fine sand. Ingenious automatic regulators so control the inflow and outflow as to keep the water at an unvarying depth of one metre. It would be superfluous to attempt a detailed explanation of the admirable adjustment of all the parts of the water system to one another. It is enough to say that the pumping facilities are well adapted to the requirements of the sedimentary basins, that the filter basins are nicely adjusted to receive and dispose of the quantity discharged from the Billwärder Insel, and that the arrangements of the old water station on the mainland at the Rothenburgs-ort are fully equal to the reception of the purified effluent of the filters, and its distribution throughout the entire city.

It must not be supposed that this system, when once established, needs no further care or attention. The filters are all under constant inspection, and one by one they are cut off temporarily from active service in order to be emptied into the river and cleansed. Adjacent to the group of filter basins is an establishment fitted up with facilities for cleansing the sand and small stones. Ordinarily, it is found quite sufficient to remove a few inches of the fine sand for purification, leaving the rest of the filter undisturbed. It is not, indeed, desirable to take away all the deposits that the sand retains from the water as it trickles through. A certain amount of "scum" must be collected before the filter is at its best. It must be remembered that the chief purpose of the filter is the removal of microbes, whose existence can be ascertained only by bacteriological tests. These bacilli are so small that some millions of them would not feel

crowded on the point of the finest needle. A yard or two of ordinary sand and gravel could therefore hardly be expected to filter out the microbes as if they were so many crawfishes. The experts tell us that it is the scum, collecting on the sand and filling the interstices between the stony particles, that somehow manages to detain the microbes, while the water passes on purified and wholesome.

Let no one suppose that this is a mere matter of conjecture, or of an occasional test with dubious results. The effect of the Hamburg filtration upon the bacteriological condition of the Elbe water is now a subject of constant examination and precise knowledge. The whole system has, during and since the summer of 1893, been operated with reference to the fact that the Elbe has been discovered to contain cholera germs, and that Hamburg proposes to give its people a water free from those germs. To this end, the director of the city's hygienic laboratory has been accorded an almost dictatorial authority. At the time of the epidemic in 1892, the distinguished authority Professor Geffke, of the University of Gießen, came to Hamburg to assume temporary charge of sanitary arrangements. He brought with him from Giessen, as his assistant, and left behind him in control of the Hygienic Institute, a young and rising bacteriologist, Professor Dunbar. Dr. Dunbar very rapidly and effectively developed the Hamburg municipal laboratory into one of the most important in the world, and gave it a practical relationship to health conditions that the authorities of Hamburg could not fail to recognize. Dr. Koch came later from Berlin, on behalf of the imperial government, to aid and advise in the struggle to subdue the epidemic, and he was surprised and delighted to discover the rare scientific quality and the comprehensive scope of the work Dr. Dunbar had already accomplished. Dr. Koch thereupon acquiesced very heartily in

the proposal that Dr. Dunbar should be given the permanent post of director of the Hamburg institute, and thus made the authoritative expert in control of the health conditions of the principal German port, and the first commercial city of the Continent.

Dr. Dunbar is a native of St. Paul, Minn.; and when he went to Germany, some years ago, at the age of twenty-one, he could speak English only. He has won his place very early in the scientific world. In order to accept the official post he now holds, he was obliged to become naturalized as a German citizen.

Dr. Dunbar commands the services of a staff of expert assistants, and his Institute is conducting experiments of extraordinary interest. A new method for the discovery of cholera germs in water has been devised by Dr. Dunbar, and accepted by Dr. Koch and the other bacteriologists as a great improvement. During the summer and autumn of 1893, the Hamburg institute tested the Elbe water from day to day, the specimens being taken from widely separated points, and found cholera germs all the way from the mouth to places far in the interior of Germany. It seems probable that Dr. Dunbar will succeed in proving effectually, what has hitherto been much doubted and denied, that cholera is propagated by means of water rather than air.

In the filthy water brought up to Hamburg by the flood tide Dr. Dunbar and his group of experts were quite regularly finding from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand cholera germs to each cubic centimetre (about one sixteenth of a cubic inch) of water. As many germs were found in the season of 1893 as in the previous year, although Hamburg was kept almost free from fresh outbreaks of cholera. The water of the river above the influence of flood tide was found to contain from four hundred to twelve hundred germs. In July, 1893, the imperial health authorities at Berlin

issued a warning to the municipal governments of the country not to supply their citizens with a drinking-water containing more than one hundred germs to the cubic centimetre. It was considered that water infected to no greater extent could be used without serious danger. It is highly instructive, therefore, to note the fact that the purified water of the new Hamburg filtration works, as examined from filter to filter and from day to day, was found sometimes to contain no germs at all, and more commonly to contain from four to ten per cubic centimetre. Only by the most refined methods, never employed until the summer of 1893, could these few scattered germs be discovered, isolated, and accurately counted.

Here, then, is the great triumph of the Hamburg filter works. The citizens know absolutely that the new system has given them a safe supply, and feel that science is now equal to any emergency that may arise. The purified Elbe water is used for all city purposes, including street washing, lawn and garden sprinkling, and sewer flushing. It is of excellent quality for all industrial purposes, and as a drinking-water it is agreeable as well as safe.

An indirect evidence that the cholera epidemic was induced through the use of Elbe water was furnished by the fact that the parts of Hamburg which use wells instead of the river supply were almost or quite exempt from the disease. There are perhaps eight hundred or a thousand wells in use within the city limits. On general health principles wells are to be condemned, and their extermination by most city governments has been fully justified; but, as a choice of evils, the Hamburg wells were better than the unfiltered river water, and so they were tolerated. Some of the large breweries have very productive artesian wells. At the time of the epidemic their water was piped to many neighboring houses, and the service continues. At that time, also,

in the fall of 1892, more than a hundred new "driven" wells were made; but many of them could not be used, on account of the mineral constituents of the water. A part of the work of Dr. Dunbar's Institute, in the fall of 1893, was the thorough examination and testing of all the wells of the city. About half of them had been examined up to the middle of September, with generally satisfactory results. The health authorities were, of course, empowered to close all wells found to be yielding unwholesome water.

The Hygienic Institute has a new branch laboratory, with every needed convenience, immediately adjacent to the filtration works; and one of the large filters is used exclusively for the Institute's tests and experiments. One of Dr. Dunbar's chief assistants is stationed constantly at the waterworks. There has now been constructed for Dr. Dunbar's use, upon plans of his own, a novel steam craft, to ply on the Elbe as a floating bacteriological laboratory. The boat is not far from forty feet in length, and its remarkable equipment will make it possible to study far more fully than has yet been done the actual extent and nature of the influence of flood tide in the Elbe, and also to give frequent attention to the health conditions of the great stream in its upper courses. All these new projects and devices will have cost a good deal of money; but shrewd, commercial Hamburg has come to the conclusion that improved sanitary services are a highly profitable investment, and that it would be as unwise to spend large sums upon such services without expert scientific direction and experimentation as to erect public buildings without good architects, or invest heavily in docks and harbor facilities without the aid of civil engineers. Dr. Dunbar is evidently determined to make the largest possible use of the city government's new impulses towards the generous support of hygienic inquiry and reform.

The circumstances under which cholera again appeared in Hamburg about the middle of September, 1893, only serve to illustrate the value both of the filtration works and of the Hygienic Institute. Tests made at that time showed the alarming increase of germs in the filtered water as conveyed for consumption. It was further discovered that the water was pure as it left the filters, and that the contamination was the result of a bad leakage from the Elbe into the tunnel which conveys the supply from the Kalte Hofe to the pumping works on the mainland. The leak was at last suppressed, but, unfortunately, a number of cases of illness and death occurred, clearly traceable in origin to this infusion of unfiltered water into the purified supply. The fact that Hamburg had been exempt from cholera all summer, while the river was laden with such deadly infection, speaks volumes for the filtered water which had been in use since May; and the prompt discovery of the leakage was a new demonstration of the practical usefulness of an efficient bacteriological laboratory.

I have already commented upon Hamburg's sewers and its disposal of sewage. It remains to speak somewhat of the scavenging and cleansing of the city. As yet, the cholera outbreak seems to have led to no radical changes of system or administration, but it has resulted in a vast increase of energy in the conduct of the work. Street cleansing, under the general control of the police authorities, is managed upon a good system with admirable effect. No American city, so far as I am aware, can compare at all favorably with maligned Hamburg in the matter of clean streets. Good paving is the rule, and this of course facilitates the constant washings and sweepings to which the streets are subjected. Asphalt and smoothly laid square stone blocks are the prevailing material of the street surface. Besides the thorough night cleansings, there is a

day force of sweepers regularly at work on the principal thoroughfares to remove horse manure, etc., quite in the approved manner of Paris and Berlin.

The fright to which the cholera subjected the population has been of inestimable aid to the sanitary police in their efforts to compel the people to maintain domestic cleanliness. There remain in Hamburg many of the very narrow, badly lighted streets of the Middle Ages, with small-windowed old houses, ill arranged for subdivision into tenement apartments and for the occupancy of numerous families. Obviously, it is no easy task to keep these streets free from conditions favorable to the spread of infection. But a wonderful improvement has been made, under rigidly enforced sanitary regulations, in the average wholesomeness of domestic life among the working people. An elaborate code governing the construction and occupancy arrangements of tenement houses had been drawn up, and was expected to receive approval and go into effect early in 1894. It brings the sanitary housing of the people under the auspices of the municipal authorities to an extent never before dreamed of in old-fashioned, *laissez-faire* Hamburg.

The city has also laid energetic hands upon the question of the disposal of domestic refuse. Garbage has hitherto been carted out and dumped upon land in the vicinity of the city, some kinds of refuse, however, being carried out to sea in barges. Henceforth the garbage is to be burned, large municipal crematories having been constructed. There is no reason why Hamburg should not undertake large works, such as one finds in various European cities, for the preparation of a marketable fertilizer, and of other salable commodities, from the collected garbage, street sweepings, ashes, and waste material in general of so great a city. This will probably be done in the early future.

The epidemic of 1892 found Ham-

burg ill prepared with facilities for the isolation of cases, and for the disinfection of contaminated articles and houses. Ordinary hospitals had to be used for cholera patients, and extra accommodations had to be provided by means of hastily erected emergency barracks. Meanwhile, a vast new epidemic hospital on the pavilion plan was projected, and it is now completed and in working order. It is one of the largest and best appointed hospitals for infectious diseases to be found anywhere; and it will play an important part in the future suppression at the very outset of threatened epidemics.

The disinfection stations, also, are a new feature of Hamburg's sanitary administration, and they are excellent specimens of establishments of that sort. Two central ones were fitted up in existing buildings adapted for the purpose, while a much larger and more complete one has now been made ready for use. They are equipped with large ovens, for the disinfection by heat of bedding, clothing, draperies, carpets, etc., and have facilities for the detention and personal disinfection and cleansing of the unattacked members of a family whose house is undergoing disinfection after the stricken members have been removed to hospital or to cemetery. The disinfection station is headquarters for the closed vans that are sent to remove persons and infected articles, and also for the disinfection officials, whose task it is to take charge of a house and put it in good sanitary condition. Each one of these officers is supplied with a compact, portable metallic box, in which there is a curiously complete collection of scrubbing-brushes, chemicals, and implements and devices for the thorough cleansing of a condemned habitation.

Food examination lies within the scope of Dr. Dunbar's municipal laboratory, and a staff of assistants is steadily engaged in this branch of the work, which is to take on some important develop-

ments in the early future. The milk supply of Hamburg, in particular, is now to be brought under the close municipal oversight that is so desirable in all large towns, a very elaborate law to that end having been drafted. The active inspection of food in the markets is in charge of the general police authorities. It is now arranged that a special force of police inspectors shall be put at the service of the Hygienic Institute, and shall bring samples for analysis to the food department of the laboratories.

It is as yet quite too soon to attempt a presentation in conclusive statistical form of the results of Hamburg's new sanitary régime. But the evidence afforded by a comparison of the death rate month by month is highly significant, and it would have an importance even sensational in its character if the improvement it indicates should, happily, continue permanently. Thus, the average January death rate of Hamburg for the past decade has been 23.10 per thousand of population. For January, 1892, the rate was 21.61, while for January, 1893, it was

only 16.59, and for January, 1894, it appears to have been somewhere between 18 and 19. Comparing succeeding months, it would seem that the death rate has declined fully twenty per cent from the average of the past decade since the extraordinary precautions of the cholera summer of 1892 were put into effect. It is quite possible that the completion of the current year may show for the twenty-four months of 1893 and 1894 an average decline in the total death ratio of not less than twenty-five per cent as compared with the statistics for the preceding ten years. It is not to be forgotten that a great epidemic almost always sweeps away so many very old, very young, and otherwise specially susceptible persons that a subsequent lowering of the death rate would result without any aid from better hygienic surroundings. But when due allowance is made for this very important factor, it would still seem reasonable to attribute a considerable part of the reduced death rate of Hamburg to the city's improved sanitary condition.

Albert Shaw.

LIMITATION.

BREATHE above me or below,
Never canst thou farther go
Than the spirit's octave-span
Harmonizing God and man.

Thus, within the iris-bound,
Light a prisoner is found;
Thus, within my soul, I see
Life in Time's captivity.

John B. Tabb.

AT THE OPRA DI LI PUPI.

HERE in Palermo there is a certain curve of one of the streets which has for me a singular charm. There a piazza, opening from the wide, modern Via Cavour, narrows itself all at once with a cordial pressure, as if to say, Welcome to the heart of the city! It is an entrance to the real Palermo; not the city as it is known by the tourist studying historic monuments under guidance of Baedeker, nor by the golden youth and large-eyed beauties who pass along the Via Maqueda or amid the myrtle paths of the Giardino Inglese, but instead as it is characterized by the great *rioni* where four fifths of the population live in their own way, which was also that of their fathers centuries ago. The lieutenant (it is no small advantage to have as escort a relative who is also that liveliest of beings, a young officer of the Italian army) joins me in affection for the warm-hearted, serious, prejudiced, industrious, generous, superstitious, courtly Sicilian populace. We are always ready to turn aside from the principal streets, which resemble those of all the other Italian cities, in order to lose ourselves in a maze of *vicoli* and *viuzze*, and of research concerning the life, physical and psychical, of the inhabitants.

One memorable morning, we went forth to find Don Achille Greco, — an heroic name, as is fit for a man whose business is all of paladins and their deeds. To come to facts, Don Achille is proprietor of one of the best marionette theatres of Palermo, the Opra della Vuciria. The father of Don Achille was the famous Don Gaetano Greco, with whom, at least according to the opinion of his sons and heirs in the profession, began the glories of the wire-drawn drama. The lieutenant and I hoped to be able to arrange with the *oprate* for a private representation; because, at an

ordinary performance, a woman in the audience would be a rarity, the mark for the wondering stares of the young men and boys who fill the benches and galleries. Not that the plays would offer any offense to feminine modesty; on the contrary, they are always unexceptionable in action and language; but so it is, women are almost never present. Perhaps I might have ventured to infringe the etiquette of the place, for nice customs curtsy to persons in search of copy. But a sufficient restraint was the idea of that crowded, unventilated room, where every cry of "Bravo!" would be as strong of garlic as of enthusiasm.

The audience, however, would have been almost as well worth seeing as the play. The lads are thoroughly acquainted with the personages and deeds of the legendary history of Charlemagne and his paladins, which forms the material of a cycle of plays running without repetition through the evenings of more than a year. The dramas, which ignore the unities of time, place, and construction, are founded chiefly upon the popular book *I Reali di Francia*, the chronicles of Archbishop Turpino, the Orlando of Ariosto and of Boiardo, the Morgante of Pulci, with excursions into the kindred story of Guerinio il Meschino or other texts. Sometimes farces and ballets are interspersed, and now and then a sacred representation, notably a Passion Play.

The marionette theatre, called in Sicilian dialect *opra di li pupi*, is here much more important and characteristic than it is upon the Italian peninsula. On the miniature stage of upper or of central Italy, the performances are more sophisticated, and, a far more significant difference, they represent detached episodes or modern plays; while in Sicily the epic cycle of Charlemagne and his knights moves with stately sequence to

its tragic close in the defeat of Roncesvalles.

The eminent Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, whose studies of the Sicilian people are unsurpassed for verity, patience, and affectionate insight, finds that the Carlovingian theatre "has an historic reason in the spirit of the southern population of Italy, and is kept alive by reasons at once psychological and ethnical, and wholly in relation to the nature of our people. . . . In order for a poem to become a song, a story a legend, they must have in themselves the conditions favorable to diffusion and popularity. Were certain fables of chivalry welcomed as soon as they were known by our storytellers and opranti? Did they find listeners to the former, spectators to the latter? Then they must bear, as they do, in themselves the elements which suit the vivid fantasy, the imagination of the Sicilian populace.

"The passion for mediæval chivalry dovetails also with a religious fact. The eternal struggle of the personages of the chivalrous epic always is between Christians and infidels. Religion is always in the front rank, or at least is apparent amid the loves and the profane undertakings. This is no small matter for a people deeply religious and devout as ours. When we remember that the virgin patron of Palermo, the daughter of Sinibaldo, lord of Rose and of Quisquina, St. Rosalia, is said to have descended in a direct line from Charlemagne, it is no wonder that the Sicilian people, tenacious in its beliefs as in its traditions, should hold in such honor the Carlovingian epic cycle, speak with such enthusiasm of Rinaldo and of Orlando, and remember with something like national pride

'The dames, the cavaliers, the arms, the loves,
The courtesies, and deeds of bold emprise.'"¹

The Sicilian lads have an insatiable

¹ G. Pitrè, *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane*, vol. xiv. pp. 278, 279.

passion for the opra di li pupi; they will eat dry bread in order to save the little copper coins that would buy the *companionato* of onions or cheese, spending them instead at the box office of Don Achille in the Vucciria, or of his brother, Don Niccolò, in the Piazza Ballarò. They thrill at the sight of the examples of courage and honor; they take sides with one or another of the paladins, Rinaldo, Orlando, Oliviero; they discuss, award praise and blame, lament for the fallen and shout for the victors. If, in the course of history and legend, a paladin discredits himself ever so slightly, he is suspended from popular favor until, by means of a fine action, he is able to rehabilitate himself.

By this time the lieutenant and I have threaded the Via Gagini and crossed the Piazza San Domenico, and now we take heed to our steps on the slippery round stones of a steep viuzza which leads into the Vucciria Nuova (so called, not, as some philologists opine, from the vociferations that rend the air there, but, like the *boucherie* of the French, because of the provisions sold in it). The centre of the piazza is occupied by stalls full of every known and conjectural fish, flesh, and vegetable. Around the stone basin of the fountain, men are busy washing bunches of *jinocchi*, with threadlike leafage and white bulbs; donkeys wait, with the sufferance of their tribe, until their loads of cabbages shall be bought; vendors carry about baskets of fruit or bread, trays of sweetmeats, cheap trinkets, stay-laces, fans woven of cane fibres, to be used to kindle fires. The shouts are very confusing, until the ear, somewhat accustomed, learns to distinguish them. It is a system of individual *motivi* that would have pleased Richard Wagner. The seller of fish has his traditional cry, quite unlike that of the lemon-vender, who in his turn is not to be mistaken by an intelligent hearer for him of the cabbages or of the crockery. At one side of the piazza is the theatre of Don

Achille Greco. Its sign is a cartel, on which are painted, in water colors, with much effectiveness, some principal scenes from the plays to be represented during the week. The lower half of the wide door is closed; the upper part is ajar, in order to admit air. The little ticket office, the rows of benches, and the stage are half seen in the twilight of the windowless room.

At the moment, we were told, Don Achille was not in the theatre. A stout *comare*, who sat near by in the sun, encouraged us to seek for him; the meat seller, next door, said that the oprante was gone to his house, and sent a little boy to show us the way there. We turned into the narrow street upon which opens the iron-barred window of the green-room of the marionettes. An assistant of Don Achille was inside, busy with polishing the armor of a paladin.

"Which of the royals of France is this?" I asked of the little guide; who, with perfect acquaintance with facts, replied, "He is Orlando."

If the child had been asked concerning the identity of any one of the hundred men of valor who populate the stage of Don Achille, he would not have been once at fault. Each paladin has his distinctive mark: Charlemagne is known by his closed fist — tradition choosing to represent him as rather unroyally economical — as well as by his regal mantle and crown; Oliviero has upon his shield the sun and the moon, and is portly of person; Rinaldo wears the lion as sign; the strong-minded heroine, Bradamante, is distinguished from her brothers-in-arms by her long hair. Don Achille does not spare expense; the metal armor, the cloth and tinsel, of the poorest of his paladins would cost twenty to twenty-five lire, while Charlemagne represents a money value of more than one hundred and fifty lire. The enemies, if Spanish lords, are also finely attired; but if pagans, custom and religion will have them meanly clad, in or-

der to show contempt for those renegade dogs of Turks.

The lieutenant and I were invited to ascend to the apartment of Don Achille, who, with his family, received us very courteously. The open sesame to his favor was the mention of the name of Dr. Pitrè, who, as fellow-citizen and physician, possesses the perfect confidence of the Palermitans. Don Achille is a very dignified person, fully persuaded of the historical and artistic value of his profession, and an untiring student of the somewhat extensive library of the literature of chivalry, including a valuable old manuscript copy of the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpino, from which he selects and combines the material of his plays. It was easier to talk with him about paladins than about prices; confronted with his seriousness worthy of an impresario, — not Mr. Henry Irving is more deeply in earnest, — we hardly liked to make moderate offers of so many lire. Yet that was needful; because, gracefully veiled by the ideal, Don Achille has practical views. He would have wished to give us a magnificent *serata particolare*, with all the paladins at their best, combats unlimited, illuminations, ballet, an orchestra of trumpet, flute, and violin, cushions for the benches, — worth forty-five lire, for it would be fine to see!

"Ah, too much elegance, Don Achille! Rather, let us see things as they ordinarily are. In fact, what we desire is a sample, a little hour, in order to know how the Reali di Francia move and speak."

"And since that is so, truly I do not know what to say. Let madame suggest her own terms."

"Imagine! 'T is an art, yours, Don Achille, and I should not know how to set a price on it."

"And if you should say to me, 'I make you the compliment of such a flower'?" —

"Eh, in short, say something your-

self, Don Achille!" interposed the lieutenant. And it was arranged that a sample of the representation would cost twenty lire. But the performance proved so delicious that we voluntarily added a few more "flowers to the compliment."

At eleven o'clock, one morning, — an hour chosen in order not to interfere with Don Achille's engagements with the public, — our little theatre party stood before the door of the opra. It may be permissible to mention the distinguished names of Dr. Pitre and Professor Salomone-Marino, who illuminated with their explanations every part of the performance, so that it was a most valuable lesson upon the nature and mind of the Sicilian people. Don Achille met us at the door, and ushered us into the theatre; his sons brought some pillows in clean linen slips, in order to mitigate for the ladies the hardness of the wooden benches. The theatre is merely one of the ground-floor rooms, called *catodi*, used as shop and dwelling, or both at once, by the poorer classes of Palermo. But in its arrangement and decoration it surpasses the rival establishments of the city. A neatly painted ticket office is at the door; near by, a few ladder-like steps lead up into the very narrow galleries which extend along the sides of the room. The parquette is full of benches, very close together, a real martyrdom for the knees of the audience. A strait passage at the left hand of the benches is the sole aisle of the theatre, which might contain a hundred persons. In a stage-box is a piano-organ, presided over by a young son of Don Achille, who turns the crank, and also plays the cymbals, for the marches and dances of the marionettes. The drop curtain represents the combat of Rinaldo with Agramante; but this, be it noted, is an innovation, the earlier opranti contenting themselves with a simple cloth and a few touches of paint.

With a joyous expectancy, such as

one recalls among the impressions of childhood, we waited while a march was ground out from the organ and the cymbals rang. A little bell tinkled; the curtain gave promising starts and quivers, then rose to show an empty stage set with a scene in Charlemagne's palace of "Paris of France." The scenery is astonishingly effective, in its ingenuous designs and small dimensions. The proscenium is about eight feet wide by eleven high; the stage, five and a quarter feet in width by five in depth. The perspective and proportions are so good that the little paladins seem not to lack dignity.

The marionettes enter with a portentous stride, so much to the taste of the public that in some theatres a personage who should appear without this conventional gait would be reproved by shouts of "*Il passu!*" (the step), and must retreat into the wings to make his entrance all over again.

But the paladins of Don Achille did their duty. Not one failed of the noble strut, the pirouette in the centre of the stage, the salute to the audience, and the provisional jiggle upon his wires, before he subsided into quiescence, and the next man of war took the stage. The glittering ranks were arranged, with their pink, innocent wooden faces fronting the audience. A few eminent paladins had glass eyes, which rocked from side to side, emphasizing still more the immobility of their countenances. The march became more fervid as Charlemagne entered, exchanged compliments with his lords, and embraced at a right angle his nephews, the valorous Rinaldo and Orlando, not less worthy. The dialogue was stately, with occasional lapses into the vernacular. Whoever spoke moved incessantly; the others stood still. The voices — all from the mouth of Don Achille himself, who, with assistants, was pulling wires behind the scenes — were amazingly well differentiated. The virile notes of the pala-

dins; the deep voice of Charlemagne, which appeared compounded of equal parts of majesty and laryngitis; the boyish treble of the messenger page; the clucking discords of the Turks; the fierce roar of the Sultan of Babilonia, — all these were a real triumph of tonal variation. Charlemagne was extremely unhappy. He wept, rubbing his hands alternately across his face, with elbows raised and sharply bent. When the paladins had inquired the cause of his tears, and had learned that the Turks and Spaniards, allied, were about to besiege the walls of Paris, they expressed themselves more than ready for a fight. This consoled Charlemagne. Don Achille's boy wreaked himself upon the crank of the organ and clashed the cymbals, while the knights, one by one, after an obeisance, a twirl, and half a dozen strides, made their exit.

The second scene displayed the bulwarks of Paris, below which were encamped the tents of the wicked. The infidels filed in: the Turks very ill clad and awkward, the Spaniards richly cloaked in velvet and satin. The Sultan of Babilonia was magnificent in scarlet and vair, with the silver half-moon of Islam wrought upon the back of his mantle. What a great white beard he had, and how ferociously his arms threshed the air as he incited his warriors to the siege of Paris! He was an enemy worth fighting. But when we heard him laugh — ha, ha, ha! — at the Christian religion, it was evident that he would come to a bad end, dog of a Moslem!

The final act had its scene in a solitary field near the walls of Paris, whose casements and towers were illuminated. The moon began to brighten, — a softly radiant disk of oiled paper; then was darkened, before the pink dawn appeared and flooded the battleground with light. Orlando and Rinaldo entered, discussing the situation in the true style of the paladins, who always speak in rounded

periods, often repeating the phrases to which they reply. They went off together to summon the warriors to fight. The combat was according to the best traditions of the marionette stage. With sound of music entered two or three paladins, and were met by a corresponding number of infidels. There were duels, *mêlées* of six or eight men, defenses and attacks. At first the combatants were of the rank and file; later appeared the distinguished heroes. The more notable the paladin, the more protracted were his signs of life after having fallen. Certain elbows and knees, projected into the air with the angular impulses of a grasshopper, proved that a royal of France lay there, conquered, not subdued. Some of the Moslems had detachable heads, which, being sliced off by the Christian swords, bounded and rolled over the stage. There was a tremendous stamping of mailed feet and clatter of weapons, noises produced behind the scenes; and lacking which, an audience with understanding of its own rights would be seriously offended. As new relays of warriors met and clashed, the fallen were piled up like firewood on the stage. The living hopped nimbly over the slain; sometimes, in the ardor of challenge or of battle, the feet of the paladins disdained to touch the stage, and the laws of gravitation appeared to be annulled in their favor while they swung and quivered on their wires, uplifted by the idea of glory. Lastly came the Sultan of Babilonia in person to fight the flower of chivalry. Some one — perhaps it was Orlando, famed for his strength more than human — caught up that lord of heathenness and bore him off into captivity, kicking and screaming to Mahomet. When the field was won, Charlemagne entered, took possession, and congratulated the victorious paladins. It is to be suspected, however, that they received nothing but words, for the royal fist was tightly closed, as usual!

After the epic play Don Achille gave

us a ballet, in which a Moor, wearing a blouse, a turban, and full trousers of red-and-white-striped cloth, danced to lively music. Then from the skies descended another pair of legs, likewise in red-and-white-striped integuments, and danced on their own account. Next, the legs of the Moor detached themselves, and reveled independently, while he, undismayed, continued to dance. Even when his head hopped off from his shoulders, and took its own steps, his trunk went on contentedly gyrating. There never was a more adaptable person of color! The turbaned head made a sudden somersault, turned inside out, and appeared as a dreadful little necromancer in a black robe, with a wand. He postured and made passes, until, one by one, those pairs of striped trousers billowed and fluttered, and were transformed into four small witches with scarlet gowns and black bat-wings. The ballet grew madder, — such a *ridda* as is danced under the nut-tree of Benevento to celebrate the infernal Sabbath. Of course the decapitated and limbless person of the Moor was not there for nothing; under the wand of the wizard it shook and shuddered, and went up in the air, and came down again in the form of a sort of caldron, from which issued four little red devils. These (hung upon elastic cords instead of wires) had impish movements all their own, and were, moreover, tossed back and forth by the witches as if in a game of ball. From the caldron came next a throng of hissing snakes, which writhed and slipped over the stage. Then the caldron itself had a convulsion, and became a roc, — a fowl too familiar to readers of the literature of fantasy and fable to need description. The necromancer sprang astride the bird, and, to the admiration of witches and imps, was about to ride away, when sulphurous flames burst from the ground,

and the whole unblessed crew — and good enough for them! — went up in flame and smoke.

Don Achille's boy gave a final turn to the handle of the organ; and the select audience applauded heartily as Don Achille himself came out from the hole under the proscenium, wiping from his brow the moisture of honest labor, and ready to be congratulated upon the ingenuity and the good will of his performance. The praises were cordial, as they were well deserved.

Ingenuous, even childishly absurd, as are some features of the marionette theatre of Sicily, the spectator who should find in it only matter for derisive or indulgent laughter would do it much wrong. Viewed with an affectionate wish to understand it as a manifestation of the spirit of the people, — and this is the sole disposition of mind by which facts can be made to reveal their meaning, — it recalls the time of the Norman rule, from which Sicily derives its passion for the chivalrous legends. An historic phantasmagoria suddenly rises in front of the humble little stage of the opra; there blooms again the courtly reign of Emperor Frederick, — a strange blending of the East and West: with temples of Christian faith and Moslem workmanship; massive marbles and jeweled and golden mosaics; royal troubadours who wandered in the perfumed nights, singing poems in the Sicilian tongue, which might have been, but for the rival Tuscan ennobled by Dante's cares, the *lingua aulica* of Italy, — a period wholly inspired with the ideals of Carlovingian romance; fanciful as a dream, yet potent to impress itself upon the successive history of Sicily down to the present date. For the student of the Sicilian character and popular problems, a treasury of indications can be unlocked by the door-key of the opra di li pupi!

Elisabeth Cavazza.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND AMERICAN CITIES.

THE practice of regarding railways as purely private property has, in the public mind, greatly obscured the perception of their essentially public character, and the right to equality in their enjoyment. The enormous benefit they have conferred upon the people of this country, the consciousness that they have largely made the country what it is, prevent us from considering sufficiently the evils of an unfair and unequal division of those benefits. Yet there is no instrumentality of human industry whose equal enjoyment is more essential to the general welfare. All the great and small interests of modern life are vitally concerned in this. The cost of railway service is a far greater direct tax upon industry than the entire expense of government, as is seen in the fact that the gross earnings of the railroads of the United States for 1892 were nearly a billion and a quarter dollars. The very existence of cities depends upon transportation, of which the railroad is the principal vehicle. It links the world together, abolishes at once national boundaries and national prejudices, and will produce universal brotherhood if anything can. It is the great inheritance of the race, — a birthright long withheld, and only lately fully enjoyed. It has utterly revolutionized all the conditions of human life, transformed the world, and set before mankind a series of lessons as gigantic, as novel, as perplexing, and as imperatively demanding study and solution as those which faced primeval man when he confronted nature with bare hands.

When this marvelous agency came into perfect use, in the present century, in the form of steam railways in this country, its boundless utility was but dimly perceived by the people. They knew but little how to direct its growth.

They had, as a nation, their heads and hands full of the problems of national existence, the first trial of the experiment of free self-government on a large scale; and it was only natural that they permitted a set of clever adventurers to get possession of this Aladdin's lamp, and with it the genii who are its slaves. In other countries, a long-established and powerful central government took measures looking to the orderly and systematic development of the railway, and in France, for example, the subsequent growth has been almost entirely on the lines at first laid down. Provision was everywhere made for the future purchase of the railways by the government, and a careful supervision was exercised to prevent unnecessary lines becoming a perpetual tax on the resources of the people, as well as the wild and violent fluctuations in charges which have been such an intolerable burden upon our industries. But in America almost the same freedom was allowed to lay down railways as to engage in any other kind of business, and no effectual check upon the construction of useless lines was ever attempted. The business of transportation over these new lines was regarded by railway men, if not by the public, as purely a private money-making business, to be regulated by self-interest, and nothing else. This magnificent engine of civilization, therefore, which should have been jealously guarded for the common and equal enjoyment of all the people, passed even from its infancy into the control of private corporations.

But it has not, by its appropriation to private profit, lost its public character, even in the eye of the law; and this notwithstanding the law has been administered by courts and lawyers very generally sensitive to railway influence. The doctrine that the railway is a com-

mon carrier was derived from the common law, and is the underlying principle of railway law. It is equally well settled to-day by judicial determination that a railway is a public highway, and subject to most of the rules applicable thereto. The public character of railroads is uniformly, boldly, vigorously asserted by every court. "The railroads are for the people, not the people for the railroads," said Rufus Choate; and while to-day railroad managers sometimes grow very indignant when grievance committees from labor organizations wait upon them, and marvel much that "any one should undertake to tell us how we shall run our business," even the railways have long ago admitted that it is not *their* business, but the public's business. The accredited representatives of the railway interest are as ready as anybody to admit that, theoretically, the railway is only an arm of the public service. The universal adoption of measures intended to control and regulate commerce, the establishment of state and national commissions clothed with more or less extensive power, the fixing of maximum and minimum rates for freight and passengers, — all are so many attempts to bring the public power to bear upon this public agency.

The right, therefore, of the people to equality in the enjoyment of the benefits of the railway system is everywhere conceded in theory. In the administration of the post office this is not only recognized, but carried into perfect practical operation. The man who sends one letter a year pays for the service at exactly the same rate as the corporation that sends thousands. The smallest country village is served at the same charges and with the same impartiality as the largest city. Here and there it may happen that grounds for dissatisfaction exist, as must always happen as long as human inventions are imperfect; but with the postal system as a whole the people are perfectly content. By so much as the

railroad system is greater than the post, by so much more must its practical administration fall short of perfection. But there is one cardinal principle which lies at the basis of its operation, and upon which the people have a right to insist. Neither person nor place should be allowed the slightest preference. It is safe to say that this requirement has never been met on a single railroad in the United States.

By absolute equality in the enjoyment of railways is not meant, necessarily, a uniform rate per hundred pounds per mile, though there are reasons for that rule; no rule could or should be adopted which would have the effect of shutting out of the great markets of the world the products of the Western prairies, or deprive the half-starved populations of the great cities of Europe and America of the necessities of life, or prevent the cheap transportation of fuel and building materials from mines and sawmills to the remote habitations of the people. That the rates on such articles are now, in general, marvelously low cannot be denied; to raise their level materially is an impossibility, and any scheme which contemplates such a change could be carried into execution only by an absolute despot or an absolute monopoly. These low rates, however, do not constitute an infringement of the principle of equality except where they are so unreasonably low for through traffic as to compel the exaction of unreasonably high rates on local business; for their benefits are diffused throughout the whole community. The thing needed, and which seems so impossible at present, is the establishment of through rates on the articles named, which shall be determined by a thorough study of the interests of the whole people rather than by wild and unscrupulous competition in the supposed interests of the individual railways. It will scarcely be contended that such rates exist at any single point in the United States. So long as the roads are

run on the principle that they belong exclusively to their owners, without any public responsibility and for the sole purpose of making money, and each separate road tries to draw to itself the greatest possible amount of business, it is simply inevitable that every imaginable motive will govern the fixing of rates except the general welfare of the whole people. These motives lead to various forms of discrimination, which, by reason of the narrow margin on which the business of modern times is conducted, have put every kind of industry at the mercy of the railroads, and decided, often upon false, unjust, and dishonest principles, the fortunes of many men and most communities.

If an individual be given a fair field and no favors, his failure in business can be attributed, as a rule, only to his own unfitness. But when his ruin is brought about by secret railroad rates granted to his competitor, the evil is great and serious, and one which affects the whole community. When the dry-rot strikes a town, and its industries shrivel from lack of enterprise of its people, it cannot complain; when the inscrutable laws of trade leave its wharfs to decay and its warehouses to the tenancy of the rats, though the spectacle is a melancholy one, the blame lies only with nature. But when, in spite of enterprise and public spirit, a community sees its shops closed, its mills silent, its streets growing up to weeds, its capital and its best talent insensibly drawn away to some neighboring city which enjoys better rates from the railroads, here is an evil as monstrous as it is insidious. Yet these things are occurring continually, in all parts of the country; they are so common that the thoughtless and the indifferent regard them as natural and right. They are neither right nor natural. They are due to the use and management of a mighty public function as if it were nothing but private property, and they are inseparable

from such use. The country is covered with dying villages and towns whose expanding life has been stifled by railway discriminations. Who knows what proportion of the ninety per cent of business ventures that result in failure is to be traced to the unfair and unequal distribution of the burden of railway taxation!

This destructive activity is patent to the ordinary traveler, as to the student of economic conditions; and it is no less obvious to the more philosophical and fair-minded among the railway men themselves, who, however, in general, look to a perfection of the pooling system as a solution of the difficulty. To this effect is the testimony of Charles Francis Adams, ex-president of the Union Pacific Railway, before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce:—

“Railroad competition, as necessarily practiced, causes for the time being the wildest discrimination and utmost individual hardship. That is, under its operation you will always find certain points, where there is a war of rates going on, which have enormous advantages conferred upon them, which advantages are not and cannot be extended to other points. The point, therefore, which is not influenced by the war of rates suffers terribly. Its business is destroyed. How the business community, under the full working of railroad competition, can carry on its affairs I cannot understand.”

The evil effects of personal discrimination are moral as well as financial, and pervade the whole atmosphere of the business of the country. The system is simply one gigantic falsehood, whose ramifications have penetrated to the very foundations of society. Often this discrimination is made by means of overcharges, followed by special rebates to favorites of the officers, to companies or firms in which officers are interested. Sometimes a shipper will find it impossible to get cars at the time they are wanted; sometimes it will happen that

one grain or cattle buyer at a given point will be selected out of several and granted a special private rate, with a view to enabling him to cut into the business of a rival line a few miles away. The one so selected gets all the business, and the others are driven out. The system of secret preferences is as impossible of eradication as any other species of fraud, and it assumes an almost infinite variety of forms. It has its roots in the dark; it grows rank and poisonous in the field of legitimate industry; its fruits are ruin unmerited and success undeserved; it introduces false business methods, false standards of business honor. It becomes known in the town that the published rates are only for the general public who do not know how to evade them. Finesse and collusion, not integrity and enterprise, become the conditions of success. There are not many apologists for this well-nigh universal though generally forbidden practice of personal discrimination. The high officials discountenance it, but the mere prohibition of such a practice is not sufficient to root it out. It is too deeply ingrained in the methods of the railroads to be abandoned at the many thousands of freight offices through the country, simply because it is forbidden. In all but one case out of a thousand it would cost the victim more to invoke the protection of the Interstate Commerce Commission or the federal courts than he could hope to recover, and he knows that he would thereby incur the enmity of an agency which has the power to destroy him.

Railroad officials almost unanimously approve, and quite unanimously enforce, the rule of granting special concessions to large shippers. This practice is rapidly concentrating the business of the country in a few hands. The advantage in freight charges alone is often sufficient to enable a shipper to drive a small competitor out of business. Thus, the railroads, which profess to be the servants of the people, and which ought to

know no difference between large and small, rich and poor, are made the most active agency in that mighty movement whereby, yearly, thousands of small enterprises are crushed out of existence by concentrated capital. It is a gross violation of that rule of equality which should govern the administration of the railroads. For this the public is largely to blame, for the public mind is still confused as to the true nature of a railroad, and is not yet fully aware that it is not a private business, but a public business, and ought to be operated as such. The larger the volume of business offered by the shipper, the easier it is to keep secret the rebates granted; and even aside from secret rebates, the magnitude of the business of some shippers enables them to dictate terms to the roads. The railroad officials are much more likely to have a financial interest in the great city mills than in the feeble and struggling enterprises of the country villages; and whatever a road loses by carrying for the great manufacturers below cost can be made up by raising a notch or two the already overburdened local traffic. Open and avowed discrimination in favor of the rich and powerful in the use of the public highways is one of the marvels of the time. We have already progressed far beyond the point where, for discriminations of this kind, any redress is afforded by the courts. The evil is patent enough, but how many times has a judicial remedy been either asked or granted?

Personal preferences and privileges are bad enough, but they may be forbidden, though not prevented by law. There has grown up on all the railroads a practice, very generally defended by railroad men, of "charging what the traffic will bear." A very common form of this may be shown by an example: The business of a company is done at a rate which covers all expenses and leaves a profit. At a certain point where there is a rival line it is possible to get a large amount of

extra business, provided the rate is made one fourth of that for the same class of goods at other points on the road, or even at any rate whatever which is more than sufficient to cover the bare cost of handling and transportation. The excess over such bare cost is clear profit, but the road would be bankrupt if compelled to carry all its freight at the same rate. The railroads justify the practice by saying that if it were not for the small profit made on this through business the local tariff would have to be higher. But the consequence is that the inhabitants of the towns along the line of this road, having to pay four times as high a rate as the people of the competing town, close up their stores and mills, trade dies away, the atmosphere of the tomb pervades the streets, and every man who can sell his property moves away. The townspeople wonder why their town does not thrive. They hold meetings, and offer inducements to strangers to come and locate manufacturing industries there; the strangers come, ascertain what can be done with the railroads, and decide to locate somewhere else. The soil is rich, the inhabitants are industrious, but nothing can give prosperity to a town that is strangled by a railroad. The evil done by the one-fourth rate is not confined to this road. The rival road at the competing point is compelled to put its through rate down to a corresponding figure, and a string of dying towns along its line is the result. At the end of the year the railroad officials publish statistics showing how low their average rates have been, but they do not state that the average has been brought down by hauling its through freight at less than cost, by charging some of its patrons four times as much as others, or that the policy of getting business at any price at competing points has resulted in the ruin of scores of promising villages from one end of the road to another. Such a policy, defended with any amount of ingenuity, is pernicious to the last degree. It is a

violation of the principle of equality, and, however much it may seem to benefit certain localities, results in evil when the general interest is considered.

Occasionally the town realizes that as long as it has but a single railroad it can be nothing but a wretched way station. The fever for building railroads sometimes pervades a whole State, as it did, a few years ago, the State of Kansas. The people think that if two roads are such a fine thing, four roads must insure their greatness. The railroads cleverly take advantage of this mania; emissaries visit every town, stimulating the inhabitants to bid for a new road. Neighboring towns are played against each other; all sorts of iridescent promises are made, and prospects of machine shops and division headquarters held out; bonds are voted; right of way is donated; maps are made, showing all the great railroads of the country centring at the favored spot. The roads are built out of the proceeds of the bonds, and the community wakes up to find itself hopelessly swamped with railroad bonds and faced with the necessity of repudiation, and has to support four railroads where one would have been amply sufficient to do the business. The people have simply jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. To complete their troubles, the four railroads form a pool, or an "agreement," rates are put up in order to enable the companies to recoup themselves for their losses on through traffic, and the more discouraged inhabitants, racked with taxes and hopeless of the future, move to the nearest big town and begin life over again.

But whatever the process, the practice of discrimination in favor of certain points draws to the great towns and cities the life and wealth and enterprise of the entire surrounding district. What is more common or more melancholy, throughout the whole extent of the country, than the "dead towns"? They encumber the rich and smiling prairies, hide among the mountains filled with

mineral wealth, moulder away on the banks of great rivers. Their streets were once thronged with buyers and sellers, the hearts of the citizens were full of hope and courage, projects of enterprise and improvement were in the air. All this life has vanished, and gloom and dejection brood everywhere. The principal factor in this dilapidation has been the railroad, upon which they built all their hopes, but which has made it practically impossible to do business except at terminal points.

Mr. George W. Parker, vice-president and general manager of the St. Louis & Cairo Short Line, testified before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in 1885, as to the necessities and the conditions of through and local freight rates on his line between St. Louis and Cairo. The following excerpt from his testimony will be of interest as representing the views of a gentleman thoroughly well informed, and certainly not hostile to the railroads:—

"The Chairman. Suppose that you were to carry the freights that you gather along the line of your road for the same rate that you carry through freight to Cairo, or wherever it is going, what would be the consequence?"

"Mr. Parker. Bankruptcy, inevitably and speedily.

"The Chairman. Do you carry freight from St. Louis to Cairo, or from Cairo to St. Louis, at less than it costs you to run the trains or to pay the current expenses of those trains?"

"Mr. Parker. Yes, sir; sometimes we carry through freight at less than the expense of performing the service. I shall have to answer in the affirmative, though we do as little of this as possible. Circumstances force us to work for nothing, occasionally.

"The Chairman. Does that help you, or help anybody else any, except the man who owns the freight?"

"Mr. Parker. Yes, sir; it frequently helps us in the distribution of our cars,

so as to get them to the points where the demands of trade require them without pulling them empty. Very frequently, also, it occurs where this contest between trade centres comes in. My own line is occasionally used by its patrons as an instrument of warfare to protect their territory and their business. We are dependent upon St. Louis for a large share of our patronage, and we must join the army and fight when war is declared.

"The Chairman. What do you mean by your patrons? The patrons along the line, inland?"

"Mr. Parker. No, sir; not so much as I mean my patrons at the terminal points. . . . It sometimes happens—I wish it were more seldom—that a combination of circumstances arises, by which, in order to protect our patrons here, we are compelled to accept a shipment from them at less, perhaps, than it would cost us to do that particular service."

When it is considered that in the State of Iowa, for instance, the local business constitutes only about twenty per cent, and the through business about eighty per cent of the total, and the losses on the four-fifths traffic must be made up by overburdening the one-fifth, it is easy to imagine what must be the effect on the business of the small places, and how slender must be their chance when the industrial war is on, and the mighty influence of the railways is thrown wholly on the side of the big cities.

A glance at the census figures shows that some kind of blight has fallen upon the country districts, from which the cities have been exempt. The astounding growth in the population of the cities has been in great measure directly at the expense of the rural communities. While the city of Indianapolis increased 32,389 between 1880 and 1890, or forty-three per cent, forty-nine counties in the State remained practically stationary, and twenty-one counties actually lost

population, some of them quite heavily. It is absurd to imagine that there was in 1880 any surplus population in those twenty-one counties; the mere natural excess of births over deaths should have added materially to their numbers. This exodus has not been peculiar to Indiana. Twenty counties in Michigan, between 1884 and 1890, exhibited the same decline, while Detroit, the principal terminal point in the State, showed a steady and rapid advance. It is not difficult to see whence came the hundreds of thousands who have poured into New York and Chicago during the last decade. The map of Michigan illustrates in a striking way the wasting effects of railway discrimination against the rural districts. Of the twenty counties which actually retrograded during the period mentioned, nearly all lie in the southern portion of the State, and Cass, St. Joseph, Branch, Hillsdale, Lenawee, and Monroe constitute one black streak of decaying communities from Detroit to Chicago. It cannot be doubted that the railroads have been the most potent factor in the economic life of the people of these counties. What is it in railroad management which has laid such a heavy hand upon them?

It is not, of course, fancied that the inequality of railroad facilities is the only force driving people cityward. Ambition, the monotony of rural life, the fascinations of the city, the American spirit of restlessness and desire for change, the cheapness and universality of travel, — all these impel the farmer's boy to leave the farm for the village, and the village boy to long for the metropolis. These tendencies are in the air, in the conditions of the times, and in the character of the people; and when to all these we add that every enterprising village tradesman finds himself handicapped by high railroad rates, and trampled upon in every railroad war, and if he is really ambitious soon transfers his business to a large city, and that in every small town

there is literally no opening for young men, and no alternative but to go away, it is manifest that the railroads are greatly aiding the cities in drawing to themselves the best and the worst from the country, and every moment are increasing the magnitude of the municipal problem, which is already one of the most alarming and formidable questions that confront us.

This process has been steadily building up great cities to be the menace of free institutions; the confluence not only of wealth and business, but of pauperism and misery, of political rottenness and industrial slavery. Here labor toils in great prison-pens, and lodges in tenements reeking with disease; here the enemies of society gather, and in the midst of filth and hunger plant seeds of anarchy; here poverty breeds crime, and crime poverty. The mighty centripetal force has sucked into this maelstrom millions of human lives that are daily growing more wretched and helpless. Every neighboring village sends its delegation of exiles, the defeated and broken down, to swell the wretchedness of New York, where one in ten of all the funerals is said to go to the potter's field.

People have been so long accustomed to "point with pride" to the wonderful growth of our cities that they have failed to note sufficiently the cost at which it has been effected; at most they have regarded it as an inevitable tendency of the times, analogous to the centralization so manifest everywhere. That it is very largely the result of an universal denial of equal transportation privileges; a gross injustice to thousands of isolated communities; a wrong which, if perpetrated by government, would lead to revolution, has been too often overlooked. The refusal of simple justice to a thousand villages in a matter vitally affecting their every interest is the charge now laid at the door of the railroad system. That this injustice has aided the growth

and wealth of fifty cities is not an admissible answer.

The part the railroads play in the rush of population to the cities is well worth serious investigation. The problem of our cities is urgent. The control of our largest cities seems to have passed definitely into the hands of their worst citizens. Occasionally things become intolerably bad, and then the better elements combine, and a temporary improvement is effected; but the deep and muddy stream of immigration pours in from Europe; the suction from the country, drawing good and bad alike, continues unabated; and in a year or two a new voting population has come in which has to be educated. The vicious principle of allowing partisan politics to govern in municipal affairs throws the reins once more into the hands of the bosses, and the old shameful round begins again.

The rural districts and the small towns still hold three fourths of the votes, but they do not hold one fourth of the power. The vote of New York city determines nearly every national election. Still, if the small towns and the country could see that the present policy of railway discrimination is powerfully contributing to the influences that are concentrating the national life in the great cities, and immeasurably adding to the burdens of business in every rural community, it is possible that an awakened public opinion would demand such changes in the laws and in the railway practices as would give every locality an equal chance. The home, which is to the workingman of New York as unattainable as a throne, would be possible in a village. The small independent workshop, granted the same access to the public highway as the great factory, would struggle up into life and activity; the industrial population, finding it possible to obtain work elsewhere than in crowded cities, would build up thousands of thriving villages, and the hum of busy

and contented toil would fill the streets of towns that are now deserted.

The evils of discrimination are no new thing. They have occupied the attention of Congress and the state legislatures for many years. The existence of the evils cannot be denied. How to remove them is the great problem. Some twenty States, as well as the general government, have tried to control them by means of commissions. They have all undoubtedly done some good; but the States are, by the Constitution, expressly shut out from interfering with interstate commerce, and the larger part of the evils felt have pertained to commerce crossing state lines. The railroads of the country made a grand pretense of trying to prevent the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law and the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission; but these few years have been abundantly sufficient to prove that the law was a railroad measure, the chief effect of which has been to enable the railroads partially to suppress the great abuse of free passes, to collect an important body of information, and to attract the attention of many students to this gigantic and difficult problem. The hope of making the commission anything more than a bureau of statistics seems very faint. The law has doubtless been of benefit in securing some publicity of rates, but the inveterate evils of discrimination, especially against localities, remain untouched. As long as freight agents are full of zeal and enterprise, through freight will be captured at whatever it will pay, local traffic will have to pay for itself and through traffic also, and village communities will have the breath of life squeezed out of them in a hopeless struggle with terminal competitors. Both the managers and their critics seem to be coming rapidly to the conclusion that only by operating the railroads as a single organic whole will these evils ever be removed. The railroads have long contended that competition makes discrimination unavoidable;

experience appears to be showing every day more conclusively that this is true, and at the same time proving that competitive private ownership means combination alternating with war, accompanied by discriminations, personal and local, of

every kind, uncontrollable and destructive, or else a coalition so gigantic and so omnipotent as to hold all the industries of the nation in its grasp. The alternative is nationalization or a universal pool.

Henry J. Fletcher.

THE SCOPE OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

It would seem strange to hear any reasonably well-informed man of our time assert that teachers cannot be aided in their work by special training; and yet it has not been so long since the most intelligent and observing men have come to hold this opinion. Not so many years ago, an English schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, first promulgated the then unheard-of doctrine that teaching, like the practice of medicine or law, was an art that could be acquired and perfected by familiarizing one's self with the peculiar conditions and characteristics which distinguish it from other arts. In our own country, the stormy times during the first years of the normal school illustrate the notion, then prevalent, that skillfulness in teaching depends upon a sort of instinct which will show itself at the appropriate time, without any special attention being paid to it. It seems that our early forefathers held stoutly to this, for the first note in favor of special training for teachers in the colonies was sounded in the *Massachusetts Magazine* for June, 1789, by one supposed to be Elisha Ticknor; but it was not until a number of years afterward, about 1824, that a school was established whose avowed purpose it was to train teachers. This school was opened at Concord, Vt., by Samuel R. Hall, who, a little later, published the *Lectures on Teaching*, which constituted the only book literature on this subject for a number of years, and which was very widely circu-

lated among the teachers of the country. Another school for the training of teachers was opened at Lancaster, Mass., in 1827, by James G. Carter, sometimes called the "father of the normal school;" but it was not until Horace Mann took charge of school matters in Massachusetts that the normal school idea took substantial root in the school system of our country. By his efforts three normal schools were opened in Massachusetts, about 1840: one at Lexington, one at Barré, and one at Westfield, with "Father Pierce," Samuel J. May, and C. B. Tillinghast, respectively, as principals; and although a very vigorous attack was made on these schools by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1840, still they are all in existence at the present time; the location of the schools at Lexington and Barré, however, having been changed several times, until they are now permanently situated at Framingham and Bridgewater.

The report of the committee appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts to investigate the work of these new institutions is very interesting, as showing what the law-makers of that period thought about the art of teaching and the way it is acquired. "Academies and high schools," they said, "cost the Commonwealth nothing; and they are fully competent, in the opinion of the committee, to furnish a competent supply of teachers. . . . It appears to your committee that every person who has

himself undergone the process of instruction must acquire by that very process the art of instructing others." But these were not the opinions of the most eminent men of that period, for at the opening of the first normal school at Lexington President John Quincy Adams said: "We see monarchs expending vast sums establishing normal schools throughout their realms, and sparing no pains to convey knowledge and efficiency to all the children of their poorest subjects. . . . Shall monarchies steal a march on republics in the patronage of that education on which a republic is based?" And Daniel Webster said on the same occasion: "This plan of a normal school for Plymouth County is designed to elevate our common schools, and thus carry out the noble idea of our Pilgrim Fathers. . . . Now, if normal schools are to teach teachers, they enlist this interest on the right side; they make parents and all who [in] any way influence childhood competent for their high office."

The normal school idea had become too firmly implanted in the minds of those familiar with educational needs to be uprooted by the hostile report of a committee, and so the founding of normal schools, public and private, pushed forward, although with some opposition, in all parts of our country. It was not, however, until the normal school at Oswego, N. Y., had been in operation for several years that the American public agreed that this sort of school had a rightful and useful place in our system of education, — if indeed it can truly be said that our people have even yet become thoroughly convinced of this. True it is, at any rate, that people interested practically in educational work flocked to Oswego from all parts of the country to witness the wonders to be seen there; and they generally went home to establish normal schools in the States and cities from which they came, until at the present time there are upwards of one hundred and thirty-five public normal

schools, and many others under private control; and in many States, as Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Kentucky, where normal schools have long been in existence, there is a constant demand being made for the establishment of others. Nor is this all, for chairs and departments of pedagogy have been founded in many colleges and universities, and several normal and teachers' colleges have been opened in different parts of the land.

In the foundation of teachers' seminaries and normal schools, both in this country and abroad, one main purpose has been kept in view; and that is the training of teachers for the common schools, such as are usually supported in whole or in part at public expense. It is a very natural inference that if the State supports a certain grade of schools, and compels attendance upon them, it should go further, and provide competent teachers for them; and this is what the public normal school system of this and other countries is expected to do. It is a well-known fact, however, that a large percentage of the common schools of our country do not get their teachers in any considerable numbers from the normal schools; yet it is these schools that the State is chiefly interested in, and that it maintains, free of expense, for the benefit of all its citizens. But at present the State not only supports elementary instruction in the common schools; it also aids secondary education by its substantial encouragement in a financial way of the public high school system; and it naturally follows that if the State gives aid to secondary education, it should be anxious, or at least it should not object, to have its contributions made good use of in the high school by the employment of good teachers, such as the normal school is expected to produce. This leaves the normal school free to fit teachers for the secondary as well as the elementary schools; or rather, it gives normal school graduates liberty, and even

encouragement, to seek secondary as well as elementary school work. In many States, too, a certain kind of elementary school work, principally found in the common "ungraded schools, but also in many cases in the primary and grammar grades, is so very poorly remunerated that a normal graduate cannot afford to undertake it, and teachers are drawn from high schools, or even from the elementary schools themselves. Hitherto, also, the high schools have not been offering such inducements as to attract college-bred men and women to fill all their positions, and this has left many places for normal school graduates, who have naturally sought after them rather than after the less desirable places in the elementary schools.

It must be acknowledged that the mission of the normal school in our country is still a matter of uncertainty in regard to some of the particulars of its work, although it is perhaps definitely settled that it has a great, useful, and legitimate field in preparing those who are to have the direction of our public school work to undertake this vast responsibility in an intelligent and competent manner. But who are to partake of its privileges, and for what grade and class of work it is to prepare instructors, are still questions upon which schoolmen and the people at large disagree; nor are these difficulties confined to our own land, although they are not so formidable in those countries where the different parts of the school system are closely articulated, and the work of each part is definitely known. W. T. Harris, in his report of 1888-89, says of the normal schools of Austria: "It is the intention of the law that these schools should prepare teachers by means of purely professional training, but the minister states that many of them are still burdened with academic studies, from want of preparation on the part of candidates for admission;" and a similar statement might be made concerning the work of

the normal schools in most other European countries. This is, perhaps, the most serious problem that is before the normal school in our country to-day; for, on the one hand, the people in many localities where it has been newly established cry out against it as a needless extravagance, attempting work which can as well be accomplished by the high schools already in existence; and, on the other hand, it is found to be impossible to get students who have sufficient academic preparation to qualify them to undertake intelligently strictly professional work. This apparent overlapping of the provinces of the high and normal school has engendered a great deal of strife between them in the past, and in some localities this antagonism is still very annoying. Theoretically, the normal school is a strictly professional institution; it is established to lead its students to become acquainted with the nature of the child to be educated, and to understand how the subjects of instruction in the schools must be adapted to develop that nature in the best, broadest, and most speedy manner possible. It presupposes on the part of those who seek its instruction a knowledge of the different subjects upon which the child's mind is to be exercised in the school; but this knowledge has reference only to the facts of any subject arranged in a logical order, which constitutes it a science, and not to these facts in their relation to the growing, developing mind. In other words, the normal school expects its prospective students to have an academic or scientific knowledge of the branches of instruction, and its business will be to give them a *teaching* knowledge of the same subjects, — to lead them to reflect upon, and become masters of, the best methods of stimulating the child's mind in order to achieve any desired result. It further expects to lead its students to become intelligently critical of all the conditions in their future schoolrooms which will affect the activity of their pupils' minds

either favorably or unfavorably, and it will enable them to become skillful in so ordering the environment as to make all work toward the more ready and complete attainment of the wished-for end. This work is spoken of, generally, under the heads, psychology, pedagogy, methods of teaching the various branches, school economy, history of education, ethics, and apprenticeship, or practice teaching under criticism. Strictly speaking, this is all the normal school should attempt to do, and it is all it would do in a well defined, closely articulated school system. With high school or college graduates it would take perhaps two years to complete this work in proper fashion, although very much good could be gotten from it in one year. But, as is well known, there are few normal schools in our country that do only this professional work, most of them offering two or three years of distinctly academic or high school work, which the majority of students are obliged to take because of insufficient previous preparation. It is not usually the choice of the normal school that it does this high school work; on the contrary, it has generally striven to get along without it, but it has rarely been successful.

That there is often a just complaint against a waste of educational energy, while the normal school is doing what can and ought properly to be done by the high school, must certainly be acknowledged; but the blame must not be heaped upon the normal school alone, for it is but striving to adapt itself to the various needs of the school system of which it is a part. There is, in some instances at least, a justification for its offering academic courses; for it is often located in communities where the high schools cannot give the preparation needed, or are not numerous enough to accommodate all who would be obliged to attend them if graduation were necessary before entering the normal. This is especially true in many of the Western States, but

it can scarcely apply to many of the older Eastern States, where the normal schools offer about the same amount of academic work. In a community where there are abundant opportunities for academic preparation, as in Massachusetts or New York, it seems to many people to be wasteful of educational energy for the normal school to spend the better part of its strength in duplicating these opportunities; and yet, upon closer examination, it will not appear so wasteful, for it is known to all schoolmen that the academic work in the normal schools in these States is of a much higher character, from a pedagogical standpoint, than that done in the high schools, and illustrates to prospective teachers in a much sounder and better manner how the various subjects must be taught in their own schools; and the environment of the normal school is much more healthful and stimulative to the candidate for pedagogical insight and ability than is that of the academy or high school. In the one case the novice is surrounded constantly by conditions that indicate to him what will be essential for the most complete success in his future work; good illustrations and suggestions of the art of teaching are ever before him, and these cannot but have an influence, unrecognized though it may be, in preparing him the better for his work; and this, too, when he is busily engaged in his academic studies. In the other case he has no such surrounding influences; his associations in no wise suggest to him the character of the work he will be called upon to do in his own schools, and are no help whatever to him in preparing for it: there is no practice school, no experimental work in teaching all about him, — in short, no *teaching* atmosphere that the high school student continually inhales, as does his more favored normal competitor. This teaching environment has certainly a most beneficial influence upon the thousands of youth, all over our country, who remain

in the normal schools for a year or two, doing only academic work, and then go into the ordinary district schools to labor. They have seen somewhat of things pedagogical, and will have some star, of lesser magnitude though it may be, that will keep them looking forward and upward.

There are other reasons why the normal school has found it expedient to do academic work, and chief among them is this: that a great many who are now helped by the normal would never receive its benefits if they had to wait until they could first pursue a course in the high school. It is well known that it is in the main those who have become dependent upon their own efforts for a livelihood who look forward to securing such positions as the normal school can prepare them for; and, consequently, it is this needy class of students that the normal school receives. And again, the positions which these normal-trained teachers will fill do not offer such financial returns as will encourage them to make elaborate and scholarly preparation for their work. If they take places in the elementary schools,—and it is with tacit understanding that they will do this that the State has given them their education,—they will receive little more, and in some States no more, than the ordinary unskilled laborer working on the farm or in the woods. The average wages paid to elementary teachers in sixty-nine of the principal cities given in Commissioner Harris's last report does not exceed sixty dollars per month, and in many cities it falls considerably below this, for positions such as the ordinary normal school graduate can fill; while the average wages paid to district school teachers in most of the Eastern States does not exceed twenty-five dollars per month, and in some of the Western and Southern States it is appreciably less. Most of the cities that pay good wages have private normal schools now to prepare their own teachers, so that

this leaves only the poorly paid positions in elementary and some secondary schools for the graduates of the state normal school.

If, then, the normal school is to prepare teachers for the common schools, it cannot exact a very high standard of preparatory training from them, and at the same time give them such professional instruction as it now attempts to. It feels that it cannot ask them to spend four years in the high school before they can enjoy its privileges; but instead it must give high and normal school training combined, in two, three, or four years, as the case may require. If the normal school should refuse to accommodate itself in this way to the common schools, the result would be, as has been shown in two or three notable instances, that, on the one hand, it would get few students,—those only who are looking toward the higher positions in secondary schools; and on the other hand, the common schools would employ only those who have had very little, if any professional training, and the purpose of the normal school would thus be frustrated. It is not true as yet, at least in most parts of our country, that the normal school can set the standard for the common school by raising its own requirements for admission and graduation. The normal is at present being conditioned by the common school, instead of setting it a standard. And this seems eminently proper, in a certain sense; for while in matters pedagogical the normal school should be authority, yet in matters financial and in the general subject of common school education the voice of the people should be heard.

Is the normal school, then, doing just what is best under the circumstances? And, in the general evolution of our school system, will it always take and hold its rightful place? From its history it would seem that it has had to get its present place by more or less of violence, and it is not to be believed that

its future is to be free from struggles in attaining the ideals that have long been before it. In order that the normal school shall attempt only professional work, or more advanced work of any kind than it is attempting now, it must first have some assurance that its teachers will find such places in the schools as will warrant them in spending the required amount of time and money in preparation. Legislation must ordain that no teacher shall be employed in any school, toward the maintenance of which public funds are appropriated, unless he shall have a certain amount of professional training; this amount to be determined by the character of the school he is to teach, and the ability of the people in the community to compensate him for his work. This would have a most salutary effect upon the common schools themselves, making them far more efficient than they now are, and enabling them to accomplish more fully the purposes for which they are established and supported at public expense. In his report of 1891-92, as secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, John W. Dickinson says: "It is a great misfortune to the schools that about fifteen hundred new recruits annually enter the corps of public school teachers. The time has long passed when it should be possible for a person to enter the ranks without special training, successful practice under searching criticism, and certification for the work by proper authorities. When such requirements are made imperative, the supply will no longer exceed the demand; then wages for teaching will rise to the level of those paid for clerical work and other professional service." When this is done, the work of the normal school will be more clearly defined. It can demand of its students such an amount of preparatory training as will enable them intelligently to undertake its professional work, and it can organize its instruction so as to prepare teachers for the com-

mon schools, feeling sure that they will be needed.

Looking at the work of the normal school in some of the European countries, we find a somewhat different, and in many respects more favorable condition of affairs. In Prussia, at the close of the year 1889, there were one hundred and sixteen normal schools under the direction of the government, all of which were preparing teachers solely for the people's, or elementary schools. No teacher can find a permanent position in these people's schools unless he possesses a diploma from one of the normals; and the effect of this is to draw into the schools only those who have had professional instruction. It must be granted that the work of the normal school, wherever found, and its relative position in a school system, must be determined by the character of the rest of the system, since it is not properly an institution of learning in itself, but a *training* school, designed to give healthy and wholesome direction to the schools that are concerned with learning in literature and in the arts and sciences. Now, in Prussia, teaching is a life business, and the teacher is a state officer, who receives a pension when he becomes incapacitated by age for profitable labor. The Prussian government is able to determine approximately how many teachers will be needed for the schools each year, and it can so order the normal school work as just to supply these needs. In our own country, of course, there is no such certainty; for no one has any idea how many new teachers will be needed at any given period, since very many of those employed at any time are only working under a sort of compulsion, looking forward to some fortuitous circumstance, such as marriage or a favorable business opportunity, to release them from their captivity. Our elementary schools, too, it seems, are not regarded so highly by the people at large as are the people's schools

in Prussia, and consequently the social position of our elementary teachers is not so favorable in comparison; and this does not encourage teachers of talent to go into our common schools, but leaves the places instead to persons with scanty preparation and culture as well as a lack of native strength and ability. In France, there are now about one hundred and seventy normal schools, or "training colleges," that prepare teachers for the elementary schools only; while several higher training colleges, such as the well-known *École Normale Supérieure* at Paris, in the Sorbonne, and chairs of pedagogy at Lyons, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, afford the teachers in the higher schools whatever professional training they get. In Prussia, the departments of pedagogy in the universities afford opportunities to prepare for the higher positions. In Scotland, the seven training colleges and the chairs of pedagogy at St. Andrews and Edinburgh prepare teachers for all grades of the schools; and here, as in Prussia, the state gives such protection and encouragement to its teachers as to lead all who enter the profession to remain there. In England, the efforts of the forty-four training colleges are spent mainly in supplying the elementary schools with teachers, although work of a higher grade has been encouraged; and now Oxford and Cambridge are making provisions to prepare teachers for the higher positions. The normal school work in Austria and Hungary is much like that in Prussia, being made very definite because of the definiteness of the different phases of the school system as a whole.

In comparison with these countries, it can be seen that the normal school with us has as yet a rather uncertain field of work, so far as the preparation of teachers for any particular grade of school instruction is concerned. The place which its originators in this country expected it would fill is being filled now, in some States, by teachers' classes for a term or

so in the academies and high schools; in other States, by summer schools and teachers' institutes; while in a few the field is still vacant. The normal school in our country has ever been ambitious to do work of a higher character than would fit its students to labor contentedly in the humble institutions that correspond approximately to the people's schools in other lands; and that this is a worthy ambition need not be denied here. But as our educational facilities have increased, and our school work as a whole has aimed toward higher standards, there has been a growing sentiment that the higher positions in teaching should demand a broad general as well as professional education, and it has never been seriously maintained that the normal school could or ought to give the first of these. So the colleges and universities have risen to the occasion, and have added chairs and departments to their regular curricula, designed to afford opportunities for some professional instruction for such college students as intend to become teachers. A few universities, such as De Pauw, Hillsdale, the University at Nashville, Tenn., and others, have established veritable normal schools, which do work much like that of the ordinary public normal school, except perhaps that they are enabled, because of their environment, to maintain more scholarly standards. In addition there have been founded independent normal colleges, such as the New York College for the Training of Teachers and the college at Albany, N. Y., which do strictly professional work of a high character; aiming to fit their students for positions in training schools, for principalships, superintendencies, etc. They are, properly speaking, post-graduate professional schools. There has been a strong desire felt of late, also, by many of the better class of the state normal schools, to found post-graduate departments, where work like that of the independent normal colleges can be done, admitting to

this course only college graduates; and such courses are now being offered by some of the normal schools in Massachusetts, and by several in other parts of the country. This very naturally suggests the question, Shall then all positions in the secondary schools be closed to the ordinary trained teachers? As at present arranged, a considerable number of teachers in secondary institutions have had only normal school training, and the normal schools have been very ambitious to prepare at least some of their teachers for such places. But, as has been said, the opportunities for a college and university education have multiplied so rapidly that there has been developed a strong sentiment in favor of college-trained persons taking the secondary positions; and this is being carried into effect as rapidly as the schools can afford the increased expense. It may be questioned, however, if the colleges can as yet prepare teachers for the secondary schools as well as the normal school. They can and do give broad scholarship and technical knowledge; but these are ineffective instruments in the hands of the average college man or woman, with no professional training or experience. As between good professional training with ordinary scholarship, and good scholarship with no teaching knowledge, circumstances and personality will usually decide which is the more serviceable, although it may with reason be held that the art of teaching can be readily acquired by one who has had good scholarly discipline; but it must be remembered that the college-trained person generally sticks to teaching only long enough to acquire this art, and during his years of apprenticeship the normal school graduate will be even in the race, and in many cases ahead. If the college man had had good examples of teaching set him at his Alma Mater, he would not be so utterly at sea at first; but it is a well-known fact that college instructors and professors are not in

any considerable numbers *teachers*, and they look down with a feeling akin to contempt upon all efforts to acquire the art. When pedagogical courses were first offered in several of the universities of the country, the professors in other departments generally advised their students to keep out of them, and this attitude is still held to some extent; and while perhaps there was not much to be gained from the usual university course in pedagogy, yet there was, and is, hostility to it on general principles.

There is, no doubt, some justification for this attitude on the part of college men toward the art of teaching, for in all their work with students they emphasize the spirit of independence and research; while those who have been engaged in the training of teachers have been, in the main, impressing upon them their own individuality and methods of teaching, and have laid little store by independent investigation on the part of their students. We have heard in past years, and do hear still, a great deal about "cut-and-dried methods of teaching;" and as the normal school has been the chief dispenser of these, it has gained an unenviable reputation in college circles, and as a consequence the whole system that has to do with the making of teachers has come to be looked upon with suspicion. It is true that a majority of those who have been at the normal schools have been getting mainly cut-and-dried methods and devices of teaching, and the philosophical and psychological principles underlying these have been neglected. The practice departments of many of the normal schools have been places where the prospective teacher could get such devices and methods as those at the head of the departments had found useful, but where it would be possible for him to make but little original investigation. We need not search far to find the reasons for this state of affairs. In the first place, the students who have sought these schools

have not had the culture and training that would enable them to investigate and understand abstract principles of education, and apply them in original research and discovery in the practice schools. Most of them have had to be imitators, for they have not had the intellectual discipline that would make them intelligently independent; and the normal schools have held that they might better be followers of those who have had conspicuous success in teaching than go on in their own crude way for the sake of the mere sentiment, in their cases, of independence. Again, students have gone to the normal schools for a definite, practical purpose; they have been anxious to get something which they could use in their schoolrooms at once, rather than wait several years to work out into serviceable application the philosophical and psychological principles which they might get in their preparatory study. For the ordinary untrained mind, one that has not become skillful in tracing the delicate thread of cause and effect in mental activity, there is a great gap between psychological theory and the actual organization of work in the classroom so as to attain in the most speedy and safe manner possible the desired end of educational processes. The normal schools have, perhaps, emphasized too much the side of organization, and have thus not allowed enough freedom for the development of personality in the teachers they have trained; but this condition is gradually changing according as students are having better opportunities for broader mental discipline before they enter the school. The practice schools are becoming the educational experimental stations of our country, and are, with a few exceptions, making whatever advances are being made in educational practice. They are no longer closely bound to past or even to existing methods of teaching, but are investigating along all lines looking toward improvement; and already much has been done

in proving the value of new subjects of study, and introducing them into the common school course; and also in a more definite study of child nature, and the adaptation of school instruction to that nature. But of course the normal school is a practical institution, and must do practical work; it must have certain methods of school organization and teaching in which it believes, and it must ever impress these upon its students, so that they will have something in hand when they go into their own schools. It is supposed to be, and most often is, the abiding-place of all the best that has been worked out in the past toward an art of teaching; and there is certainly no one who has ever tried his hand at the art who will not acknowledge that there is a considerable body of information concerning it that may profitably be acquired from those who have had successful experience, just as is the case in any of the arts which men practice. A teacher will not deal most wisely with a child's mind in the school, any more than a physician will deal most wisely with its body, without study and apprenticeship. It has been the failure of the universities to recognize the importance of this study and apprenticeship in the art of teaching that has made them so slow in giving it a place in their curricula; and the consequence is that college-trained persons who teach have, in most cases, to work out *de novo* their art, — very poorly, too, sometimes, and at a great disadvantage to themselves and to the pupils under their direction.

But there are some signs that this difficulty is passing away, and that the secondary schools can get competently prepared teachers who have had the advantages of training in the higher institutions. In the first place, as we have seen, higher normal schools are being established that aim especially to give instruction in the history, theory, and art of education to college graduates; and attempts are being made also to have

college-graduate departments in the public normal schools; but most of these are not yet ready for this step, for they cannot support a faculty of such scholarship and attainments as will attract college men and women. Again, a number of universities, such as Harvard and Cornell, have established summer schools designed particularly to aid teachers in service in secondary schools, and these have already proved to be of value. University extension has also done something for the better class of teachers, but it has been more along the line of general culture than of systematic training in any of the branches, either on the academic or professional side. More important than any of these, however, is the comparatively recent establishment of departments and chairs of pedagogy, and the offering of teachers' courses in a number of colleges and universities in all parts of the country. The first step in this direction was taken by Brown University in 1851, but the University of Iowa was the first to establish a permanent department of pedagogy, graduation from which was indicated by the degree of bachelor of pedagogy. In several of the universities, as Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford, and in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there are special courses offered for teachers in service, these dealing mainly with the methods of teaching subjects in the secondary schools; but Harvard offers several courses for primary and grammar teachers as well.

An examination of the work done in these universities shows that instruction is given mainly in the *science* or *theory* of education; for while in all of them courses are offered in the history, science, and art of teaching, yet this *art* consists almost wholly of the theory as to how the different subjects should be taught, there being no opportunity for testing and applying this theory, which, it must be granted, is an essential condition in order that the art of teaching

may be serviceably acquired. As these departments of pedagogy are at present organized, it is impossible to do any such work in the art of teaching as is required in the normal school, for there are no practice or experimental schools where the student can test his ability to work out theory into practice. The most that is attempted in this direction is to send the student into the public schools in the vicinity and have him observe what is being done there; but even observing another's work is hardly acquiring the art for one's self, although it certainly may be an aid toward it. In some of the universities, of which Clark University at Worcester, Mass., is an example, very little attention is given to the art of teaching as compared with the science of education, the purpose being "to give instruction and training to those who are preparing to be professors of pedagogy, superintendents, or teachers in the higher institutions," and "to make scientific contributions to education." The work in education at Leland Stanford, as Professor Earl Barnes says in a recent number of the *Educational Review*, "is not intended primarily to fit students for the grammar grades and lower high school positions in California. . . . Our aim is, instead, to turn out a few thoroughly trained men and women with a scientific knowledge of children, with some experience in examining educational problems at first hand, with a good knowledge of the development of the human mind in the past, and fairly well acquainted with the best thought and practice in educational matters at present." In Cornell, Michigan, Minnesota, and other universities, practical lecture courses are given in the art of instruction and school management in general, methods of teaching the various branches, school economy, and school hygiene; and some observation of school systems and class work in the vicinity is required. It is worthy of note here that the colleges for women, with two or three exceptions, offer no

courses whatever in either the science or the art of education, though of course all pedagogic work in coeducational institutions is open to women as well as men.

It can be seen from this brief review that our higher institutions are not yet ready adequately to train teachers for positions in the secondary schools; nor can they expect to be able to do this until they have connected with their pedagogical departments model and practice schools where candidates can see good teaching done, and can themselves attempt to teach under the care and guidance of some skilled critic. In Germany there are practice schools connected with the universities, where all students of education try to apply their theory; and this is true in some measure in Scotland, for there are training colleges in connection with some of the universities, such as Edinburgh and St. Andrews. The need of practice schools as an aid to the work in our own universities has come to be generally acknowledged, and in a recent number of the *Pedagogical Seminary* President G. Stanley Hall outlines a plan for such a school at Clark University, and urges its immediate establishment. Until this step shall be quite generally taken by the universities, either the normal schools must continue to give professional instruction to those seeking positions in

secondary schools, and even instructorships in colleges, or else these positions must be filled by incompetently prepared teachers. In his last report, Commissioner Harris says in this connection: "It may be said that an intelligent graduate of a thoroughly taught high school, who had attentively read Compayré's *History of Pedagogical Ideas*, a book on methods and management, and Sully's *Psychology*, for example, might graduate immediately and with honor from the great majority of the normal departments or teachers' courses of our colleges and universities."

As a last word, then, it must be said that the true function of the normal school, while yet impossible to be fully realized because of the character of our school system as a whole, is still being gradually approached as the duties of the several parts of this system become more clearly defined and accomplished. It should be emphasized again that the normal school must adapt itself to the other parts of our school system; it must wait for them to determine in a large measure its field of usefulness. That it has come to stay there can be little question, and it is only a matter of time when it shall attain its ideal, that of purely professional instruction in the preparation of teachers for the elementary schools.

M. V. O'Shea.

SOME LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

THESE letters were, with one exception, written to me. In four of them are a few short passages which have already been printed. I print them again, to make the context complete. The allusions to my health will be explained by my saying that for some years I was confined to crutches, couch, and invalid carriage.

The notes of Conversations were writ-

ten down the day after the talks took place, in letters to my aunt, Lady Louis, then at Malta, where Sir John Louis was Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard. The first two conversations were at my lodgings in Albert Terrace, and the third at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buller in Queen Square Place, where I was then on a visit.

I give so much of my own share in

the conversation as is required to make that of Carlyle clear; but I would not now be made responsible for any opinions which I may have held fifty-six years ago.

Edward Strachey.

LETTER I.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Saturday, *June*, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR, — I could come to you, with great pleasure, any night *after* Monday, the 11th; but till then I am delivering a course of extempore lectures which keeps me in continual nervousness and fret, and obliges me to decline all invitations whatever, — unfortunate dyspeptic as I am!

Some day next week, now that I know your address, I will see you, with the additional hope of seeing your good mother also, to whom, as to a friend now of many years, I beg to commend myself with all manner of good wishes.

Along with this I send a small pamphlet, promised to Lady Louis, which arrived only the night before last. I recommend you to read it in passing.

Believe me ever,

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER II.

CHELSEA, Monday, *June* 18, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am not rightly well this week, having met with a little accident, or *tumble*, the other day, and fear I must not venture out so far to dinner. I hope to call some morning (Friday or sooner) and have a little speech with you; unless the *rain* go very contrary indeed, I will make this out.

Your surgeon's order precisely agrees with my ideas. Salt water and sea air, — these are of all things to me the wholesomest. I do hope they will do you good in this fine season.

Believe me always,

Most truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

CONVERSATION I.

June 8, 1838.

Carlyle dines with me next week. He called here the other day. I forget whether I mentioned that he was lecturing on literature in general. His course is nearly complete, and Sterling told me he would get £250 by it. Carlyle said to me that nothing but necessity should make him lecture or write; for he had said all he had to say at present, and he wished to remain in quiet and silence. He has written an article on Sir Walter Scott, which I hear is very good. Sterling has lent it to me.

CONVERSATION II.

(On Friday, *June* 22, 1838, Carlyle, my cousin John Kirkpatrick, and my friend Samuel Clark dined with me.)

E. S. Do you go out of town this summer, Mr. Carlyle?

T. C. Yes; but we have n't yet fixed where it will be. Living in London is very bad for the health, but not so much from the climate as from the excitement and stimulating state of every man's mind. Every man that you meet seems in a fever: he sees you for a minute, and knows you will then go your way and meet some one else; so he comes out with some remark which is pungent and shall make an impression, that it may not easily be effaced by the next comer. When I return to London, after any absence, I feel in a strange, unnatural element for some time, and don't know how to accustom myself to it.

(Enter Kirkpatrick, followed by a leg of Welsh mutton, fish curry, green peas, and, later, macaroni and tartlets, etc.)

T. C. (to *J. K.*) Are you of the family of the Closeburn Kirkpatricks?

J. K. A distant branch, but we came through Ireland.

T. C. Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick is a man much looked up to in the county, but he lives now in a little appanage of the Closeburn estate, which he has parted with.

(Then we proceeded to discourse of sheriff deputes, procurators fiscal, coroners, lord advocates, trial of a boy by jury for stealing a jackass, at which Mr. Carlyle, one of the men summoned, but not impaneled on the jury, corrected a proof sheet, etc.)

E. S. Who signs "F" in the London Review?

T. C. Can you tell me the subject of the paper? Then I may be able to say.

E. S. An article on the Statistical Society.

T. C. No, I do not know; but I was going to ask, for he is a man of some intellect.

E. S. I was particularly delighted with his idea that facts are toads with jewels in their heads, and that the Statistical Society carefully collected the toads, and carefully rejected the jewels.

All. Hear! Hear!

T. C. Yes; that's just the way with all the societies in London, from the Royal Society downwards; they are of no use for anything except eating dinners and drinking tea. And they are now beginning to discover this, and to apply the whole energy of the Body Corporate to these more important affairs. The Royal Society have now got the best establishment for tea-making that is to be found anywhere on the same scale. When I was at one of their meetings, there was some sort of a paper being read with an infinite deal of tedium; but then they all rose up with great alacrity and proceeded to the library, where there was most excellent tea prepared; and this they evidently felt to be the real business of the evening.

E. S. The article on Fra Paolo Sarpi is an able one; who is that by?

T. C. He is a foreigner, — some such name as Montanzi; a man of some talent, but a furious radical, one who has no notion except of pulling down; but he is a young man, and may get wiser.

E. S. I suppose it is unreasonable to expect that an Italian, when he opens

his eyes, should be anything more than a mere destructive, since he has never seen anything of any kind in the form of good institutions.

T. C. Yes.

E. S. Lady Louis gives me an interesting account of Mrs. Austin's proceedings at Malta. She is setting up schools everywhere, and the priests are coöperating. It would be a fine thing if they were really to begin to reform their religion.

T. C. Yes; but I fear there is no chance of it.

E. S. The papacy seems to be on the eve of breaking up everywhere.

T. C. From all I hear, things in Italy resemble a ripe pear, ready to drop with the first touch: the whole is ready to be removed, only there is nothing to put in its place; no one is prepared with anything.

E. S. Mrs. Austin is, I suppose, now on her way home?

T. C. And the commission is recalled. It seems to have been just appointed to give Austin something, and also there was a sort of clamor among the people; the fact is, they are all starving.

E. S. Yes; and the remedy is a newspaper to create a public opinion, which being at present non-existent, the government meanwhile is to support the paper.

T. C. I do not know how a newspaper will remedy the evil. If you were to have a newspaper for every man in the island, it would not fill their bellies; and till you feed them it is no use trying to give them education. It would be even better to kill them, just to blow them away from your cannon, than to let them linger on in this miserable way, which is death to the soul as well as to the body.

(We then turned to my brother in India, then to Sir Henry Strachey, then to the Somerset M. P.'s.)

T. C. The counties seem to be becoming more and more Tory, but the towns more Radical; and I think it is

quite a mistake to believe you will ever bring the towns back again to Conservatism. It's all very well for Sir Robert Peel to talk about it. He probably thinks that the best of all things — the main end to be aimed at — is that he, Sir Robert Peel, should be Prime Minister, and hopes things are tending to that.

E. S. I hope Peel will never be in office again. He has no political principles, though I do not doubt his individual and private integrity.

S. C. He is certainly a most poor creature.

T. C. I think the constituencies are beginning to see through him: they are beginning to see that he is a sham, and that the time for shams is past. It did very well for Canning, but Peel is too late, and we must now have realities. The Duke of Wellington seems to me the only man in the present day who is anything of a good statesman; I have said so ever since he was Minister. People said he could not speak, but whenever he got up he always had something he *meant* to say; there was a real meaning, and that seems to be the main thing in speaking.

E. S. Maurice says that if the duke has not his head in the clear sky, yet his feet are firm on the ground; whereas these wretched creatures are merely in the clouds, with no footing at all. What would the men at Conservative dinners, who sing "The pilot that weathered the storm" after Peel's health, say to us?

T. C. Are these your books in these shelves?

E. S. Yes, such as I have room for; but I am obliged to stow away lots in cupboards and places.

T. C. The *Odyssey* and *Iliad* are remarkable for the simplicity and truth with which they exhibit human life; but all this Pope has lost in his translation.

E. S. I think Cowper has succeeded in making very fine poems.

S. C. Do you know Sotheby's translations, Mr. Carlyle?

T. C. No; but I think the best thing he could do would be to translate them into prose; he would give more of the spirit than in any other way.

S. C. And the order of the words in Greek would be as much as possible preserved.

T. C. Look at our translations of Hebrew poetry; they are in prose, but there can be nothing finer or more poetical than this literal translation into the good old Saxon.

E. S. I have just been reading Lowth on Isaiah; his dissertation is most interesting, and his translations are most spirited.

T. C. Yes, it is an excellent book; have you got it?

E. S. I have borrowed it from Mr. Dunn.

S. C. It is remarkable, in comparing the older translations, — the Bishop's Bible, that of Tyndale, and that of Coverdale, — how often our version has left them for the worse as regards language.

T. C. I do not know any of those translations you mention, but ours is still very fine, a noble specimen of Saxon English. Lowth says it is the best specimen in the language.

(Then we talked about American humor: of the man who was so tall that he got a ladder to shave himself; of the man who put his coat to bed, when he came home on a wet night, and then hung himself on the back of a chair to dry; of the man — the last new one — who, to avoid the expense of coach horses, put himself into his carpet bag, and then, taking it in his hand, passed himself off as luggage.)

T. C. These things show a great deal of intellect floating about in America, and not knowing what form to put itself into.

J. K. I suppose Channing is one of their ablest men.

T. C. He never thoroughly raises himself above the commonplace. I often think he is just going to take some fine poetic flight, but, to my disappointment,

he never fairly gets on the wing. He should either soar altogether above the earth, or be content to go on in his splay-footed course.

E. S. But is not that the consequence of his being a Unitarian?

T. C. Yes, I think it is. If he were to rise any higher than he does, he must give up his Unitarianism. I think the author of that pamphlet I sent through you to Lady Louis is about the man of most mind in America.

E. S. There are striking things in it, but he does not seem to have thought out his views.

T. C. No; only glimpses of truth.

E. S. Was it not strange that such plain, practical men as the Americans should have adopted the Rousseau theory as the foundation of their Constitution?

T. C. They just wanted to express their feeling that they had a right to freedom; and they were determined, as all our colonies have been, that they would not be taxed without their own consent. But when you come to put down a theory about freedom, you find that your words are just nonsense; there is no meaning in them. People seem to think that the great thing is to have a vote for a member of Parliament; but I do not myself feel that this is essential to my freedom, or enough to make me free to have the five hundredth part of a whole goose talking nonsense in the House of Commons. I want something else, although I cannot define what it is. I think the principle of government must be *carrière aux talents*, but the difficulty is to find out the proper men of talent. Yet if there were not some real men in public, but above all in private life; if there were none but your Peels, shams, things would break up altogether, and we should have the French Revolution over and over again, till the whole world was in ashes.

E. S. Does not our Constitution provide better than any other for bringing forward the ablest men?

T. C. I don't know. Look at Robert

Burns, a man fit for anything (for his poetry was but an accident, just when he found opportunity for it), and at a time when, of all others, we wanted men, and he spent his life gauging beer casks. Look at Sir Robert Peel, the head of the country, and Dr. Johnson living on fourpence a day. Our representative system is useful as showing how much the people will submit to, and what a wise governor may do without bloodshed; but the will of the majority is usually, if not always, in the wrong for the first fifty years. When they cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" that was the will of the majority; when the most frightful crime ever committed, the most lamentable mistake ever made, was enacting, it was by the will of the great majority of all classes. I must wish you good-night; I will soon call on you again.

CONVERSATION III.

October 11, 1838.

Carlyle and his wife dined with us last night. She is a very pleasing woman. She appears to have a good deal of humor; and though she seems very gentle, I hear that she has a sharp wit when she chooses to exercise it. Aunt Buller told me that Sterling wrote Mrs. Carlyle a severe lecture on her proceedings in this line. They were at a party, when Sterling, in a very solemn manner, pronounced the world to be a mere sepulchre, adding, "But there are martyrs' crowns for some of us." To this Mrs. Carlyle rejoined, "Yes; but I don't think any of us seem much inclined to try for them." A laugh was immediately raised against poor Sterling's oracular declaration, and the next morning Mrs. Carlyle got the letter.

Carlyle was as interesting as usual. I think he is second to no one but Maurice in the depth and earnestness of his humanity. Would that, like Maurice, he could see what is the only means and method of delivering man from all evil, and restoring him to perfect bliss! He is just returned from Scotland, and says

that all over the north there are indications of a fearful storm gathering among the people and artisans. In one place where he was staying he used to hear a loom at work till twelve o'clock at night, and it used to wake him before seven in the morning; and when he inquired what it was, he was told that there was a weaver next door, — a man with a wife and six children, — earning six shillings a week by his seventeen hours of daily work. And while ministers and all public men in Parliament and in the newspapers are declaring that the condition of the workingman is very prosperous, such misery as this is too common all over the country. And when men, instead of earning six shillings, are earning two guineas a week, their condition is really no better. Whether we pay them ill or well, we treat them equally as mere machines for providing us with selfish indulgences; and we have utterly neglected and abandoned all duties towards them, till they have sunk into a brutalized state which is becoming quite intolerable to themselves. In many places they are forming societies for purchasing rifles by a subscription of a penny a week. They are desperate men, who say it is better to shoot or be shot than to endure this any longer; and, says Carlyle, "we shall soon have insurrections, and these poor creatures must be put down by sabre and gallows, and then perhaps thinking men will be roused to seek for a remedy." He observed that the Duke of Buccleugh has about fifty thousand men working for him, and giving up to him two thirds of the fruit of their labors; and yet it never occurs to him (though he is by no means a bad man) that he has any duties to perform to any one of this multitude. They may live on their six shillings a week, while he imports his cartloads of foxes from Ireland as the best mode of employing his great wealth. Truly did he add that such a state of things is what the old priests would have called a damnable heresy.

(Mrs. Phillips [Blumine] had asked me to inquire how the late governess of her daughter might find employment in translating from the German, and the following is Carlyle's reply.)

LETTER III.

CHELSEA, August 27, 1841.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — You judge rightly that it would at any time give me very high satisfaction could I be of the smallest service to the lady now named Mrs. Phillips, the remembrance of whom, under what name soever, is always pleasant to me! I have, unfortunately, however, no connection at all with any publisher of German things; nor do I know in the least how they manage that business now, except, perhaps, that as there is greatly more demand for German ware in these days than gold, some wages *may* now, by wise methods, be derivable from it, which was hardly the case in my days. Mrs. Austin seems to be the established hand at present; Mrs. Jameson, too, works in it. I rather fancy the chief difficulty is to *fix on some book* likely to succeed, — which of course is the translator's own task. There is seldom any offer of a given book to be translated; or indeed, if there were, I suppose hundreds are ready for it on bread-and-water terms. Translation, I doubt, is no very good resource; indeed, literature in any shape, without some express vocation and necessity, is a thing not to be recommended to any one, — to a young lady least of all. My own prosecution of it was entered upon only by the severest compulsion, and has been a life-and-death wrestle all along. Whosoever does not think lightly of *starvation*, in comparison with several things that he will see practiced, ought to keep aloof altogether from that province.

However, if the young lady so decide on trying the enterprise, I should think her best plan would be to *prepare* some actual translation and write it out in a legible hand, — some promising book, if she know of one, not of great extent, —

whereby it could be judged what faculty she had fit for this business, and whether there were any hope in prosecuting it. I could show Mrs. Jameson such a performance; ask her advice about it; she is a reasonable, energetic, and very helpful woman. This is all very light; little other, as you see, than darkness visible.

You are very kind to sympathize so heartily with my books; the response of an honest, natural human heart is precious to whomsoever speaks. The tolerance of men is very great; I might say, the rarity of every word honestly spoken, and the growing desire for such, and for such only, is very notable in these times, — with deep sorrow, yet with hope that cannot die!

You should have come to see me. But indeed my wayfarings have been a little will-o'-wispish this season, and even still liable to be; for I feel I must soon be out of this Nebuchadnezzar furnace of a London, and know not in the least whitherward. Will you offer my loving remembrance to your good lady mother, from whom it is very long since I have heard anything? For yourself, be of good hope; and what is perhaps almost better, be a good patient in the interim, resigned to the will of One who knows better than we.

Yours always affectionately,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER IV.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Friday night, August 26, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have, as you know, a most kind message from your mother; the answer to which is still in a state of earnest adjudication, the pleadings *pro* and *contra* not yet completed.

Your great distance and my limited power of walking in this hot weather form a great obstacle to our meeting. It strikes me that if you could drive down hither some day, and would consent to wait five minutes till I put on my coat, I would cheerfully go out to drive with you, and we might make a

pleasant visit of it without trouble. Any day till two o'clock, and generally till near three, I am to be found here.

Or, alas! perhaps your carriage holds only two, the servant and yourself; that did not strike me till now. If so, pray never mind it farther; we will meet some other way.

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER V.

CHELSEA, September 21, 1842.

DEAR STRACHEY, — About a week ago I addressed a note to you at 11 Mount Street. Going yesterday to call upon you there, I found that it was a wrong address; that you were not discoverable there! Rather unwisely, I had left your last note with Mrs. Buller, to keep her in mind of your address; I fancying that I could carry it safely in my head. The worst will be if the note have miscarried, for it contained a small letter to your mother on a subject that could ill afford to wait longer for an answer. My hope is that the postman of your street had sagacity and memory enough to correct the number from his own resources. Trusting partly to this, I send you a new note with the old address, but with a supplement or *pis aller*. When you answer me, I will pay better heed to the cipher.

The main purport of my visit yesterday was to say that my wife, who is a chess-player of some eminence, like yourself, will be very happy to come and play a game with you whenever you can send to give her warning, and fetch her up and down. She is, unfortunately, no walker, but very well affected to chess and to you.

My brother seems to be about Beaumaris, with intent to continue some weeks in that neighborhood, and pass over into Scotland for a few days.

Believe me always, dear Mr. Strachey,

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER VI.

CHELSEA, September 26, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — Thursday 1st stands fixed for the chess game, unless you say No. The lady will be ready to start at one o'clock.

I meant to have called and *said* this to-day; but alas! could not.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

(In the autumn of 1842, my old school-fellow, Mr. [now Sir] Charles Hutton Gregory, told me that a friend of his, Mr. — by name, wished me to inform Carlyle that he was in possession of the head of Oliver Cromwell, and invited him to go and see it. I have applied to Sir Charles Gregory to confirm my recollection, and he now writes as follows: —

"I believe it is a matter of history¹ that Cromwell was embalmed before his burial, and that his body was exhumed and beheaded, and that the head was stuck upon a pike and set up on the top of Westminster Hall, from which it disappeared one windy night.

"Years after this, the reputed head was in the possession of the Russell family, from whom its descent to the possession of the late Mr. — was never disputed.

"When I saw it, the head was in a very old box; it was stuck on a pike, which had been broken off from its lower part; upon parts of it there was hair of a chestnut color. Experts stated that it had evidently been embalmed, and the head cut off from the body long afterwards, and that it bore such a re-

semblance as might be expected to a cast of Cromwell's face taken after death.

"The legend which connected ancient history with modern was as follows: —

"It was said that a sentry who was on guard when the head was blown down picked it up and hid it, and subsequently sold it to a member of the Russell family.

"From what I saw and heard more than fifty years ago I was quite convinced that the head was genuine, which is more than can be said of a small head which was at one time shown as the head of Oliver Cromwell when a boy."

In reply to my report to the above effect Carlyle wrote the following letter. I learn that he never went to see the head.)

LETTER VII.

CHELSEA, November 3, 1842.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — The head must evidently have belonged to some son of Adam who lived a good while ago, and went through strange vicissitudes after burial. Though I doubt there is next to no chance of its ever having belonged to Cromwell, yet merely as an anatomical specimen and envious "product of the *arts*" it seems well worth a journey to Camberwell, especially to such a courteous host's as Mr. —'s. Pray let my thanks be conveyed to him. I hope also to see your friend Mr. Gregory by and by. But at present I am too weakly with a dirty, sneaking sore throat, the fruit of easterly winds; and indeed, through winter generally I am unequal to a *night* adventure so far as Camberwell. Perhaps Mr. — would

¹ Pepys writes on December 4, 1660, that "this day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, etc., should be taken out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged, and buried under it." On the 30th of January, 1660-61, that he had seen "Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn," and on the 5th of February, in the same year, that he had seen "the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton set up at the further end

of the hall." The present possessor of the head does not wish his name to be given; but from the information which he has obligingly sent me, I can say that if the one link of the sentry is granted between the disappearance of the head from Westminster Hall and its reappearance in the possession of one of the Russell family, — and this seems as good as most other historical traditions, — the rest of the chain is clear and complete with names and other details of authenticity. — E. S.

see me some time by daylight on a Sunday or holiday? I should like to look on this notable piece of Anak-Reality (supposing it to be only such), and hear what account it gives of itself. The history of poor Oliver, from his cradle to his grave, and even beyond it, is such a mere mass of stupid fables as never, or hardly ever, elsewhere clustered themselves round the memory of a great man. In other times and conditions he would have been sung of as a demigod, and here Tyburn gallows was in all ways the lot of him! It is really painful to consider such depth of sheer thick stupidity, and total want of sense for the godlike in man is very sure to punish itself; as, alas! we find it now in these quack-ridden generations everywhere too fatally doing. But the poor leather head at Camberwell is not to blame for much of this, surely. Let us leave it, therefore.

My wife is out of her cold, but hanging, as her wont is through winter, on the verge of another.

When your good mother approaches this country, I pray you give me notice.

You, I think, will be wise not to stir much out at present. I hope to see you again soon. Ever truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

My wife wants Mrs. Buller's address at Lady Louis's. I have settled with her that she shall write her letter, and that I will inclose it to you, with merely "Mrs. Buller" on it, that you may do the needful.

(The "little book" referred to below was written as a wedding gift to my sister.)

LETTER VIII.

CHELSEA, March 21, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — I have received your beautiful little book, and am far indeed from "thinking less of you" for writing it. The little book is the product of a generous, pure, loving heart, and will speak good only, and not evil, into other hearts. Thanks to you

for writing it; thanks to you for sending me a copy of it.

I have been exceedingly busy with printers, with copyists, and other confused persons and things ever since I saw you, or I should have been in Mount Street again. In a week or so I hope to be freer, and then —

With many thanks, with constant good wishes,

Yours most sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER IX.

CHELSEA, Monday morning,
March 20, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wrote on Saturday to my Russian; he called yesterday with his answer. I, unfortunately, had gone out, and he had to leave it with my wife. Still more unfortunately, the answer itself proved to be entirely negative, and very little better than zero.

He does not think that there is on sale in any shop in London a single Russian book. Nobody learns the language here; a few English merchants about Petersburg are the only English persons that do. He knew of a teacher of Russian here at one time, but he could get hardly any shadow of encouragement, and after long struggling had to withdraw to Brighton, where probably he now is.

My Russian (probably a *German* merchant, and a most obliging man) is persuaded that there must be extant some kind of Russian-English grammar, Russian-English dictionary, for the use of the St. Petersburg English clerks, if no otherwise, but he himself is entirely ignorant of any. The like as to Russian-French, though probably the hope is greater on that side. This is all that he knows. For the rest, he will "send to St. Petersburg" for me, "send to Paris," do all that a zealous man can do. If you think, in these circumstances, it is worth while prosecuting such an outlook, pray entrust me, and I will most cheerfully employ this gentleman, who, I think, will like to be employed by me. If your brother be

determined to learn Russian, it might be possible for him, but such books as we are like to get will almost infallibly be *bad*, and the difficulties will be greatly increased thereby. They can be got, it seems, by sending to St. Petersburg, and St. Petersburg can be sent to.

I am afraid I shall not get so far eastward to-day as to see you again this time. Let us hope you will return before long. Pray take care of yourself; keep up and encourage the improvement you are already making; exercise and regimen, not medicine or doctors. And so Good speed you.

Will you offer my affectionate remembrances to your mother, whom I will always reckon among my chosen ones? May Good be with you and yours.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours with true good wishes,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER X.

CHELSEA, August 28, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR, — We heard some days ago from Mrs. Buller that you were to be wedded, and more especially last night, from your brother and others of your friends, that the great event had actually taken place. I am much obliged by your announcing it this morning yourself.

May it prove good, and the beginning of all manner of improvements for you. It does seem of good augury. I very sincerely offer you my congratulations and good wishes. You have long had a painfully darkened existence, which you have had to illumine for yourself by your own virtues; may this new element be the beginning of a far more genial illuminating, — the beginning of a return for you to the general sunshine, if Heaven please. Mrs. E. Strachey, whom I saw only once in the distance, shall be better known to me by and by, I hope.

My wife unites with me in all kind regards to you both.

Yours always truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Poor John Sterling, you will be very sad to learn, is gradually sinking towards his end. He himself has not had any hope for many months, and I, the most obstinate of all his friends, have now quitted hope. He sees nobody; sits solitary at Ventnor. His brother and father, who are in the Isle of Wight too, occasionally visit him; as the Maurices do, who are at present here. He is calm and strong of soul, a most serene, valiant man, and goes down like the setting of a great sun.

LETTER XI.

CHELSEA, November 23, 1844.

DEAR MRS. STRACHEY,¹ — . . . We are pretty well here, for *us*, — a complaining set of people. I am exceedingly busy, fishing up out of the depths of brutish human stupidity, washing clean and making legible the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell, a heroic man, buried in such an element of mud and darkness as few heroes ever were. It is an infinitely ugly kind of drudgery; I know no man living whom such stupidity and brutality do more disgust than me; but it seems a kind of duty lying on the like of me. I say, "*He fought*; thy poor trade is but to *speak*; speak, then, for him." Happily, this branch of the business is now almost done; we must then try others, which, if still harder work, offer work a little more inspiring. I begin to be much disaffected to the whole business of books, and often think, if I have ever done with this, I will never write another.

We heard in some oblique way that our French travelers had all got safe to Nice at last, though not without adventures, disarrangements, and, I understand, sickness to all, or most of them. They were in a steamer, all the Buller family, and driven into Toulon harbor that night Louis Philippe found himself storm-stayed on our coast here. Poor Mrs. Buller must have suffered not a little. But Mr. Fleming seemed to say he

¹ My mother.

understood they were all settled and well now.

I congratulate you on Devonshire in comparison with London. Daily these many years I have had one desire that never quits me, — to see the green earth round me, godly *silence*, and a sky undefaced with soot and other dirt. But we have to do without it the best we can. Except by some revolution in my affairs, I do not see how it is to be obtained within measurable periods.

Will you offer my kind regards to Lady Louis, of whom we saw a little in London, whom it must be a great pleasure to you to meet again? Mrs. Phillips, too, I think, is within your sphere: ask her again if she still remembers me as I do her.

My wife unites with me in all good wishes and affectionate regards.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XII.

CHELSEA, May 10, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much pleased to hear of your return to England safe, and if not recovered, yet improved in health, and at all events fitter to enjoy again the blessings which your country still holds out to you. My brother is in Chelsea again (15 Cadogan Terrace), within a short mile of us, for some two months past. I gave him your letter last night, — not having myself received it until the day before, owing to a short absence from home.

The melancholy message which reached me last winter has not even yet produced its whole effect upon me! New days and new events turn up ever new remembrances, sad and sacred. I had not, and cannot again expect to have, any such friend. Her life was a noble struggle; and it has ended, — has left us still to struggle yet a little farther. Inexorable time sweeps on, all-producing, all-devouring; and they that are departed return not to us any more. It is a

law as old as the world; and yet it is ever *new*, — comes upon us with strange originality, as if it had never been before. We are “sons of time,” fearfully and wonderfully made, in very truth; but, as I often say, the Living and the Dead are equally with God; and properly there is nothing more to be said. Surely the remembrance of your noble mother will never leave me while I live in this world.

Bath or Clifton promises to be the eligible residence for you; accompanied, let us hope, with occasional visits to London, when friends here, too, may now and then get a sight of you. If I ever come into the west again, which is possible in time, certainly I will not forget what possession I have there.

When you see Mr. Hare, your brother-in-law, could you ask him if he knows whence that copy of the Cromwell letter which he sent me *came* to him? The *original* itself has just now turned up, “saved from the fire by an old land-steward of the Haselrigs, long since,” — a very curious salvage of one of the most remarkable letters in existence; if indeed the steward is the one exclusive saviour of it, — which is the point to be ascertained. Mr. Hare can at least guess at the age of his copy, which would be one little indication? I suppose, on the whole, there is no doubt but the old steward *has* the merit all to himself.

With many kind regards to Mrs. Strachey, Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XIII.

CHELSEA, May 14, 1847.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — I have no influence or connection now with any magazine or periodical whatever, but I can readily submit your paper on Hamlet to the publisher of Fraser's Magazine, with whom I have some acquaintance, and get him at least to have it examined, and to *send you an answer*. And this, on the

whole, is all that can be done by anybody. If the paper please the man's own dim judgment, he will take it; if it do not, of course nothing can or should induce him. I fear the subject is not likely to be very popular at present.

Pray thank Mr. Hare for the pains he takes. I will not trouble him to bring the Cromwell *autograph*, but hope to see it some time at Clifton. The only point of inquiry for me (and that is by no means very weighty) is concerning the *copy* of the letter to *Haselrig*, written just *before* the battle of Dunbar (letter 126 of 2nd edition, letter 91 of 1st), as to where this copy *came from*, — whether in fact it proceeds from the Haselrig establishment at Nosely Hall, or from that of Mr. Ormston, an old steward of theirs (whose grandson now possesses the original), by whom *it* and three others were “snatched from the fire,” once upon a time. The Haselrigs, some sixty or seventy years ago, it appears, had brought this letter, among many others, to the fire to be destroyed, and old Ormston saved it; whereupon the question has arisen with me (a small, but not quite uninteresting question) whether this letter, certainly one of the remarkablest we have that relate to English history, would have been abolished and quite destroyed out of memory had not old Ormston intervened. If Mr. Hare's copy be *anterior* to that of Ormston's interference, of course it at once decides against him; if posterior, it will not decide anything; but if its date and history were known, it might help us to decide. This is the small question which, when Mr. Hare has opportunity, I will recommend to him. In great haste,

Yours very truly,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XIV.

CHELSEA, February 20, 1848.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — Here is your Cromwellian leaf, and along with

it a letter, by which you will perceive that my inquiry as to what magazine it had belonged to has not been successful. That is not an important point; the date, 1789, being, luckily, marked on the leaf itself, — which date, I can observe farther, is also that of Brand's *History of Newcastle* (London, 1789), where this letter and another, and extracts from two more, all stand printed. The year is 1789 in Brand's; and as the month in your magazine is November, near upon the end of that year, I think that we may reasonably guess that the magazine has *copied* from Brand, and therefore that old Bailiff Ormston *was* in reality the saviour of that letter, and of its three brethren, from the flames at Nosely Hall, — a really remarkable service for an old unconscious gentleman to do.

There is only one point that puzzles me. Along with the magazine leaf, it appears, Mr. Hare was offered the *original* to purchase. Whereas the undoubted original and the three other originals are now in the hands of Ormston junior, grandson of the old bailiff, and do not seem to have been ever out of the household, or even known to exist there, in late years, till this grandson quite recently searched them out! Which difficulty, indeed, is not of any intrinsic importance at all, and may be solved by various hypotheses very near the surface.

Such evidence as can be had seems all to point to the conclusion that it was old Ormston that saved this Dunbar letter; and to him, therefore, we will be grateful, and close therewith this small investigation.

In sending back the magazine leaf, pray do not neglect to thank Mr. Hare for his ready politeness in this as in all matters. Many thanks to yourself, also, are due, and need not be expressed in words at present.

We have had somewhat to do with influenza here, but are now pretty well recovered. Last Sunday your young brother called, — a most brisk, stirring

youngster; gratified us, among other things, by the assurance that you at Clifton were all in a prospering condition.

Believe me, with many regards and kind remembrances,

Always truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XV.

BOWESTON, COWERBRIDGE,
GLAMORGANSHIRE, August 6, 1850.

DEAR STRACHEY, — Your note, as you anticipated, did not come till too late, but was very welcome, as a proof of your hospitable thoughts, when it did. I lodged with Mr. Savage Landor all night at Bath, on my journey hither; then to Bristol next morning, and across by the Cardiff steamer, and here (twelve miles further) the same night, where I have remained with really a maximum of quietness ever since, and am still to remain for perhaps a fortnight, more or less. My kind host, a solitary man, full of loyalty to me, exclaims zealously, "Two months!" But that, clearly, will not do, admirable as the plan is for certain of my wants just now.

We look over upon Minehead, Exmoor, and the hills of Devonshire; commanding Watchet and Bridgewater Hill on our left, and even something that I call the ridge of Mendip, on clear days. The coast is of limestone boulders, with portions of clear, natural flag pavement, clean and smooth as finer kinds of marble might be, and admirable for sea-bathing; one of the loneliest, or perhaps the very loneliest seacoast I have ever frequented. Landward, no public road within six or seven miles; only a network of rough country lanes, interweaving a congeries of sleepy, sluttish Welsh hamlets, — good for solitary riding by a meditative man, if for few other purposes! Pieces of the soil, which is all excellent, are well cultivated, generally by *English* farmers, in large lots, or by natives whom they have trained; but the bulk of it still offers the image of

slovenly "folding of the hands to sleep," which characterizes the Cimbric populations, — populations all given to "Methodisms" or other vague enthusiasms of a drowsy nature, and nothing like sufficiently inspired with horror of dirt, weeds, and other disorder! For a week or two it will suit *me* to ride about in it, and recover a little strength if I can; and farther than that, what have I to do with censuring it?

My next move is toward Scotland; but how I go is still somewhat uncertain. By sea from Swansea to Liverpool, if the steamer will suit my times and hours, or else back eastward to some starting-point on the railways: that is the alternative which I must settle by and by.

It would give me great pleasure to see you in the Mendip region, which is a country I have never seen, and long rather wished to see; but at present I fear, even in the event of returning by Bath, you are too far to the right to be attainable by me. Across the sea hereabouts there is no conveyance whatever, except you go to Cardiff and hire one on purpose. I fear the omens are not good for the Mendip expedition on this present occasion! However, we will not quite despair, but some time or other it may answer.

Will you offer my kind remembrances and thanks to Mrs. Strachey, and accept good wishes from me for yourself and all your household hidden behind the hills from me at present?

I remain always,

Very sincerely yours,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XVI.

CHELSEA, 26 September, 1857.

DEAR STRACHEY, — I believe there is none of your friends but will be thankful at the prospect that has again opened for you. The solacements of a home of one's own are precious to all sound-minded men, and to you, I can well believe, are more indispensable than to

another. Home without a helpmeet for you is as good as impossible. I am truly glad you have found once more an honorable soul with whom you can venture upon this blessed relation. I do not yet know her, as I hope one day to do; but knowing your own qualities, — prudence, insight, and propriety, — I can augur nothing but good of it, and with all my heart congratulate you on what is like to come.

To-day I am in haste beyond expression, — as is too usual with me in these months (of a labor altogether frightful, with my years and health); but I would not let the week end without answering the announcement you were friendly enough to make in those terms.

My wife is come back to me from Scotland, — much improved, as it at first seemed; but, unluckily, she has already caught a cold again, of which, however, we have good hope that it is but an accident. She joins in all manner of regards to you especially, and to our other

friends of your honored family now in those parts.

Believe me,

Yours always sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XVII.

CHELSEA, November 2, 1858.

DEAR STRACHEY, — We are heartily glad, as all your friends will be, at this new gift Heaven has sent you! There is no doubt but, of all the resources you have yet experimented upon, this will be incomparably the richest, to lighten your burdens in this world, or give you a blessed interest in bearing them. May the little fellow prosper, and be useful to himself and to the world one day, as he is already to those in his immediate neighborhood. I offer my respects and congratulations to father and mother, and am always,

Sincerely yours,

T. CARLYLE.

EDWARD STRACHEY, etc.

TWO TYPES OF PIETY.

THE Autobiography of Mary Smith, "Schoolmistress and Nonconformist,"¹ is one of the most curious and interesting pieces of self-portraiture that has appeared for many a day. The narrative is very modest and measured, perfectly ingenuous, and also perfectly serious. Indeed, if the author had but had a touch of humor along with her other fine mental qualities, she might almost have given us an immortal book, so unwillingly does the world let die an autobiography, no matter whose, which is at once candid and lively.

Mary Smith was born in 1822, in Cropredy, an agricultural village of Ox-

fordshire; and surely no one who has never idled through long English midsummer days, from one to another of those green, low-lying hamlets, knows how profoundly sleepy and archaic an Oxfordshire village can be. There was, apparently, no hall or manor house very near, but the vicarage was large and stately, with extensive shrubberies and high-walled gardens; for the vicar was "a rich pluralist who had married a duke's daughter." The houses of the village tradesmen stood humbly about the gates of this mansion; the thatched dwellings of the very poor were extremely miserable.

Mary's father was the village shoemaker. *Mary Smith, Schoolmistress and Nonconformist*. The Wordsworth Press: Carlisle. 1893.

¹ *Autobiography of Mary Smith, Schoolmistress and Nonconformist*. Carlisle. 1893. *Mis-*

maker. Making all due allowance for his daughter's loyal partiality, we must admit William Smith to have been a fine specimen of his class. A man of blameless life, who had read a little and thought for himself over his lapstone, he displayed not much of what Matthew Arnold taught us to call the "dissidence of dissent," and took very quietly the petty persecutions which nonconformity must needs entail in so minute a world. Even the "little wench," who had inherited both his love of books and his independent spirit, had to suffer in the dame school, of which otherwise she was the pride, from the pointed neglect of the vicarage ladies. We may smile at the conventional epithet "haughty," which is regularly applied to the vicar of Cropredy; but he would indeed seem to have been a bit of a despot, to judge by the tale of his walking in on the Smiths' family dinner, and peremptorily demanding, against the forthcoming visitation of the bishop, "such children as might be of an age for confirmation." William Smith rose respectfully, and submitted that his children must be left to decide for themselves when their minds should be mature. Whereupon "his reverence slammed the door, and went away without a word of courtesy."

After all, it appears to have been the stamping and the slamming which especially shocked the prim little maiden who was brought up upon stone floors, with a horror of bad manners which was almost morbid. "Things of this kind," she adds very quaintly, "helped to make me a sturdy nonconformist all my days, as my father had been."

Mary was happy for a time in being removed from the dame school and its grand visitors to one of a better grade, "kept by two Methodist ladies of the best type," where she and the neighboring farmers' daughters were instructed ("t'is sixty years since," be it remembered) both in all manner of fine needlework and in the meekest and most

minute decorums of speech and behavior. But all formal schooling was soon at an end for her, and in her early teens Mary and a brother a little older than herself were set up in a tiny shop on the Oxfordshire Canal, whose accounts were kept by the girl with agonizing exactitude, and every penny of its profits, of course, turned in to the common stock of the struggling and hard-pressed home. She even half reproaches herself with the odd moments which were still found for study; for Mary had an intelligence which could not sleep even by the sedgy streams and under the heavy elms of Oxfordshire; no petty ambitions of any kind, — hardly enough of the simple desire to please and be praised which is so natural a grace of youth, and yet withal a boundless aspiration. It was a terrible moment to her — one seems to see the village vestal blushing as she records the outrage — when a gay young Honorable, who was canvassing Cropredy in the Tory interest, *kissed* her across the counter of the shop by the canal. With the same adorable *naïveté*, she tells us how it was that, about this time, she came first to think of making verses. All her mother's sisters in Gloucestershire had married farmers. One of these, "Uncle Newth," had a rhyming spirit; and having also, as a convinced Baptist, much sympathy with Mary's father, he wrote to him often, and usually in metre. We give a specimen of his style: —

"I wish you 'd been here the first Sabbath in June.

We had Pearcee from Calcutta both morning and noon,

And likewise a Burchell, to swell out the tune

Of Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

We cannot discover that this sort of thing appeared either blasphemous or funny to Mary; it simply excited emulation, and, as she says, set them all rhyming. There was really no fatal objection to Uncle Newth's poetry on the score of metrical form, and happily the

shrinking girl had deeper sources of inspiration than the fat, complacent elder. In her hunger for books, she had already exhausted the literary stores of Cropredy; borrowing Kirke White's Remains from one house, the Vicar of Wakefield and the Castle of Otranto from another, and even at a third, from a woman whose parents had been Roman Catholics, "though she herself went to chapel," certain lives of the saints, and memorials of "monks, nuns, and abbots." Of the existence of these unnatural beings she now heard for the first time, and seems never to have suspected, up to her dying day, how intimately she was herself allied to the best of them, both by her strong proclivity to mysticism, and by her unappeasable craving for the most radical, not to say fantastic forms of self-sacrifice.

Her own great spiritual awakening occurred at about this time, and the words she finds in which to describe this crisis in her story are so rapt, so solemn, so eloquent, and yet so fit that we deeply regret the lack of space for quotation. There were months of spiritual darkness and agony, endured in heroic silence, followed by a brief interval of heavenly sunshine. "I gave up all," she says; and one asks, with a certain impatience, what the poor child had to give up, while she goes on gravely to tell us: "The ear-rings were taken out of my ears, the coral necklace from my neck, the flowers and bows from my bonnet. It was a joy to me to give them up. . . . I had in fact learned the great lesson to lie low in the Lord's hands, and feel that every step downward is a step upward. *Till then I had never known how sweet life was.*"

But the hour of rapture was pathetically brief. The mystic faith professed had to be proved; the "tasks in hours of insight willed" had now to be done. We must at least let her tell in her own candid words how the first shadow fell upon her fervid spirit: "As a young religious enthusiast, I expected I know not what manifestations of the Spirit in

fulfilling the *ordinances*. I fear I had a sense that, in making so great a sacrifice, I should also have some return of special blessing, but I was disappointed. I felt nothing, and I was certainly determined not to pretend that I felt anything." The "haughty" vicar would have told her curtly, the ideal director — from whom she was debarred, and whom, for the rest, she could do without as well as any living soul — would have told her soothingly, that hers was the need of *authentic* sacraments. But she managed to grow in grace, even so deprived, for, in her own strong words, she "never relented." "And writing this to-day," she adds, "after forty years have passed, I now regard ordinances no more than a Quaker does."

But about this time are introduced, rather abruptly, the names of the canny pair who were destined to be for so many years the ruthless taskmasters of this enthusiastic soul. Having seen so fine a dissenting type in the person of Mary's father, it is but fair that we should be told what she had to learn concerning the more sordid aspects of non-conformity. Mr. Osborne — his Christian or "given" name is, I think, never mentioned — was a clever and showy Baptist preacher, whose ministrations the family at Cropredy had lately been attending. Now he had received a call to Brough, in Westmoreland, and Mary got a letter intimating that if pious work was what she wanted, it might be found, plus Christian society and example, in the family of the minister. Her family, even the mild and humble-minded father, rather disliked the plan; but Mary saw in it a divine summons, and obeyed without hesitation, though not without misgiving.

She went into Westmoreland with the Osbornes in the depth of a severe winter, much too thinly clad for the great change of climate, of which none of them seem to have had any adequate conception; and she went to a life of

such domestic drudgery and physical hardship as had never been imagined in the easy-going south. Ostensibly, she was not a mere servant, and the ridiculous term "lady help" had not then been invented; but it would have been far better if her position had been defined and her remuneration fixed, for then she might at least have sued at law for wages which were earned ten times over, but never paid at all. Her father had tried to stipulate, before she left home, that the arrangement with the Osbornes should be for three months only; but the sin by which the angels fell was certainly not quite rooted out of Mary Smith's heart, for she would not write to him after the little money which she had taken with her from home was gone; and ten toilsome years were to pass away, and Mary would be nearly thirty, before she was to see kind Oxfordshire again.

Yet for all the straits to which she was reduced, and the sordid tyranny which she felt to the uttermost, though scorning to complain of it even in retrospect, that first sharp winter among the fells was a time both of spiritual and mental exaltation. The brusque manners and rough speech of the north struck her painfully at first, sensitive as she was by nature, and always remained, to anything like personal rudeness; but her growing sense of the rare goodness of many of these hill folk is recorded in touching language:—

"No people I had then or have since met with have impressed me with having a religion so true and pure and lofty as theirs. . . . Coming as I did from the south of England, . . . I never could *like* Brough, or reconcile myself to that long, dreary prospect of snow-covered fells which for more than half of the year encompassed it all around. Its inhospitable, ungenerous skies, as I still thought them, never won me over to delight, or kept my heart from sighing for a kinder and brighter home. It was not a place

to love nor to add to one's happiness. We all felt it was only probationary, and held our peace. A morrow would come, and for that morrow we lived. That was a recognized fact on all hands."

After a while the Osbornes graciously permitted her to open a little day school for girls, while still keeping her place as "assistant" in their household. Somehow or other, books of a sort were found at lonely Brough, and even amid her multiplied activities the time to read them. Whately's *Logic* and the Scotch metaphysicians do not sound very enlivening, but by and by a milder light arose upon her chilly way. Mary was one morning dusting the room which Mr. Osborne used as a study, when her eye fell upon a pamphlet on his writing-table. It was Emerson's *Essay on Nature*, "lying open at the Christian teacher." The girl read, with her dusting-cloth suspended in her hand, and life was transfigured, labor idealized and consecrated anew. Mary never came to the point of positively liking either a "church" or a "cowl," but she knew a "prophet of the soul" at the first glance, and her silent, progressive emancipation from the more cramping bonds of the creed she had embraced dated from that wintry hour. "I read the paragraph on the snow-storm," she says. "It was all I dare read. It woke a thousand new and wonderful thoughts. I was so ravished with the genial freshness and fertility of the argument that I read it over and over again, whenever I could get a chance, until I knew it by heart, as I knew the *Psalms of David* and my favorite hymns."

After some three years in Brough, Mr. Osborne moved to Carlisle, and Mary yielded to the persuasions of her "friends" and accompanied them. She even placed in Mr. Osborne's hands the five pounds which represented the entire profits of her little school. Her bondage seems almost craven, as we read of it, even though she pleads in extenuation

that she always *loved* the Osbornes, and found something agreeably stimulating in the contact with her taskmaster's mind. Sheer necessity, however, compelled her to leave them again, and frankly to take service in a rich Quaker family living at Scotsby, a few miles from Carlisle. It was a pleasant episode in Mary Smith's life which followed, a blessed breathing-space which lasted for several years; and the story is so charmingly told of her experiences as nursery governess in that exquisite country home of "peace, order, and good manners" that one regrets the lack of space for free quotation. The chapters concerning Scotsby are, however, earnestly recommended to the latter-day inventors of social Utopias, as showing how unostentatiously some of their theoretical difficulties were actually solved in a dissenting British household of the lower middle class almost fifty years ago. Mary Smith was now able to possess herself of Emerson and Carlyle, who gave her her second great mental awakening, as well as of the works of Shakespeare and others of the elder immortals, and her own power of expression grew day by day. She had become the "M. S." of the Poets' Corner in the local newspaper, and the verses which appeared above that signature were not vulgar. Sometimes they reflected with a fidelity and beauty quite astonishing the aspects of the changeful year; as in the stirring lines entitled February:—

"The fierce wind has his own wild way,
 'Tis February, hard and fast,
 'Tis February, loud-tongued say
 The driving rain, the roaring blast.

" 'The days are creeping out,' I hear
 The passers saying in the street,
 When eves are fair and mornings clear;
 But Winter tarries, — not so fleet.

"He stays, and still keeps clear his horn,
 And sounds it well, as who should say,
 'Take care! I fear me not your scorn.
 You'll have me yet for many a day.'

"With nature sweet he bears it high,
 A braggart, threatening face he wears:

If he must die, his corpse shall lie
 In warrior state, he loud declares.

"He'll have no garlands round his head,
 No foolish trappings of young flowers;
 But, better fitting, these instead, —
 The missiles keen of his own hours.

"Snow, hail, and rain shall mark where lies
 His corpse when dead; and madcap Spring,
 The virgin with the changeful eyes,
 Shall hear his loud artillery ring."

There is a distant echo of Emerson here, and there are many reminiscences of the German lyric poets, with whom, under the stimulus of Carlyle's essays, she presently made herself acquainted; as here:—

"The smoke from the cottage chimney
 Mounts slow the chill gray air,
 Touching the heart with fancies
 Of a happy household there.

"Far down in the west the river
 Glows like a face by the fire;
 So does the cottage casement,
 And the vane on the old church spire."

In the midst of this time of peaceful expansion the Osbornes again claimed Mary for their own; and, true to her instinct of self-immolation, she took her strong inward shrinking from the change as an indubitable sign that she ought to return to them. Mr. Osborne's activity of mind and hospitality to new opinions had gotten him into trouble with the leaders of his sect. He was more than suspected of heresy, and, having decided to quit preaching and open a school, he saw plainly that the new enterprise would never succeed without Miss Smith's co-operation. That coöperation meant, as usual, entire responsibility, exhausting labor, and no manner of outward recognition, whether moral or material, of her services. But the Osbornes were Mary's "weird," and she toiled for them as though bound in sacred honor to the extinction of some spiritual, albeit to the reader of her confessions quite imaginary debt. The time came, though not for several years yet, when the burden fell from her, the imperious conscience

was satisfied, and she felt that she had at last completely discharged her mystic obligation. After this tragic time the Osbornes left the place, and, somehow or other, Mary found her own worth recognized, and her solid prosperity as a singularly successful teacher of youth began.

We have followed her story rather minutely up to this point. The rest is equally fresh and striking, but if we have managed to inspire any reader with a tithe of the interest it has excited in ourselves, he will seek the book out, and read the close of the humble, honorable story in its heroine's own apt words. He will linger over the affecting account of her last visit to the good old father in Oxfordshire, and mark how perfectly the pensive poems written at that time embody the charm, so long unfelt, of the tranquil midland scenery. He will read the indirectly (never, of course, intentionally) amusing tale of how Mary went from Cropredy, with some of her bucolic cousins, to London, to see the first great exhibition of 1851, and how she admired, as in duty bound, the triumphs of human industry, but shrank deep into her essentially fastidious self from the noise and sordid bustle of the crowded town, and the unavoidable incidents of third-class travel by an excursion train.

A great pleasure was in store for the succeeding years in the personal friendship of the Carlyles, who both appear at their best and brightest in their relations with her. About the year 1854 Mary conceived the bold idea of writing to Jane Welsh Carlyle, telling her story, hinting at her depressed position (for she was then still with the Osbornes), and confessing her literary aspirations, and her longing for something like what she conceived to be the stimulating and improving conditions of life at Cheyne Row. Mrs. Carlyle's answer is delightful. She takes time to write at length; she puts on no airs; she abounds in playful sympathy, and sound, sweet common sense. The beginning is characteristic: "Your faith

in things unseen, myself among them, is very beautiful and affecting to me;" and so she goes on, leading easily up to the sentence in which she tenderly pricks the bubble of Mary Smith's reverent illusions concerning one phase of London society: "Believe a woman older than yourself, who has seen and seen through all you are now longing after. There is as little *nourishing* for an aspiring soul in 'literary society' as in any civilized society one could name." All Mrs. Carlyle's letters to Mary are given in an appendix, and, needless to say, they are the best of reading. Last of all there is a noble, fatherly one from the sad old man at Chelsea, dated December 8, 1873, seven years after his wife's death. "I well enough remember," he begins, "the transient shadow of a fine relation which you once had in this household, and, in a mournful, changed condition, must always have," etc.

The child of Mrs. Carlyle's hearty adoption was now herself past fifty, and had long been a personage in the city of Carlisle. Her excellent school had become an honor and attraction to the town; her modestly growing means (she lost some hundreds of pounds, of course, by the failure of the Glasgow Bank) had been given lavishly to its charities. She had written for its newspapers, and inaugurated Penny Readings for its poor. Through it all she was most discreetly *feminine*, using the word quite in its limited, old-fashioned sense. When she had written a strong anonymous "leader," denouncing in unsparing terms some local abuse, she would cower and tremble in her daily walks for a long time, lest she should be detected and insulted for her temerity. She was a capital reporter for the press, and as such often employed; but she did all through attention and memory merely, for she could not endure the thought of being *affichée* by pencil and notebook. She admits that one who saw her first in these clear latter days of her life describes

her appearance as "stately;" and we gather from the number of the suitors for her hand, who are conscientiously and dryly catalogued, as well as from her naive regret over the temporary loss of her complexion through seasickness, that she must always have possessed a certain demure personal comeliness. She lived to be nearly seventy. It is one of the advantages, not to say decencies, of an autobiography that it cannot end with a death-bed scene. We know of Mary Smith that, in her last years, she suffered much in body, but was sustained by the steadfast hope of an unearthly future; always a nonconformist, though adhering to no recognized sect.

If one were to seek the world over for a woman's lot as unlike as possible to Mary Smith's, one might well select that of a French lady of high social distinction, whose sorrowing friends have lately embalmed her literary remains in the most luxurious of privately printed volumes.¹ The Comtesse Jeanne de Chambrun, *née* Godard-Demorest, who died in Paris in July, 1891, was born in 1827, not indeed to a great French name, but to an immense French fortune, amassed by her father and grandfather in the glass works of Baccarat. Her mother's family was Béarnaise, and highly respectable, and the equally religious and romantic girl, while she "venerated" the memory of Louis IX., "loved" that of Henri IV., prizing his autograph more than aught else which she inherited, although the famous signature was merely appended to an acknowledgment by the *roi vaillant* of a debt to one of Jeanne's maternal ancestors, which, naturally, never was paid.

Jeanne was brought up at great expense in that most choice, ideal, and flowery form of Roman Catholicism which one is not too much inclined to respect, until the unlooked-for discovery is one day made of the rare strength

which occasionally comes out of its excessive sweetness. She was taught all that a girl might learn under that old-fashioned régime, for which we think — or at least hope — that we have substituted something so much better. In music, of which she was passionately fond, she was thoroughly trained by the first masters of the day, so that she became not merely an amateur performer of unusual merit, but a respectable composer as well.

Her spiritual director, the Abbé Sénac, appears to have been both a good and an astute man; able to fortify a languishing soul by stringent and bracing counsels, but fully alive, on behalf of his penitents, to the advantages of both worlds. In the mellifluous words of a friend of Jeanne, "she asked of the priest the word of eternal life only; he gave her beside terrestrial happiness." That is to say, in 1853, when the heiress was twenty-six, a mature, not to say an advanced age for a French bride of her attractions, the abbé arranged a marriage for her with another of his spiritual children, the Vicomte Adalbert de Chambrun, a brave and hard-working young aristocrat, grandson of one of Louis XVI.'s marshals, but already holding high office under the nascent Second Empire. A sentimental man of his caste might not so soon have rallied to the support of Louis Napoleon; the Vicomte (afterwards the Comte) de Chambrun seems to have acted on the principle that it is better to serve than to sulk, and, as a matter of fact, he served his country well. He was a deeply religious man, with a faith in the unseen and a consciousness of God so simple, so vivid, so unwavering, that it appears sometimes to have awed and abashed even his enthusiastic wife, with all her own innate and cultivated capacity for pious ecstasy. On the darkest of New Year's Days to a true-hearted Frenchwoman, January 1, 1871, the countess wrote thus to an intimate friend con-

¹ *Jeanne, Comtesse Pineton de Chambrun. Mémoires, Poésies, etc.* Paris. 1893.

cerning the man who had then been her husband for almost eighteen years : —

"Quis mihi det ut moriar? . . . This aspiration for deliverance is M. de Chambrun's to such a degree that even during our honeymoon it was his habitual refrain. Quis mihi det ut moriar? Sublime, oh yes! One is only too sure that this prayer will be heard. But for a young wife it was not gay. The truth is that always he has been one of those believers of whom you spoke to me the other day, half lightly, half enviously, all admiringly, to whom the light of God and of eternity is as plainly visible as that of the sun at noon. . . . If only all the heroes who are so generously giving their lives in this hour, for their duty and their country, could have the same vision, their valor would be no less deserving, but it would be so much easier and more consolatory! And it is not so very difficult as one thinks, — at least Adalbert often tells me so when he is trying to reassure me, in lesser as well as greater things; and sometimes, lately, when I have had these poor martyrs under my very hands, I have felt convinced of it. They give up their souls to God in such heart-rending extremity, amid such cruel sufferings, and yet with simplicity and resignation. . . . Forgive my lugubrious New Year's letter; it is only too appropriate to the times."

The Comte Adalbert de Chambrun had been *sous-préfet* of Toulon in 1850. A year later, at the age of thirty, he was promoted to the prefecture of the Jura, and found something very like an insurrection on his hands at the moment of assuming office. Peace and order were soon restored by the wisdom of his administration; and when, in August, 1853, he brought his bride into the mountains, the prestige of her wealth and the winning sweetness of her manners assisted his popularity, and the prospect before the newly married pair appeared as bright as possible. But after six happy months the bridegroom got a terrible fall from

his horse, and lay for a while in great danger. From this he was barely convalescent when there came an outbreak of cholera in the department, through which husband and wife fought bravely, side by side, till at last the count himself was seized by the disease. The dread tidings swiftly made their way to Jeanne's mother.

"Try, dear child," wrote Madame Godard-Demorest in response, "to summon a little courage. . . . God will uphold you, and keep count of every pang. Take just as much as you can upon yourself of his [Adalbert's] burden beside your own. Do not let him see the extent of your anxiety, and the very effort at self-control will be healthful for you. *But do not leave him unless he positively commands it.* You may imagine that it is anguish to me to give you this advice, but your place is beside him. One must not lay up regrets for one's self, whatever happens. Say simply that you are too wretched away from him. Take care and forethought for your husband without crossing him. Make an effort even to be gay; it will distract him, and it will force you to distract yourself."

There was at least nothing debilitating or depressing in the conception of wifely duty thus presented to the petted but, as it appeared, unspoiled child of fortune. The daughter proved worthy of her mother's high-hearted advice, staying stanchly at her husband's side until the epidemic was quite stamped out: after which, it will be agreed, they had both earned the relaxation, and to faithful souls like theirs the supreme spiritual refreshment, of a winter in Rome.

The portrait of which an engraving stands as frontispiece to the sumptuous volume of Madame de Chambrun's remains was painted that winter in Rome by Hébert, of the French Academy, "under the laurels," as the biographer poetically observes, "of the Villa Médicis." It represents a being so dainty,

so elegant, so fragile, with so wistful and appealing a look in the large and very beautiful eyes, that it seems to lend something like positive meaning to the otherwise vaporous remark of one of the lady's most elaborate eulogists, one who constantly frequented the salon which she held in Paris in her declining years, the late M. Émile Ollivier: "She had early established herself on the extreme limit of the world of reality, whence it needed but a lift of the wing to launch her into the infinite spheres."

When Madame de Chambrun's noble mother died suddenly, in January, 1857, the daughter was greatly prostrated by her grief, and it seemed for a time as though she would never recover her health of body and mind. The phases and stages of the sharp spiritual conflict through which she passed stand recorded in a painful journal, from which Madame de Chambrun's biographer quotes copiously, but from which we shall not quote at all. It may be a solace to keep such a record; it always seems to us an outrage to make it public. After three years of almost complete seclusion, she addressed herself once more to the active duties of life. Her husband now held the prefecture of La Lozère, the dreariest, most inclement, most poverty-stricken tract of country in France. Here there was plenty of the sort of work to be done which is the best remedy ever yet invented for imaginative woe. "She became the Providence of the country," says her biographer; and the conventional remark is, for once, only a simple statement of fact.

To such exceedingly orthodox Catholics as the Chambruns, the Italian war of 1859 was of course a sacrilegious one, and the count felt that he could no longer serve the third Napoleon. But for many years he represented the *chers Lozériens* in the Assembly, and he remained faithfully at his post, even during those six dark weeks of the Commune. How the heart and hands of Madame de Cham-

brun were occupied during the dire twelvemonth which followed the surrender at Sedan we have already intimated. When the war was over, and liberty, equality, and fraternity everywhere proclaimed, the count and countess naturally ranged themselves among the Legitimists, and the party had no pleasanter place of meeting than Madame de Chambrun's salon, where the visitors were always sure of one bit of unalloyed pleasure in hearing the best music of the world interpreted by the first artists. It was certainly a very flowery and sheltered path by which the Chambruns stepped down the decline of life. They were rich, but their thought and care for the poor were incessant; they were childless, but they had wards and godchildren by the score, and they were inexhaustible in their devices for the pleasure and profit of the young.

Almost all the poems collected in the volume before us belong to the tranquil and sunny afternoon of the writer's life. They are all curiously simple both in thought and expression; the verse frequently irregular, but also delicately musical. She could always make verses that would *sing*, and the foremost composers of the day did not disdain to write melodies for her words. There is one little lyric, entitled *The Passion Flower* (it seems to us her best), which was set to music both by Gounod and Ambroise Thomas; but though Dom Pedro rendered it into Portuguese, it seems to us, like all the others, untranslatable. The texture of the silken verse is so very fine and thin that it breaks away hopelessly under the attempt to transfer it to an alien tongue. And after all, the most remarkable, perhaps the only really remarkable thing about Madame de Chambrun's verses is the intense aspiration which breathes through them all after something more stable and satisfying than this, to her, so flattering life; an unflagging endeavor (in the noble words of one of our own old divines) to "turn

the eyes away from those things of time and sense which perish with the using." The best gift which one human being can possibly receive from another, in these days, is that of a veritable glimpse of the unseen. One such, though never so fleeting, and obtained through eyes not our own, does yet afford a blessed relief to that sickening ache of the spirit which comes from our sharpened sense of the inequality of earthly conditions, and which, for the rest, it would be a

shame never to feel. The "disinherited" in this life, as it is now the custom to call them, so terribly outnumber the others, their needs are so much more pressing, that it is well to give them our chief attention and honest sympathy; but he who would "see life steadily and see it whole" may also remember with profit that to be rich in this world's goods is not necessarily to be disinherited in a larger and more permanent order of things.

A POET'S DANTE.

IN the year 1867, six centuries after Dante's birth, there were published in Boston, some thousands of miles to the westward of Dante's Florence, three translations of famous works of his, in a tongue he had rarely heard, and among a people whose whole political and ethical systems were alien to his. This little group of books, which, appearing after so great a lapse of years, amid the troublous times that marked the completion of a great civil war, proved the extraordinary virility of Dante's literary fame and influence, were, Mr. Norton's beautiful and faithful rendering of the *Vita Nuova*; Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*, — a work which has shared with Cary's the honor of being more widely read than all others among English-speaking peoples; and Dr. Parsons's long-expected and much-revised version of the *Inferno*. It was, of course, something more than a mere coincidence that three such volumes, not even now surpassed in their respective fields by the work of equally ardent and more highly specialized scholars, should have appeared at the same moment. The completion of all three was probably hastened by the great Dante festival in Florence in 1865, to which Dr. Parsons

and Mr. Longfellow had done honor by sending partial results of their labors of love and scholarship. What we may well marvel at, however, is the depth and intensity of the interest shown in America, not only then and for a score of years before, but now, for a foreign and mediæval poet. For seventy-five years, certainly, since Professor Ticknor first, after much effort, secured a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, and by the luxurious beguilement of fine cigars bribed, while in Göttingen, the tutor of some German prince to initiate him into its mystic language, the tradition has been unbroken. During three quarters of a century Dante has had no rival in poets of other days than our own; not even Homer, Shakespeare, or Goethe has aroused such an enthusiastic following, or has been made the object of such devoted study. Of no other poet's works can it be said that a knowledge of them has become regarded as a special mark of culture. Those who follow close on Dante's footsteps are few, but men persist in reckoning them blessed among their fellows, and as the possessors of a peculiar knowledge and insight into life and letters.

In America, much of this ardent ad-

miration for Dante has been due — although we have scarcely realized it — to the great contemporary English and Continental movements in thought and art. The Classicism of the eighteenth century denied Dante all honor. The Romanticism of our own century, in which American art and letters have had perforce their share, has, on the other hand, made him the object of peculiar worship. Dr. Knapp's interesting account, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, of the study of Dante in the United States shows clearly that Lowell, Longfellow, Norton, and Parsons were not alone in their admiration. The little band was increased by many lovers of the romantic and the mediæval, who loved to pore over what Longfellow called, in his earlier days, "the gloomy page of Dante;" and by those who had traveled in Italy itself, — that marvelously picturesque Italy of which we hear from earlier pilgrims thither, or read of in the now antiquated guidebook of Valery. Later modes of thought — Ruskinianism with its insistence on the ethical message of the Middle Ages, pre-Raphaelitism with its mystic adoration and mimicry — bridge the way to more recent days, when Valery yields to Baedeker, Burckhardt, and Gsell-Fels, and *Cultur-geschichte* is dominant; but we do not find American interest in Dante decreasing. To read the Divine Comedy with Professor Norton at Harvard, as before with Lowell, Longfellow, or Ticknor, still makes an undergraduate a marked man among his intellectual fellows; and the Dante Society that has its headquarters in Cambridge is the oldest organization of its kind in existence.

The greatness of Dante's poetry, however, and his permanent position on the watershed between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, had not, we suspect, so much influence in making him a name to conjure by in American verse as the romantic character of his life and fortunes. His child love for Beatrice; his

youth's saintlike passion for her; her marriage, heedless of his worship; her foreseen death; the loss, under tragic circumstances, of his friend Guido Cavalcanti; his own distinguished political career, broken off by sudden and lasting exile; the legend of his checkered wanderings and deadly enmities; the poet's toil that made him lean; the bitter salt of others' bread; the pain of climbing others' stairs, — all this, in strong contrast with our own prosaic times and country, endeared him to the heart of the lover and the poet, and made him the idol and darling figure of the mediæval world. Later study has softened somewhat these earlier conceptions. Dante's Beatrice has grown less human, and more allegorical; nor are there good grounds for identifying her with Beatrice Portinari, whose marriage with another was gratuitously assumed to have broken Dante's heart. On careful examination, Dante's political importance grows less, and his supposed personal vindictiveness tends to disappear. To us he is less like a bravo, and more like a wise poet, scholar, and ardent idealist of any time, who, in a country torn asunder by conflicting parties, passed from a boy's love for a maiden to a man's passion for an ideally just apportionment and righteous administration of all powers, temporal and spiritual; and who, though more Ghibelline than Guelph, was acceptable to neither party. That he formed a party by himself, and did not flinch from his own political isolation, is not less remarkable than that his judgment of the men and affairs of his time is just both to the world as he saw it and to the truth as he conceived it.

There are many traces in Dr. Parsons's poems¹ of this earlier and more romantic conception of his great poetic master, not the least of which are to be found in one of his earliest, and certainly

¹ *Poems*. By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

one of his best productions, On a Bust of Dante. It is not insignificant that these verses, too familiar to be quoted here, were, in the edition of 1843, printed opposite a most sinister engraving from the Neapolitan bust. To the poet Dante was a "cold Ghibelline," a "poor old exile, sad and lone," whose "wan image" revealed stern and grim lineaments, and whose only prayer, according to the old legend, was for peace : —

"Peace dwells not here, — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose ;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line."

In Francesca da Rimini, lines written on Scheffer's very un-Dantesque picture, the same touch of romance appears again :

"But he whose numbers gave you unto fame,
Lord of the lay, — I need not speak his
name, —
Was one who felt ; whose life was love or hate.
Born for extremes, he scorned the middle
state ;
And well he knew that, since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."

Nor are other instances wanting to show how ingrained this idea of Dante was in Dr. Parsons's mind. To cite but one, it is curious to notice that almost the only case in which we catch, in his work, an almost unconscious reminiscence of Dante's words is a verse that parallels one of Dante's most famous and most scornful lines : —

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

In Dr. Parsons's poems, moreover, with their fine thoughtfulness, with their tendency to mark great events or to mourn great human losses, one can never read far without stumbling on Dante's name, on ideas most familiar through him, or without catching faint echoes of the music of his verse ; much as one

cannot wander far in a mountain valley out of sight or hearing of the stream whose impulse and direction have given it its form and its depth. Whose voice but that of Dante speaks, for example, in these verses, in which he attacks the seemingly worthless and Philistine ideals of our own age and country ?

"Go spin
The sooner to destruction with spread flag, —
Fools' commonwealth ! — and trot thyself to
death

With speed and speed, but never once Godspeed !
Because our age, like Judas, bears the bag,
And every scholar needs must bate his breath
If any black-thumbed boor waxed rich precede.
Plutus hath made God's image a machine
For minting dollars ; and the nobler art,
Dante's, Boccaccio's, Dryden's, Byron's, mine,
Seems for its value in the public mart
Less than the song was of Ravenna's pine."

In Dr. Parsons's boyhood, Italy had exercised on him, as on many another, an influence such as Greece had for centuries exercised over Italy herself. His love for Dante was one of youth as well as of manhood. Even as early as 1843 he speaks of having formerly attempted to render a good portion of the *Divina Commedia* into English. But, "still charmed by the touch of the mighty master," he has "endeavored to follow him for a little, in a metre which permits a closer transcript of his meaning, — the stately and solemn quatrain, the stanza of Gray and of Dryden." This "little" of 1843, ten cantos, had not grown to the full *Inferno* till 1867. At his death he had scarcely completed *Purgatory*, and only here and there essayed *Paradise*. The slow growth, however, was good growth. The volume which contains his collected translations from the *Divine Comedy*¹ is a precious one, and sure to be more precious as the years go by.

All attempts at translating poetry fall into one of two great classes. One faithfully repeats the words and thoughts of

¹ *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Translated into English Verse by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. With a Preface by CHARLES

ELIOT NORTON, and a Memorial Sketch by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

the original, despairing of success in reproducing its charm, its music, its poetical essence. To this class, among translations of Dante, belong all those which have been most widely read: that of Cary, in blank verse faintly recalling Milton's; that of Carlyle, in rugged prose; that of Longfellow, in the blank-est of blank verse; and that of Mr. Norton, in prose which not American readers alone have long since learned to admire. All of these may help the student; certain of them will be of great value to him; but none of them is anything like a poem in itself. The second class, on the other hand, follows Pope's Homer in being a poem at all hazards. Versions of this sort endeavor adequately to reproduce Dante's music, his form, and, with these, as much of the specific thought content of his poem as possible. To this group belongs Dr. Parsons's uncompleted translation of the Divine Comedy into English quatrains.

The form chosen is indeed a natural one. The metrical system of the quatrain has very much the same effect as that of the *terza rima*, though in a series of quatrains the rhymes are, of course, slightly more numerous than in a series of tercets. Nor has Dr. Parsons misused the license to which his choice of even such a simple form of verse as a medium for translation gives him a claim. Instances are, to be sure, not wanting in which the strong bent of his native genius or a puzzling search for a rhyme has prompted him to alter Dante's form of expression, or even his very thought. Where, for example, the *Inferno* reads simply, "I began, 'Poet, I would gladly speak to those two who go together,'" the translator renders, —

"And I began: 'Great Builder of the rhyme!
Fain would I speak with yonder pair who
glide.'"

It would probably, indeed, be impossible

to find a canto in which, somewhere or somehow, the rhyme or the rhythm had not made Dr. Parsons do what Dante is said to have been proud of never doing, — for rhyme's sake altering his thought. Such incongruities must, however, inevitably occur in any poetical translation. He is wisest who accepts them as a foregone conclusion, and does not allow the faults inseparable from any *genre* to deter him from appreciating its virtues. The poem is English, not Italian, in the form in which Dr. Parsons gives it to us; but it is a poem, and a poem superior, in our opinion, to any other that has been based on Dante's Divine Comedy. The thrill which we feel, on reading in this version the opening, or indeed the whole, of the last canto of the *Inferno* is one that a prose translation could never give us, — no, nor perhaps the original, either, unless we have been reborn into the Italian tongue.

Dr. Parsons's version may, then, depart from strict literalness, but it has music and a charm of its own. It is, finally, simple. Even to an Italian Dante is hard reading; to an English-speaking person, his great poem is one which, if read in the original at all, must be mastered as a special language. There will certainly, then, be few who will long object to a translation which has really been translated, and is not, like parts of Longfellow's, still almost as hard to read as if it were in a foreign tongue. These two qualities of English verse-music and of English simplicity will make Dr. Parsons's volume yearly more widely known. As Professor Norton, than whom there is no more competent judge, says in his excellent preface, "So far as his work has gone, I believe that it is safe to assert that, as a rhymed version in English of the Divine Comedy, it has no superior."

MR. VAN BRUNT'S GREEK LINES.

IN the essay which gives this book ¹ its title, Mr. Van Brunt analyzes the spirit of Egyptian, of Greek, and of Roman architecture as embodied in the character of the lines which are dominant in the three forms, shows the benefit which has come in recent years from the revival of a real appreciation of the Greek spirit in France, and pleads for its more general appreciation among ourselves. But he is careful to separate this spirit from that special array of forms and proportions through which the Greeks themselves gave it voice; and as we read the chapters called *The Growth of Conscience in Modern Decorative Art*, *Historical Architecture and the Influence of the Personal Element Upon It*, *The Present State of Architecture*, and *The Royal Château of Blois*, we realize that the thread which binds them all together, and makes them a genuine book with a consistent purpose and meaning, is a wise insistence upon the essential difference between the conditions which control and inspire architecture to-day and those which governed it in any epoch of the past.

We are shown that a wide acquaintance with many architectural tongues has succeeded to the firm possession of a single vernacular tongue, while the development of modern civilization presents ever new problems, unprecedented in their variety and complexity. Therefore, *naïveté*, un-self-consciousness, an instinctive following of common aims, an unquestioning use of common expedients, no longer exist; study, research, and self-conscious selection, resulting on the one hand in eclecticism, and on the other in the expression of personality, have been established in their stead.

¹ *Greek Lines, and Other Architectural Essays.* By HENRY VAN BRUNT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

All this has often been said before, but usually with deploring comments, and the assertion that as the great past was, so any great future needs must be. We are constantly told that we must somehow return to simplicity, naïveté of mind; must bend eclecticism to the establishment of general, or at least of national conformity; and must thus banish pronounced individuality from architecture, if it is again to flourish by fulfilling its true rôle as an interpreter of the corporate intelligence and taste, the typical conditions and aspirations, of humanity. Mr. Van Brunt, however, assumes an opposite point of view. Just for the reason, he maintains, that modern architecture is learned, self-conscious, based upon reason, comparison, and choice, it does represent, it does interpret, the current life of man; indeed, "it allies itself more closely with humanity than ever;" and therefore its future triumphs must be looked for along novel paths.

The great significance and value of Mr. Van Brunt's book, we think, spring from the way in which — with apt historical illustrations, clear theoretical explanations, and much felicity of descriptive phrase — he establishes the correctness of this point of view. We are confident that he will open many eyes to the fact that we are curiously conservative with regard to the needs and the possibilities of modern architecture; most illogically conservative, if we test ourselves by our attitude toward other manifestations of human thought. Why, indeed, should we hold a position here which we do not hold in respect to any form of science, any political or social question, even any other branch of art? Why here alone should we say, "The future must be as the past has been"?

Surely we ought to recognize, here as

elsewhere, that a spreading cosmopolitanism is the great characteristic of modern times; that it embraces ever more and more the legacies of all the nations of the past as well as the teachings of all the nations of the present; that it must mean the growth of eclecticism in thought and action; and that — breaking down barriers of place and time, weakening the integrity of national and local types, and increasing the materials for exact self-expression — it must also mean the accentuation of personality. Architecture now truthfully expresses this great characteristic and all its consequences, just as, in earlier times, it expressed the consequences of localization, limitation, intense nationalism, and community in aims and ideas. Should we not look forward to a day when it may develop beauty and power from its present kind of truth, rather than dream of a day when it may become powerful and beautiful by striving for a kind of truth which changed conditions have turned into falsehood? Even if we think modern English literature inferior to that of Elizabeth's time or of Anne's, we do not lay the blame to the fact that it is less insular in spirit; nor do we say that it ought to concentrate itself upon one or two literary forms, as Elizabethan writers concentrated themselves upon the drama, eighteenth-century writers upon the essay and the heroic couplet. We recognize that new and wider times demand a new scope, a new eclecticism, and a new degree of personal independence in literature; and, as Mr. Van Brunt shows, we ought to recognize the same thing with regard to architecture.

To-day our architecture is in a transition state; it has lost the old simplicity, the old homogeneity, and it is as yet unable to digest that enormous wealth of material, to utilize rightly that new chance for personality in expression, which the development of the human mind and the enlargement of the artistic horizon have inevitably forced upon

it. But if there is hope for its future, this must be read in a wiser employment of its riches, not in their wilful, and therefore untruthful limitation; in a clearer, more sensible, sensitive, and exact, and consequently more artistic rendering of personal feeling, not in its oppression and suppression under an anachronistic yoke of general conformity. Instead of anticipating the establishment of "a new style," Mr. Van Brunt declares, — and, we believe, with entire veracity, — we ought to anticipate a time when, various and eclectic as they may be, our buildings will each and all possess "style" in the sense of unity, harmony, clarity, logically conceived and logically completed force and charm.

We should like to see some well-equipped student of poetry discuss in how far Mr. Van Brunt is right to blame the poets of the world — as he does in his final chapter — because they have never described architectural forms, and definitely interpreted their historical, æsthetic, and emotional significance, because they have merely noted the emotions aroused in the casual beholder, or at most have sketched them in an "impressionistic" manner. It would need, however, to be a long discussion, for it would involve the whole question in how far an art which appeals to the mind through words may try to portray artistic creations which speak primarily to the eye. Mr. Van Brunt's own essay in descriptive verse is singularly charming; but we think its best passages are not those which describe the church portal which he takes as his theme, but those which characterize the intentions and emotions of its builders.

It is, of course, through mere slips of the pen that, on page 138, Mr. Van Brunt dates the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro from the end of the second instead of the third century, and, on page 104, speaks of "the strong *Gothic* of the early Cistercian abbeys." The first churches in which the austere tenets of

the Cistercian order were embodied belonging to the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was the florid Romanesque, fostered by Clunisian builders, which provoked St. Bernard, standing in the typical Clunisian church at Vézelay, to the passionate declaration that its "bizarre and monstrous figures," carried even into the sanctuary itself, had nothing Christian about them. Mr. Van Brunt is much too well trained in the history of his art not to know this; and therefore we may likewise see but a momentary forgetfulness in his assertion, on page 216, that the modern revival of Gothic in England "is the only instance in history of a moral revolution in art." More purely moral than this, less complicated with sentimental and patriotic ideas, was the Cistercian revolt against luxury in art. Of course it was not a revolution in the sense that it established a new structural system, — introduced a new style, in the usually accepted meaning of the term. But if one compares Cistercian Romanesque with other contemporary forms, — if, for instance, one compares the heavy, severe, and bald interior of St. Trophimus at Arles with the portal or with the cloister of the same church, — the difference between them, as expressions of the history of human thought and feeling, seems greater than that between Victorian Gothic and Victorian Renaissance, despite the fact that the round arch is used in both. The luxuriant native Romanesque of Provence was, indeed, practically killed by the Cistercian "reform;" and without our knowledge of the intense moral passion which inspired this reform, it would be impossible to understand how the same communities, in the same half-century, could have practiced two forms of art so radically unlike.

Mr. Van Brunt does but follow the example of all other historians when he says that the new principle of construction from which all the forms of mediæval art were to develop — the principle involved in "the starting of the arch directly from the capitals of columns without the interposition of the horizontal entablature" — was learned by early Christian builders from Diocletian's palace. But one wishes that he could have been prompted to inaugurate a more accurate manner of speech with regard to this important building. Of course it is the one great landmark, — the one known and dated building in certain parts of which columns and arches were used with no trace of an entablature between them. But it is hard to believe that it taught or influenced, directly or indirectly, all the early Christian builders who worked in a similar way. It was a famous building, but was not in a prominent, accessible situation; between the fourth and eighth centuries the age was one of artistic disintegration, and also, almost everywhere in the West, of dire artistic necessity. Many builders must have experimented, without knowledge of what their brethren were doing or recently had done; and a new use of column and arch is just the experiment that would most naturally be forced upon them. Using, as we know they did, ready-made columns taken from ruined Roman works, and being, as we know they were, deficient in skill, and often in good materials, many of them must have sprung their arches of small stones directly from their borrowed capitals, with no more thought of principles or precedents than of the weighty consequences which were to result from the general adoption of the new device.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Literary History. No intimation is given of the number of volumes to be devoted to George William Curtis's Orations and Addresses, but the three dignified octavos already published, each with its index, divide well the bulk of his oratorical labor; for the first is on the Principles and Character of American Institutions and the Duties of American Citizens, the second contains Addresses and Reports of the Reform of the Civil Service of the United States, and the third consists of Historical and Memorial Addresses. The buoyancy of Mr. Curtis's nature, and the loyalty to high ideals which he displayed in public life, more particularly, will render these addresses inspiring and fruitful long after the immediate occasion for their delivery has passed. We wish especially that the volumes may be read and re-read by college students. (Harpers.)—*The English Religious Drama*, by Katharine Lee Bates. (Macmillan.) The larger part of this excellent book is devoted to the Miracle Plays of old England, and the writer's sympathetic study has served to show very clearly what they were and what they signified, both in their time and in preparing the way for the development of the later drama. The author has been very happy in her descriptions of these early plays, for she has selected and commented upon just enough of the right passages to satisfy the curiosity of a reader who cannot make the selections for himself. Nor does one quite forget that the writer is a woman. Who else would have spoken of Adam as "overcome by his masculine curiosity"?—*Authors and their Public in Ancient Times*, by George Haven Putnam. (Putnams.) The author's services in behalf of international copyright have already given evidence of his interest in the question of literary property. Nor is this the first book that he has put forth upon the subject. It is by no means intended as the last, for Mr. Putnam announces his purpose of bringing the history of the relations of author, publisher, and public up to the present day. This book, dealing cursorily with various Eastern countries, and more specifically with Greece and Rome, is but a preface to a study of the period beginning with the

invention of printing,—the only period, indeed, in the world's history in which the ownership of ideas has been established upon a firm basis. Much that is curious and interesting in the centuries that went before is related in this preliminary volume.—*The Book-Hunter in Paris, Studies among the Bookstalls and the Quays*, by Octave Uzanne, with a Preface by Augustine Birrell. (McClurg.) The writer seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly in his browsings along the parapets of the left bank of the Seine, and he has succeeded in putting the spirit of his pleasure into this book. It is a most leisurely work, with an appropriate touch of bookishness in its manner. Without a suspicion of haste, and with a delightful lack of formality, it brings together a considerable array of anecdote, tradition, and unpretentious biography. Most agreeable of all its records is that of M. Xavier Marmier, and of the dinner which, in accordance with his will and in memory of the pleasure the stalls had afforded him, was given soon after his death to ninety-five booksellers of the left bank.—*The Builders of American Literature, Biographical Sketches of American Authors born Previous to 1826*, by Francis H. Underwood. (Lee & Shepard.) More than twenty years ago Mr. Underwood published his two *Hand-Books of English Literature*. Now, instead of merely revising the volume that dealt with American writers, he has found the necessary changes so many and the additions so considerable as to render advisable the preparation of two new volumes, of which this is the first. After an Historical Introduction, he provides the reader with sketches and estimates of more than a hundred writers of the generations passed and passing. There is, indeed, no dearth of pathetic suggestion in the array of names which, though they could not have been omitted from such a book as this, are in reality names, and nothing more.—*The Annual Literary Index for 1893*, edited, with the Coöperation of Members of the American Library Association and of the Library Journal Staff, by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. (Publishers' Weekly, New York.) The editors of this useful book have taken a comprehensive view of their

function ; for not only do they provide an Index to Periodicals, but they give the contents of a considerable body of literature, some sixscore books, which are made up of collections, like volumes of essays, studies in literature and biography, and the like, an author-index to both lists, a list of bibliographies published either separately or in connection with treatises, and, finally, a necrology of writers deceased in 1893. — *The Boundaries of Music and Poetry, a Study in Musical Æsthetics*, by Wilhelm August Ambros. Translated from the German by J. H. Cornell. (G. Schirmer, New York.) If easy reading is hard writing, it would be natural to infer, by contraries, that this treatise was easily written. Yet the inference would reckon without the author's evident breadth of musical knowledge, and his hardihood in grappling such themes as the subtle interrelations of music and literature. The book is professedly for "musicians and cultivated amateurs;" especially, it appears, composers, actual or potential. — Under the title *The Temple Shakespeare*, J. M. Dent & Co., London, have begun the issue of the separate plays in separate small volumes, very prettily made and at a low price. The text is that of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and a glossary at the end of the volume takes the place of footnotes. The *Tempest* is the first play given. — The *Ariel* edition of Shakespeare, little volumes of single plays, clearly printed from fair type, making about a hundred and fifty pages each, without notes and with rather ineffective outline illustrations, has been carried forward by a group of seven comedies. (Putnams.) — The uniform edition of William Black's works (Harpers) now includes all but his current novels, so to speak ; the most recent additions being Donald Ross of Heimra, with one exception the strongest and most interesting of the author's later Highland stories, and a tale which incidentally conveys some sound information on the crofter question as well ; and *Stand Fast*, Craig-Royston ! chiefly noticeable for the character study of the highly imaginative, deluding, and self-deluded Bethune of Balloray.

History and Biography. *The Private Life of Napoleon*, by Arthur Lévy. Translated by Stephen Louis Simeon. (Imported by Scribners.) A translation of *Napoléon Intime*, one of the more notable of last year's contributions to the literature of what may

be called the Napoleonic revival. In this voluminous work, M. Lévy undertakes to prove that his hero was "the personification of all the virtues of the middle class ;" his *bourgeois* Napoleon being alike exemplary and admirable as son, husband, father, friend, and master, — a man only too trusting, generous, long-suffering, and kind-hearted. "If," says the author, "the human heart may be compared to a lyre, of which each cord represents a virtue or a defect, we may affirm that in Napoleon it was the cord of humanity that vibrated most loudly." M. Lévy is a diligent compiler from the whole body of Napoleonic histories and memoirs, naturally using only such excerpts as he thinks will serve to strengthen his position ; and he shows considerable skill as a collector, with little critical insight in the use of the material thus collected. It should be said that his idea of the virtuous bourgeois is essentially Gallic, and, quite unconsciously as it would seem, he makes almost obtrusively apparent some of the pettiest and most unlovely traits in his hero's character ; and it is, after all, the ingrained vulgarity of the great man which impresses the reader most strongly. Such value as the book possesses is seriously impaired by the absence of an index. — *Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France*, by P. F. Willert, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The plan of this work compels the author not only to tell the story of the great Béarnais, but also to trace the history of French Protestantism prior to the time when he became its leader in the field ; and despite the necessarily severe condensation, the narrative is neither dry nor colorless, but steadily readable. The writer has his material well in hand, and has formed a clear conception of the king, — a hero of a nation, if there ever was one, though so unheroic in certain aspects, — and of the men and women surrounding him ; and his characterizations are often acute, and always interesting. Especially does he do full justice to the moral elevation and nobility of nature of the elect men among the Huguenots, those French Puritans beside whom "the Eliots, Hampdens, and Hutchesons of our own civil wars appear narrow and incomplete." That the author should follow certain distinguished historians in carefully Anglicizing French Christian

names can hardly be objected to, but still we would mildly protest against the needless substitution of Lewis for Louis. This is so contrary to general usage — the best guide where a fixed rule is impracticable — that it displeases the eye and seems an affectation. — *The Story of Louis XVII. of France*, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Few "claimants" have appeared who have not had a following of devout and often fanatical believers, and the many alleged Dauphins are no exceptions to the rule. Of these, Mrs. Evans is convinced, and with excellent reason, that Hervagault, Bruneau, Richemont, and the more noteworthy pretender, Naundorff were shameless impostors, and she devotes a large part of her volume to demolishing their claims; but she also entirely believes that the Rev. Eleazar Williams was the hapless son of Louis XVI. Her story of "the lost prince" is substantially the same as that Mr. Hanson gave to the world forty years ago, and time seems to have made only more apparent its excessive flimsiness, so that it is sometimes difficult to treat it with becoming seriousness. The author, however, takes it very seriously indeed, her faith seeming to wax stronger in the more improbable and inconsequent portions of the narrative. But in regard to the most important evidence offered, we fear that many readers will not need the Prince de Joinville's assurances to that effect to find much of his supposed interview with Mr. Williams "entirely imaginary." And yet the missionary is the only one of the pseudo-Dauphins for whom a special plea having a semblance of plausibility can be made. Indeed, in respect to the foundation upon which all such assumptions rest, the rescue of the child, — whose pitiful story is the most intolerably painful of the recorded atrocities of the Terror, — no proof worthy the name has ever yet been given. — *Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us*, by W. E. Griffis. (Houghton.) It would be hard to pack into the space of this little book more varied information, historical, geographical, and social, about Holland and its relation to England and America. The author is chock-full of his subject, and writes with enthusiasm. — *Phillips Brooks in Boston, Five Years' Editorial Estimates*, by M. C. Ayres. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) These clippings from a daily paper

have the interest and value of preserving contemporary opinion, and as the work of one hand have a quality of unity which is not common in newspaper extracts.

In Foreign Lands. *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*, by Richard Harding Davis. (Harpers.) A series of light sketches of travel from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Mr. Davis has a keen eye and a sure touch; there is some persiflage in his talk, but on the whole he is a very agreeable traveling companion, and his snap shots at persons and things are by no means miscellaneous, but follow a good sense of art. — *The Art of Living in Australia* (Together with *Three Hundred Australian Cookery Recipes and Accessory Kitchen Information*, by Mrs. H. Wicken), by Philip E. Muskett. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) The principal object of this work is to bring about some improvement in the food habits of the Australians, who, it appears, still follow English ways in this respect; living, the author declares, in direct opposition to their semi-tropical environment. He urges the immense advantages which would result from a development of the deep-sea fisheries, market gardening, and vine culture, and writes sensibly and forcibly. It seems curious that such advice should be needed, and that, living in a climate practically the same as that of the south of Europe, the Australians should still be satisfied with the limited menu of their English kin.

Poetry and the Drama. *The Humours of the Court, a Comedy and Other Poems*, by Robert Bridges. (Macmillan.) Mr. Bridges acknowledges his debt to Calderon and Lope for the substance of his play, into which, be it said, he has not infused enough of the spirit of humor to make it truly amusing reading. What he has brought to it is one of the gifts that make his poems just what they are, — the gift of deftness and care, leaving nothing at loose ends, and creating an artistic unit. In the short poems to which the last pages of the book are given Mr. Bridges is more really himself. His power of saying within austere limits many things that are well worth saying has often been shown before, and no loss of it appears in such lines as "Weep not to-day." — *The Lower Slopes, Reminiscences of Excursions round the Base of Helicon*, undertaken for the most part in Early Manhood, by Grant Allen. (Elkin Mathews

& John Lane, London; Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.) The London firm which publishes this book — and in one way or another it adorns nearly every book it touches — has concerned itself largely with the younger writers; and therefore, we suppose, it is work of Mr. Allen “in early manhood” to which this volume is devoted. Whether these are better times than the seventies for verse, or whatever the cause, it is clear that some of the work of the young men of the nineties is distinctly more significant; yet many of Mr. Allen’s rhymes are agreeable enough. — By the Atlantic, *Later Poems*, by I. D. Van Duzee. (Lee & Shepard.) The author describes the contents of this bulky volume of verse as “the product of the idle hours of a busy professional life.” It is bewildering to think what the result would have been had the busy hours been given to the Muse. The writer apparently has a gentle spirit and much facility in rhythmical production, but seems to have been unable to wait for “great moments.” — *Lyric Touches*, by John Patterson. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A book of harmless little rhymes about rosebuds, slippers, vinaigrettes, and other objects of solicitude and rejoicing to persons in just the state of mind revealed by the writer.

Humor. There appears to be no limit to the ingenuity of man in devising series of books. Of the International Humour Series (Imported by Scribners), we have received *The Humour of Holland*, translated, with an Introduction, by A. Werner, and *The Humour of America*, selected, with an Introduction and Index of American Humourists, by James Barr. It cannot be said that these volumes are exceptions to the rule which gives a place to books of humorous selections among the volumes of doleful reading. This is especially true of the Dutch collection. In his Introduction, the translator makes the unfortunate admission that “the Netherlander likes his fun pretty obvious, and not too concentrated,” and the specimens of Dutch humor bear out the statement. A few of the bits of newspaper wit are amusing, but the illustrations, most of which were apparently done out of Holland, are the funniest things in the book. Can it be that the Dutchman looks funnier — at least as others see him — than he is? After all, we can imagine that many

of the samples of American humor in the volume devoted to our own ways would appear rather dreary to the Dutchman. The pictures are certainly inferior, and the selections — when they are not the standard things which are of necessity included in any book of the sort — seem to us to suggest an Englishman’s rather than an American’s idea of American humor.

Books for and about Children. The *One I Knew Best of All*, a *Memory of the Mind of a Child*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Pierre Loti and Stevenson have set the modern fashion of interpreting the life of the imaginative child in terms which produce not “juvenile literature,” but books for the big about the little. Mrs. Burnett’s opportunity was the treatment of the English little girl, a species distinct from all other little girls, and of course widely different from the little boy of any race whatsoever. This autobiography of the childhood period, then, is a book which women should thoroughly understand more than men; yet it must be a dull grown person of either sex who would fail to find in the record many remembrances of the thoughts still near the East and by Nature’s priest attended. The first experiences of books, death, babies, weddings, authorship, and many other things are set forth in a style admirably adapted to its purpose. It is none too high praise to say that the book is charming. — *Sing-Song*, a *Nursery Rhyme Book*, by Christina G. Rossetti. With One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. (Macmillan.) This is a fuller edition of a book which appeared several years ago. It is a curious example of simplicity which is held as an art, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, of simplicity as an element in a very complex nature. Miss Rossetti is a poet with a strong touch of mysticism, yet she perceives the absolute necessity of simplicity in nursery rhymes, and she has been simple, strenuously simple, in these little catches and verses. There is nature in them, but after all one feels that it is nature bathed in Miss Rossetti’s atmosphere. — *A Child’s History of Spain*, by John Bonner. (Harpers.) This book is similar in plan to the author’s *Child’s History of France*, and has the same merits and defects. The work follows the whole course of Spanish history, and a good deal of skill

is shown in selecting, arranging, and condensing; but the writer's style, in its easy-going colloquialism, leaves something to be desired, his taste is occasionally at fault, and his jaunty, offhand summaries of important events are often open to criticism. In the account of the honors attained by the kindred and descendants of Columbus, the young reader will be attracted by a bit of contemporary history of which he has some cognizance: "The head of another branch [of the Columbus family] married the Infanta Eulalia, and lately visited this country on the occasion of the World's Fair at Chicago." This is almost journalistic in its confusion and inaccuracy. — *The Light Princess, and Other Fairy Tales*, by George Macdonald. (Putnams.) Mr. Macdonald has fancy, but, unfortunately, his taste cannot always be counted on, and thus there are scenes in this book which one would not wish to be set before children. — *A Tiff with the Tiffins*, by Frances Isabel Currie. (Hunt & Eaton.) The story of a little girl, at once strong-willed and fanciful, who, imagining herself neglected at home, runs away, accompanied by a faithful dog, and meets with such adventures and accidents by the way that she is soon reduced to a properly penitent mood. These well-worn incidents are treated with some freshness, but the author does not always keep within the boundary which separates tales *for* from tales *of* children.

The World's Fair. We have received a Souvenir Copy of The World's Columbian Exposition's Memorial for International Arbitration, — a formidable array of autographs and resolutions. From the illegibility of many of the signatures, it is to be inferred that they were inscribed by very great men; indeed, quite aside from the significance of an appeal against war to the governments of the world from representatives of so many of its countries, a study of the handwritings preserved would be most interesting. We wonder if Oriental eyes could see in our Western script anything so imposing as the Korean, Japanese, and Indian autographs seem to us? In any event,

let us hope that the governments of the world will not be keen-sighted enough to notice *pursued* spelt on the first page *persued*.

Fiction. *A Motto Changed*, by Jean Ingelow. (Harpers.) The changed motto is, "A little less than kin, and more than kind," and presumably has reference to the fact that the young hero is really only the adopted child of his reputed father, he having been one of those infants, not uncommon in fiction, who are found on wrecked vessels, the sole survivors. The not very interesting love-story of this youth forms the main motive of the tale, though the heroine's precocious little brother, — who, when first introduced to us, is discussing the question "whether we owe any duties towards vermin," — unlike his delightful predecessors, the clever and original children in the author's earliest novel, is sometimes distinctly tiresome. This condemnation the story itself could not escape, — being as it is slight in texture, commonplace in incident, and weak in characterization, — if it were not so brief in the telling. — *Keynotes*, by George Egerton. (Roberts, Boston; Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) These tales are a series of analyses of what the author calls the female animal, — modern, introspective woman, recognizing among the new things that have come to her a return of elemental human impulses, of which she has no fear to acknowledge the power. Of course she is usually married to the wrong man, and "misunderstood." The writer apparently has been much in Norway, and has read deep in Ibsen. There is plenty of plain speaking in the stories, and a good measure of merciless, clear seeing. The style has lapses from taste, but in general is effective, like persons of the type with which it deals. Regarding this type two strong impressions are made by the book: that life has a frightfully present quality, — so present that a sort of triumph seems to be achieved when one's vision is carried ever so short a distance ahead; and — reassuring thought — that, however "advanced" she may be, woman is but yet very much a woman.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Reminiscence of the Kearsarge.

A LITTLE more than five years ago I was sailing the Spanish main on the historic old Kearsarge. We were nearing San Salvador; would have sight of it off westward the next day (just as Columbus had seen it), unless the hurricane our navigators were dreading not a little — "We can almost count its teeth," said one of them — whisked us out of our southerly course. The sea was smooth as glass. We had spent the afternoon gleaning from the ship's library the accounts of the sinking of the Alabama. The officers, not one of whom had been in the fight, had added many incidents handed down to them by their predecessors in command of the Kearsarge. I was wonderfully impressed by what one of the officers related of that memorable engagement, the most glorious in our naval history. "When the Alabama went down, there was never a shout from the Kearsarge. 'Silence, boys, silence!' was the stern command; and in dead, awful silence the buccaneer sunk to the bottom of the sea." There was chivalry for you, — one of the grand silences of history, — a silence thrilling with brotherhood, prophetic of brotherhood restored. How naturally, unless we know the facts, we assume that there was a fine hurrah of rejoicing on the Kearsarge when the Alabama went down! Could outburst of victory have surpassed that silence?

How we cheered at the North when the news came over the wires! "Hurrah for the Kearsarge! Hurrah for Captain Winslow!" What cheers when the saucy little ship came home! What cheers greeted her in every port for years after! "*She* licked the Alabama!" our boys were proud to affirm, at every mention of her name. Those boys are men now. How many of their boys know much about the Kearsarge?

Just before we sailed from New York a newspaper reporter came aboard. "Those are the very guns that were fired upon the Alabama," he was told. Now, this reporter was a bright young fellow, but it soon came out that he did not know anything about the old Kearsarge; had heard of the Alabama, of course, but could not have told the name of the ship that "whipped her,"

or anything about it. "One can't remember everything, in these overcrowded times." Then he made a suggestion that no one approved: "Why don't they put the old ship into some naval museum? It's a shame to let her go beating around the world any longer." "No, let her keep in the line. Did n't she give chase to the buccaneer Alabama, that pirate with English guns, English crew, and Britain's flag? Did n't she steam after her into Cherbourg Harbor, with American guns, an American crew, and the stars and stripes, and did n't she sink the Alabama in one hour and twenty minutes?" And now she lies a wreck, her back broken amidships, her historic guns at the bottom of the sea!

That tropical moonlight night, as we were nearing San Salvador, I stood on the famous deck of the Kearsarge and heard what I shall never forget, — the singing of the story of the fight by the sailors and marines. They were gathered around the guns, the flag flying over their bare heads; their voices were strong and vibrant: that was singing with the spirit, and the understanding also. The wide, still sea was all around us; the old ship seemed sentient as she ploughed bravely on, as if listening in every timber, her heart-throb quickening with the stirring chorus. This is what they sang, — the story of her victory as told by her own sailors and marines, and written down for me by one of the singers. Let our boys read it, — sing it, if they can, slurring the word "Kearsarge" into something like "Keer-sedge."

'Twas early Sunday morning in the year of sixty-four,
The Alabama, she stood out along the Frenchman's shore.

Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway,

But now she lies beneath the wave just off the Cherbourg Bay.

Chorus.

Hoist up the flag! Long may it wave
Over the Union, the true and the brave!

A Yankee cruiser hove in sight, — the Kearsarge was her name;

It ought to be engraved in gold upon the scroll of fame;
Her timbers made of Yankee oak, her crew of Yankee tars,

And at the mizzen peak she flew the glorious stripes and stars.

Chorus.

A challenge unto Captain Semmes bold Winslow, he did send :

"Bring on your Alabama, and to her we will attend !
We think your boasting privateer is not so hard to whip.

We 'll show you that the Kearsarge *is not a merchant ship !*"
Chorus.

'T was early Sunday morning in the year of sixty-four,
The Alabama, she stood out, and cannon loud did roar ;
The Kearsarge was undaunted, and quickly she replied,
And let a Yankee 'leven-inch shell go tearing through
her side.
Chorus.

The Kearsarge then, she wore around, and broadside on
did bear.
With shot and shell and right good will her timbers
she did tear ;
And when they found that they must sink, down came
their stars and bars,
For rebel gunners could not stand the glorious stripes
and stars.
Chorus.

The Alabama, she is gone ; she 'll cruise the seas no
more ;
She met the fate she well deserved along the French-
man's shore.
And here is to the Kearsarge ! We know what she
can do.
And here 's to Captain Winslow and his brave and gal-
lant crew !
Chorus.

The anniversary of the fight was always commemorated on the Kearsarge, Northerners and Southerners — for both were among her officers — joining in singing this rousing song. Toasting Captain Winslow was a marked feature of every celebration of the sinking of the Alabama, but the memorable silence was ever sacredly maintained, — chivalry to the conquered. Sailors and marines would have hanged Semmes in effigy on several occasions, but nothing of the kind could be permitted on the deck of the old Kearsarge. "Silence, boys, silence !"

The Revue de Paris. — The appearance of the new Revue de Paris — fortnightly, after the fashion of the French — is an event in the literary life even of far-off lands that receive but fitful electric glimmers from this City of Light. The inspiring cause of the new phenomenon has been sought curiously. Some have thought to discover it in a not unnatural desire on the part of many to lessen the brilliancy of M. Brunetière's shining. His blinding and scorching criticism of *modernité* has not only triumphed in the Academy, but it now reigns supreme in the historic Revue des Deux Mondes, which is supposed to reflect all that shines permanently in contemporane-

ous French literature. Now it appears that the sole charge of the new review was originally offered to M. Brunetière. Then it has been said that Semitic influence is behind the new review. It is known that the publisher, M. Calmann-Lévy, is the chief stockholder, and Professor James Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, the solid man of the editorial staff, is also a true Israelite without guile. A more natural explanation would be the simplest, and probably nearest to the truth. The original shares of the Revue des Deux Mondes were five thousand francs each. Their number (eighty-three) has not been changed, and the annual dividend has of late been as high as six thousand francs, — one hundred and twenty per cent of the par value. This financial success is alone enough to breed rivals, in spite of the many failures of similar attempts in the past.

Another reason is that the literary men of a certain school — it may be named, broadly, the school of Renan, although the old review has had the publication of Renan's posthumous work — desire an outlet for their literature where it shall not be constrained by the methods of Taine ; for it is the divergent spirit of Taine and Renan which for years to come must mark the course of French thought : in the former, dogmatic in its demand for positive and verifiable science, with a practical reverence for all existing facts, including morals, with a painful working out of its literature ; in the latter, skeptical in its fluid criticism of all existence, in which morals and life and death matter but little in comparison with serene philosophy and cultivated form and the play of a free-and-easy fancy. In practice, the older review is considered a *cénacle académique*, while the new goes so far as to admit the novels of the Parisienne "Gyp" and of the young Italian light, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

All this is not to say that Professor Darmesteter lacks an earnestness unknown to his master. He is an Oriental in his looking before and after, as his book on the prophets of Israel might show. For him, the universal consciousness has been manifested in his race by an utterable intuition of things which, without being supernatural (for it is a part of the eternal onward march of natural existence), still merits the name of prophecy. And as the Hebrew prophets were men of living earnestness, so

their disciple looks on the most modern things with intuitions that strain to be earnest sight. The paper on the wars and religious strife of France for the last twenty-five years, with which he has announced his presence in the new review, could not have been written by Renan with all his ingrained habits of Catholic thought. In it the writer has risked frightening away subscribers by telling the French Royalists roundly that they are nothing but fossils doomed to forgetfulness. The modernité of Professor Darmesteter's literary taste may perhaps best be gathered from the fact of his marriage with Mary Robinson, who is a delightful English poet, singing notes, all too few, of a strain unknown to other times. By a strange contrariety, as in some literary *tour de force*, the Academy has crowned this lady's French work, which is carefully done in the style of the old-time Reine Marguerite. It is understood, however, that the literary editing of the new review — as distinct from solid history, or science, or politics — is to be the task of the second editor, M. Louis Ganderax, who has long been a light of the Boulevard press.

So much has been said, inaccurately, about the name of the new review that it is well to set down its actual history. It was adopted in 1829 for the first serious French review modeled after the English quarterlies then existing, the *Edinburgh* (1802), the *Quarterly* (1809), and the *Westminster* (1824). Its directors were Dr. Véron and Balzac. François Buloz was then simply a proof-reader, who kept his eyes open. A geographical review, founded in the same year as the *Revue de Paris*, came to grief in 1831, and Buloz succeeded in getting capital to buy it, along with its name, which has ever since been a puzzle, — *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1834 he bought up the *Revue de Paris*, which he kept running separately for several years. Among its writers were Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, De Vigny, Jules Janin, Eugène Sue, Alphonse Karr, Alexandre Dumas père, Alfred de Musset, Scribe, and even Lamartine. It was revived in 1858 by Théophile Gautier and his friends, and again as late as 1887 by Arsène Houssaye, — always unsuccessfully. The latter exhorts the new review to beware of realism.

A Rustic in New York. — I am not of those who talk flippantly about "running over to New York this afternoon," as if they

were going to step across the street for a chat with a neighbor. I know one man who makes the journey there and back so often that he has become the confidant of more than half the porters on the drawing-room cars which intervene between the two cities. But when we countrymen visit the metropolis, the event marks an epoch in our lives. We dream of it for weeks beforehand, and while we are there we accumulate impressions enough to keep us going, intellectually, for at least a twelvemonth. The truth is that our minds are open, — empty, if you will; our perceptive faculties are on the *qui vive*; we are like sensitive plates, ready for new impressions: whereas one who is much in New York, or in any other great city, becomes blunted as to its salient features. He is, in fact, a part of the thing itself, and so he cannot get an outside view of it. Nobody in Paris anticipated the Revolution of 1789; but when Lord Chesterfield "ran over" from London, he saw the storm coming, and he made the famous observation with which the reader is doubtless familiar.

In New York, to-day, there is as great a gap between rich and poor as there was in Paris before the Revolution, and it is a gap in sympathy as well as in material conditions. I happened to be in the city during horse-show week, and I saw Madison Square Garden filled with extravagantly dressed women and vacuous men, talking in English slang, gazing with languid interest at English horses which were handled by English grooms, and judged by an English expert brought over from London for the purpose. Just outside of the garden I met a woman in a ragged calico gown, with the rag of another calico gown thrown across her shoulders in place of a coat. She wore no hat, and instead of shoes she had a pair of old slippers full of holes, — and this was on a cold, wet day in November. After such an encounter, one goes into Delmonico's, sits down at the next table to a rich Jew, and sees "Mene, Mene" written on the walls of that place of feasting as plainly as the French names of the dishes are printed on the bill of fare.

The spectacle of one citizen enjoying a dinner of ten courses in a palace, while another citizen, together with his family, is going without dinner in a tenement house, will not last so long in a republic as it has

lasted in many monarchies. Both citizens, it must be remembered, have a vote. The rich people are putting out anchors ; but will the anchors hold in case of a storm ? A very prosperous-looking Irishman was pointed out to me in Broadway as being in receipt of a large income from a certain wealthy connection in New York. "What service does he render for it ?" I asked. "Oh," was the reply, "he does n't do anything for it ; but he is a man who has great influence in the down-town wards, and the X.'s keep him in their pay, so that in case of any trouble here in New York such as a riot, he might prevent their houses from being looted." If it has come to this, that Dives in New York is paying toll to Tammany with one hand, in order to protect himself from the city government, and toll to O'Flanagan with the other hand, to protect himself from a possible mob, — if it has come to this, I should say that our metropolis is built upon the sand.

A little experience of my own will illustrate the fearful chasm which yawns between the fortunate and the unfortunate in New York. I was dining with some friends at a newly opened hotel in Fifth Avenue. The table was beautifully furnished with spotless linen and gleaming silver ; waiters came and went noiselessly on the thick carpet ; a soft, luxurious light was diffused by candles and lamps, and we had an elaborate repast of many courses and well-selected wines. The room was a little too warm, and a window near us had been opened an inch or two, though the night was cold and wet. Suddenly this window was thrown wide open, and there appeared at it a gaunt man, with matted beard and wild, hungry eyes. He looked at us and at the rich, abundant food, and then he said, in a loud but apparently not excited voice, "Three days ago I pawned my coat to buy a loaf of bread for my wife and children." That was all. The head waiter rushed to the window and slammed it down ; there was talk of the police ; a lady near by turned pale with fright, and had to be revived by means of a smelling-bottle ; then the sumptuous eating and drinking were resumed as before. But I confess that my uneducated country appetite did not survive this incident. The victuals that the man outside in the cold and dark was going without stuck in my throat ; champagne itself failed to wash them down.

Nature and the Rich. — The talk of what the Fair may do, must do, for higher civilization in America has been endless, and yet I have waited for months, and waited in vain, to hear one word as to its influence on the need nearest my heart. I long to have some one, some one with such learning and authority as I cannot pretend to, take up the theme of — how shall I word it ? — natural resources in landscape gardening.

A deal of praise is being lavished on Mr. Olmstead, but no one is properly under-scoring, for the benefit of the stupid rich, the best lesson in his work at the Fair, — the lesson of the lagoon on the value of cultivating and heightening, without change of character, nature's own choice effects.

Of course, when put that way, such value appears so obvious, so in harmony with the philosophy of all art, that it seems incredible that the point should need theoretical emphasis, however much we might have to learn practically.

But we have only to look at the pleasure grounds of the rich, from Newport to Oconomowoc, to see that the notion that Nature anywhere knows what she is about is quite foreign to the popular creed in gardening. Nobody could oppose the creation of lawns and flower beds ; they assuredly have a right to a place in the scheme of things ; but why presume that lawns, flower beds, and the like are the only possibilities for beautiful "grounds" ? All too often nothing else seems possible, or at least nothing else is so easy to achieve. But when Nature has lavished herself on some rare spot ; when, as on so much of our northern Atlantic coast, she has brought together a host of lovely things, roses, spiræa, iris, bay, clethra, morning-glories, and has put in nothing that is not lovely, why should the rich man have but one notion of his opportunities, — that, after carefully buying the most charming spot he can find, it is his duty to sweep all these exquisite growths into a bonfire, and, starting from the bare ground, create a lawn and plant evergreens ? If he must do that, why, — I ask it with bitter passion, — why is he not content to choose some ugly spot for his work, one of the many places that even his crudest methods would improve ? Is there any hope that Mr. Olmstead's following and heightening of Nature's own effects in parts of the lagoon will broaden the rich man's notions of the possible ? If he

could only once conceive that money may be spent in this way as well as another, possibly he would be reconciled to try it. But of course there is the disadvantage that the result does not tell loudly of the money spent, and in many cases that would doubtless be a fatal drawback.

In promulgating my little views conversationally I am continually overcome with surprise at the failure of sympathy in some quarters where I had confidently expected it; at the inability of various charming people to conceive of any way of assisting Nature but by making lawns and flower beds, no matter what the conditions; and as for letting her alone, a course I praise only as a lesser evil than destroying all vestiges of her best schemes, that simply strikes them as low, — as the conduct adapted to squatters, and no one else. They tell me Newport is beautiful, and are only mystified when I quote Mr. John La Farge (I am sure he will not mind my sustaining myself with his name in so good a cause) as saying that the sight of Newport saddens him, because one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, a place that should have been sacredly preserved in its pristine, unique loveliness, has been — simply destroyed.

But I have, by much experiment, chanced upon a way of inserting the new idea that rarely fails to give pain, — the pain that testifies to some success in inoculation. I mention it for the benefit of any other member of the Club who may be carrying on a similar crusade.

I say: "Why can't we do as the Japanese do so often, — at Nikko, for instance? There is a spot that is one of the sights of the world for beauty; it has had the most devoted care lavished upon it for hundreds of years, and yet, except in the temples and tombs, you cannot trace the hand of man. It has not been left alone, but it has been beautified with such subtle art that it looks as if it had."

I cannot say why this crude and probably inaccurate statement (for it is little enough I know about Nikko) should make an impression, but it does: it often gives my victim his first notion that maybe there is something to be said on my side; that I am not simply a "crank." So I am thinking that something might be done to save some acres of wild roses, some lily ponds, for the next generation, if the energetic, the

able, and the wise would begin a propaganda in the names of the Fair and the Japanese. But success will have to come soon, or there will be nothing left to save. Every summer sees the ignorant rich descend like the locust upon all that is fairest in the land. Doubtless the poor, as a rule, have no better taste, but they have less power, and one cannot hate them for what they might do as one hates the others for what they have done.

— Among the words which have come to us, at different periods in the history of our language, from the graceful and expressive French, I know of none which has undergone such misappropriation as the term "amateur."

I do not refer to the matter of pronunciation. One does not wish to be pedantic, and no great inconsistency is found in the fact that we may be fairly good French scholars and yet be addicted to the pronunciation *amature*. I refer rather to the significance and application of the term. There must have been — there *was* — a time when the title carried with it respect, dignity, and worth. The primary definition signified that the amateur was a person attached to some particular pursuit, study, or science (*vide* Burke), and that this attachment was cultivated without hope of pecuniary benefit and without reference to social advancement; literally from love of it. In Europe, especially, the leisure classes produced many amateurs of both sexes, who did their duty and filled a certain place in life, as became enthusiastic lovers of art, science, and literature. But this elegant, useful, cultivated, and appreciative class seems in danger of disappearing. Amateur has collided with professional, and the former term has gradually but steadily declined in favor; in fact, it has become almost a term of opprobrium. The work of an amateur, the touch of the amateur, a mere amateur, amateurish, amateurishness, — these are different current expressions which all mean the same thing, bad work.

This feature of our present development is to be deplored, partly on the ground that the original assumption — that is, that all amateur work is bad — is false, partly because the state of society suffers thereby. The evil has spread until even royal amateurs come into collision with professionals. Ideals have been lost, standards have been lowered, and criticism has frequently floun-

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dered in serious, sometimes ludicrous distress. No sphere once sacred to the professional but has been invaded by the amateur; and if the term has, as I suggest, lost its primary respectable meaning, the amateur himself is largely to blame for it. The point is, whether amateurs, as such, had any right to exist, and whether their original functions, aims, and orbits were correct or not. At all times the line must have been difficult to draw, but at least, fifty or a hundred years ago, the professions were restricted to one sex; now the difficulty is made complex by the application and perseverance of the present generation of women. Every one now demands pay for work, recognition as a worker. No one wishes to remain "a mere amateur."

Exemplary as this may be, whither will it tend? Had the "mere amateur" no place in society, no duties in the world? Was he a cumberer of the ground, a loiterer by the way, a blunder, an excrescence, a pest, a scourge? Surely not. Surely there were duties depending upon him; there were functions pleasant to discharge and honorable in themselves; there was a sphere sacred to honest if not brilliant endeavor, and within which a career of noble industry, gentle enthusiasm, and unbiased critical growth was possible. In the present day we sneer, of course, at patronage. We read, but read only, of Grub Street hacks and dedications and flowery odes. We despise Goldsmith, and pity Johnson.

Yet there are many young writers, artists, singers, actors, who are daily courting the society and help of others more fortunate and famous, daily seeking the royal road to success, and often secretly wishing for the patron or patroness, the leisurely, rich, and cultivated friend, the sympathetic amateur, ready to lay time, influence, and money at their feet. "Patronage" is an ugly word, and one phase of it an ugly thing; still, it is the duty, and might be the pleasure, of the rich to assist the poor,—the artistically and spiritually as well as the financially poor: here is one of the functions of the "mere amateur."

I do not care to repeat the platitude that amateurs will often insist upon recognition. There is the man who can afford to buy pictures, moving heaven and earth and the hanging committee to admit his own sketches. He is a man with a nice taste in

art and a turn for the pencil; too bad no one has the courage to tell him so. There is the lady who is really musical, with a fine touch and an unerring ear, but whose technique is at fault; probably old-fashioned, most certainly unreliable and inadequate. You insult them both, however, if you use the word "amateur." And so on through the professions, arts, sciences. Many of the writers of to-day might very well serve their country better as readers. I once did a friend, from his point of view, a serious injury by carefully locking away a thin volume of sonnets inscribed "For private circulation only." I had believed in his reticence and modesty, knowing him to be a busy professional man, with little time to devote to the growing of poetry. As a nation, we probably produce more teachers, more journalists, more singers, more painters, more poets,—even for our size,—than any other country in the world, and we are able to convert them, at will, into first-class representative original and creative workers. Every other day somebody or other announces a "new message" from the market place. A musical friend, who conducts a provincial Philharmonic Society, complains that he fears the taste for joining such organizations is on the wane; his singers, particularly sopranos and tenors, all wish to study in Europe and become "stars," and are continually leaving him with that intention. This is a case in point. Contrast it with the attitude of the patient Lancashire weavers and miners, the people who make up the great Festival Choruses of the north of England! These are amateurs, if you like, "mere amateurs," who hardly know the word; but they do their duty, and fill a niche in a steady, intelligent way which insures fine results.

It would be an immense step in the art life of our country if cultivated men and women could be set seriously thinking upon this point, with the result of seeing fully one half of them resolve to bear nobly the name "amateur," neither ashamed of it, nor claiming more for their work than it deserves. Reticence is not yet a feature of our civilization; at a later date, perhaps, will arrive that disparagement of cheap achievement, that hesitation to put forward as original what is only clever imitation, which distinguish the modest, conscientious, devoted amateur.